EB. 17,
1940

Liberty

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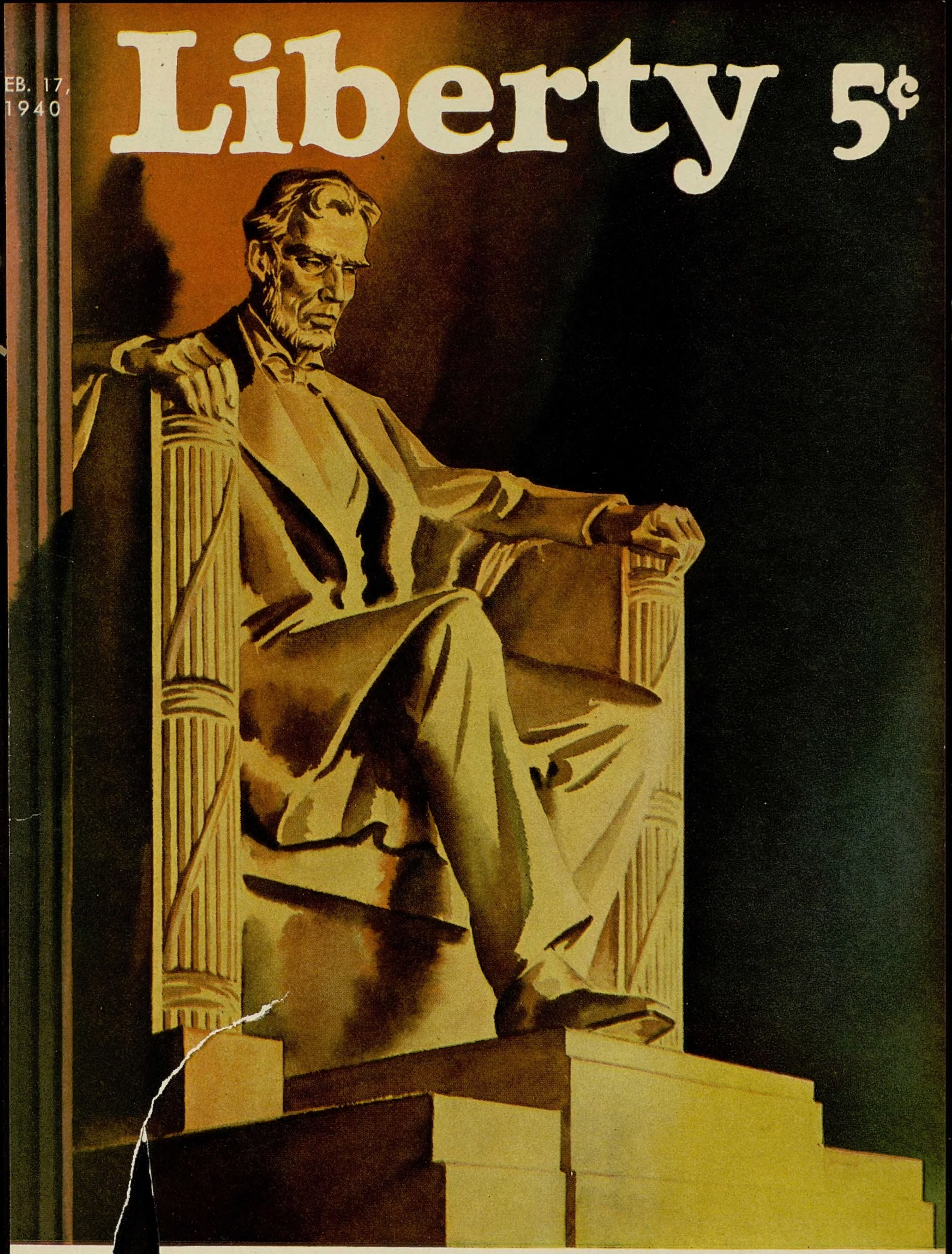
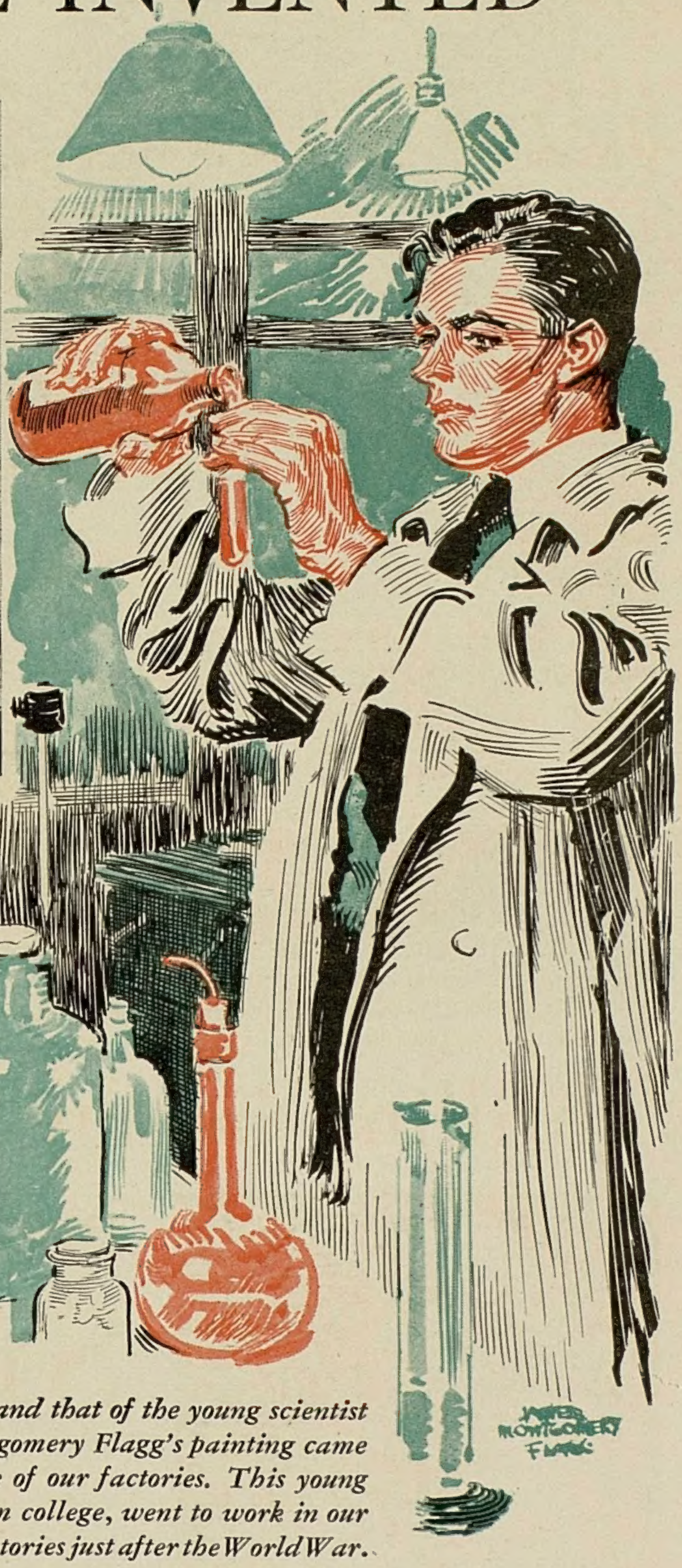


OUR-STAR CREWBALL: Why I Am That Way by Tommy Manville, Jr.

Clyde Holmes, worker in Aluminum

HIS JOB HAD TO BE INVENTED

Clyde, a native Pennsylvanian, works in our New Kensington plant. He's mighty proud of his wife, his four children and his comfortable home.



Clyde's future and that of the young scientist in James Montgomery Flagg's painting came together in one of our factories. This young man, fresh from college, went to work in our research laboratories just after the World War.

WHEN WE ASKED CLYDE to let us put the picture of him and his family in this advertisement, he wanted to know what it was all about.

We explained that there are a lot of people in the United States who are interested in aluminum, and that we were going to show how the great developments in aluminum in the last 20 years had come about. For aluminum has grown up in peacetime.

CLYDE WAS INTERESTED RIGHT AWAY, because he knows that his own job didn't even exist twenty years ago.

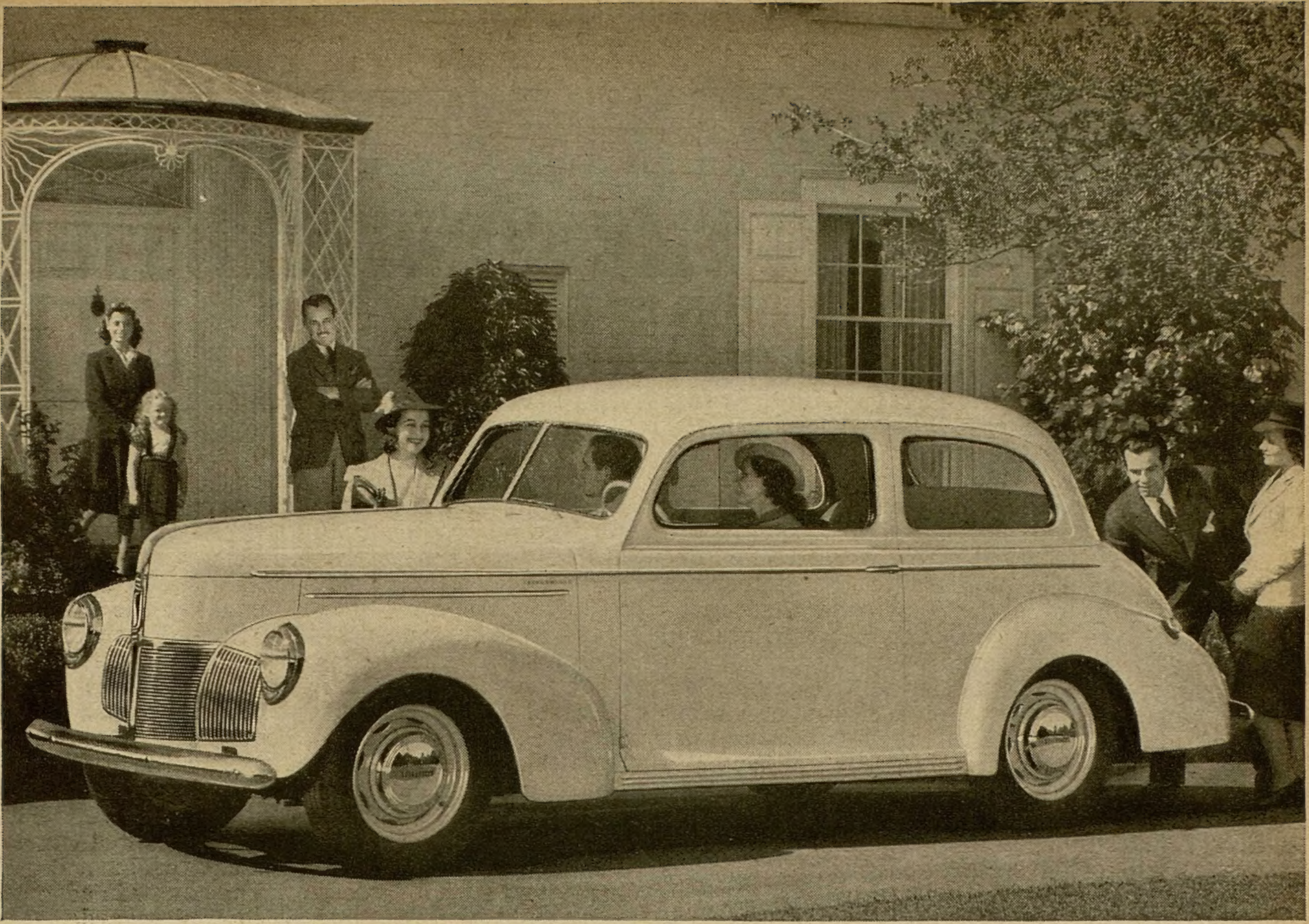
That is where the young man in the Research Laboratory comes into the story. In the tireless search that goes on there all the time, he helped to discover a remarkable new finish for the surface of aluminum. It meant brighter reflectors that would stay bright, for street lighting, for safer automobile headlights and for the great flood lamps which give to everyone a chance to see at night those sports that once were possible only by day.

Clyde's job is in the department of our business where this special aluminum is now produced for the manufacturers of lighting equipment. It is literally a "made job," created by working out something new that benefits all of us.

Multiply this case by thousands and you have the story of how the aluminum industry has grown.

It is a simple story. Finding something new, making it work, giving men jobs, producing it, and so spreading the benefits to everyone. That is the way things are done in America.

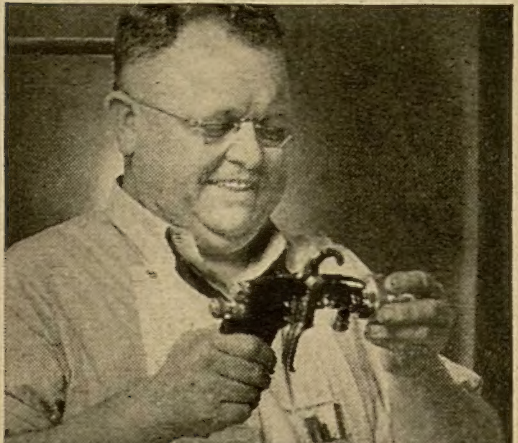
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMER[illegible]A



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

Thrilling beauty and welcome money-saving make you proud to own this new STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

PRICES BEGIN AT
$660
for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory



He sees that you get a square deal when you buy a Studebaker Champion. He is one of Studebaker's 7,700 expert craftsmen who build long-lasting soundness into your car.

Delightful comfort in zero weather is yours with Studebaker's Climatizer which warms entire car with filtered, heated, fresh air; defrosts and defogs, too. Slight extra cost.

YOU'RE doing the same up-to-the-minute thinking as thousands of other experienced motorists, when you choose this beautiful new Studebaker Champion as the best buy in a lowest price car.

The biggest boosters among the Champion's owners are men and women who have driven other cars of lowest price. They enthusiastically say they never dreamed that any car could give so much downright satisfaction in looks, safety, riding comfort, handling ease, smooth performance and economy as this Champion.

Costs 10% to 25% less to run

Studebaker engineers designed the Champion to be 10% to 25% more saving of gas than any other leading lowest price car. Many Champion owners get even better gas economy.

This roomy, luxuriously upholstered, 6-cylinder Studebaker saves you money on repairs and upkeep, too, because it is built with the same care and soundness as Studebaker's famed Commander and President.

At no extra cost, you get such conveniences and protections as planar independent suspension, finest hydraulic shock absorbers, steering wheel gear shift, sealed-beam headlamps, non-slam rotary door latches, front-compartment hood lock, shockless variable-ratio steering, foot-regulated hydraulic brakes.

See your local Studebaker dealer now. Become the proud owner of a Studebaker Champion on easy C.I.T. terms.

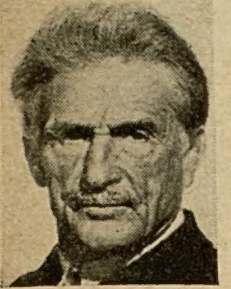
FEBRUARY 17, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

TO H--- WITH THE CONSTITUTION —PERHAPS?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

What is the matter with this country? Why is it we are credited with being the last to recover from the world-wide depression? As the wealthiest nation in the world we should have been the first. It will require but a few words to find one of the answers to that important query, and it is my belief that practically every reader of these lines will be in full agreement.

We are supposed to be governed by a Constitution. What knowledge has the average citizen of the contents of this document? Probably less than one per cent of our citizens has ever read it, consequently our officials can ignore governmental principles with little fear of criticism. There is the full explanation of much of our present troubles.

A large part of the socialistic legislation that has been passed by the New Deal is contrary to the definite restrictions set down in this document. Amendment No. 5 of the Constitution provides that no person "be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." Again, from the Fourteenth Amendment, Section 1: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." How many laws have been made by the New Deal that abridge our privileges?

Standing out with sacrilegious effrontery is the Wagner Act, and four judges of the United States Supreme Court were apparently in full agreement with this viewpoint. Can Senator Wagner for one minute maintain that his labor law does not abridge privileges of both the employer and employee?

The intelligent citizen of this country would like the senator to tell us why he entirely disregarded in his labor law this particular constitutional ruling which he had sworn to honor and respect. He tells us in reply to a recent Liberty editorial that the Wagner Act has benefited labor and capital, calls attention to his belief that there has been less strife in the labor world since its enactment, and yet every astute citizen will acknowledge that the first year after the Wagner Act was passed we had more violent labor difficulties than in any previous period.

The sit-down strikes closely followed the passage of this law. Official Washington countenanced the abridgment of these constitutional privileges without a word of protest, and it was a blow to industry that put millions of workers on the unemployment list and drove literally billions of dollars into hiding.

Why invest money in industry? Why start new businesses, and why try to promote and increase business if we are to be harassed by unconstitutional legislation and back-breaking taxes. At the present time labor appears to have "settled down," but business men, investors generally, have stabilized and restricted their holdings. They are taking just as little risk as possible, haunted by the constant fear of the future attitude of this government.

Our lawmakers, under the whiplash of the New Deal, have abridged many of the privileges of our citizens. If this administration had worked under the rules of constitutional government, they would have tried to repeal the clauses in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, which clearly state that there should be no abridgment of the privileges or immunities of the citizens of these United States. But no official in the New Deal government dared to attempt such a procedure. They knew in advance this would be impossible, so they disregarded this restriction, realizing that our citizens never read the Constitution and know nothing of its contents.

If we desire to continue as a free country, there are certain clauses in the Constitution that should be placed in our schoolbooks, from the primer class upward. We should know the nature of our rights; we should know how to protect them.

Selfish officials acquire power and then try to perpetuate themselves—leaning toward a tyrannical dictatorship. We often find elected officials devoting much of their time to effect a re-election. They are not open to severe censure, but when they take the oath of office to uphold and respect and honor the rules of our Constitution and our system of government, and then proceed to disregard this sacred trust, they are guilty of traitorous conduct, and traitors during wartime are shot at sunrise. And even during peacetime there should be rules to protect our citizens from official acts that threaten the privileges that have made us the greatest nation in the world. Remember "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge [limit, lessen, reduce] the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

If you have helped to elect a Washington representative who has voted for legislation which disregards this restriction, write and ask him for an explanation of why he violated his oath of office.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THE FORD WAY OF DOING BUSINESS

The Ford Motor Company was founded by a working-man for working-men. Its present officers began as employees of the Company. It was the first company to pay a minimum wage, beginning in 1914, at the then astounding figure of $5 a day. That was double the prevailing wage of the time. The Ford minimum is now $6 a day for all employees engaged in production work. And from that, the wages rise to $10.80 a day, with the average wage $7.25, exclusive of salaried employees.

The Ford Motor Company was the first large company to establish the 8-hour day—also in 1914. And the 40-hour week was inaugurated by the Ford Motor Company in 1926, years before any such laws existed.

The Ford Motor Company employs men without regard to race, creed or color. It is common knowledge that working conditions in the Ford shops are the best that science and constant care can make them. A square deal, a just wage and stabilized employment for a large proportion of our employees —and as fully stabilized for all as conditions will permit — enable our men to retain their personal independence.

Henry Ford and Edsel Ford keep daily personal touch with all phases of Ford manufacture. In a conference with his staff, Henry Ford often says: "Go ahead — I'll sit here and represent the public."

In consequence of these policies the Ford Motor Company has one of the finest bodies of employees in the world. The larger proportion are mature men of long service with the Company — sober, decent family men. Hundreds of them have been with the Company for more than 25 years — thousands for more than 15 years. Their health record, home ownership and citizenship records are good.

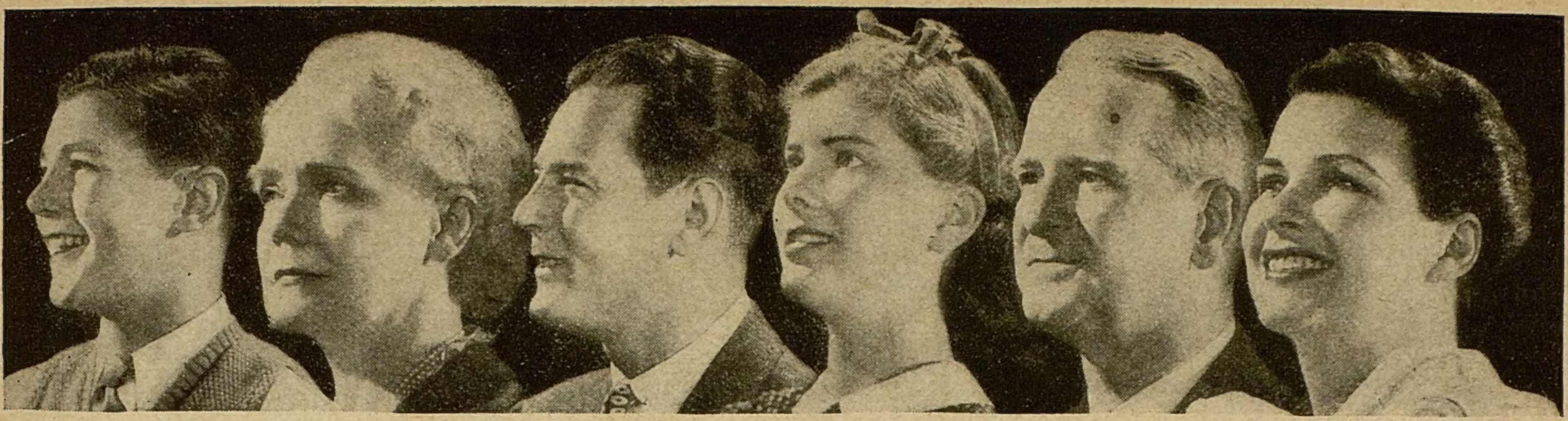
All this is reflected in Ford products, whether cars, trucks or tractors. The work is honestly done. The materials are the best that can be made or procured. Less profit to the Company and more value to the customer is known throughout the motoring world as "Ford's way of doing business."

Ford Motor Company was the first to make a motor car within the means of the average family—quitting the manufacture of what was then the largest selling model in the world to do so. Its chosen field in all the 30 years since that time has been the average American family — for which it has consistently provided car facilities which formerly only the wealthy could buy.

It is the policy of the Ford Motor Company to share the benefits of advanced methods and management with workers and public alike. Increased wages and employment over a period of many years have resulted in

A 300 per cent increase in the built-in value of the Ford car and a 75 per cent reduction in its price.

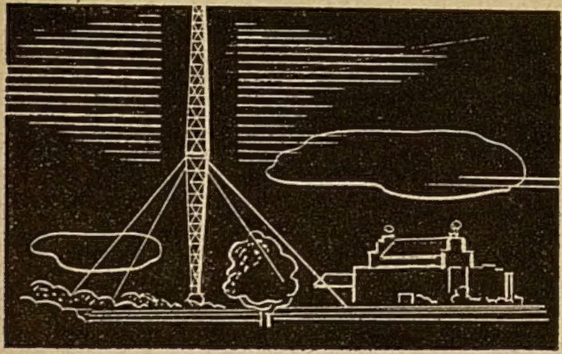
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Your ears are our business

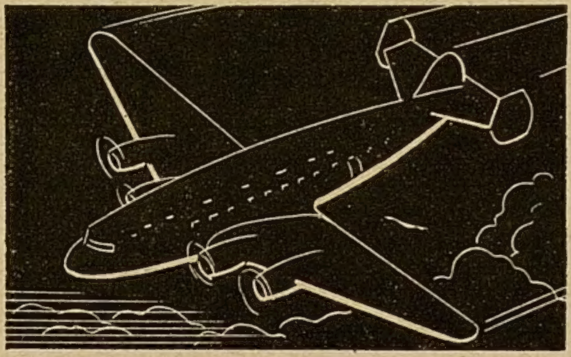
Western Electric makes—for the nation's ears—the telephones and the vast array of equipment necessary to provide Bell telephone service. Moreover, out of the telephone have come many other products which widen the hearing range of your ears—adding to public safety, convenience and pleasure. Here are some of these, made with the skill gained in seventy years' experience.

THE AUDIPHONE—based on techniques developed in Bell Telephone Laboratories—is helping many thousands with impaired hearing to hear clearly again. The Ortho-Technic model represents the most recent forward step in hearing aids.



RADIO BROADCASTING is also an outgrowth of work in Bell Telephone Laboratories. More than 200 of this country's leading stations now use Western Electric equipment to put your favorite programs on the air.

THE FLYING TELEPHONE, which helps make possible today's splendid airline service, is the air-minded member of the family. All the major airlines and many private flyers now keep an ear to the ground with Western Electric equipment.



TALKING PICTURES, too, came out of telephone research. The principal producers and thousands of theatres use Western Electric sound apparatus for recording and reproducing pictures that entertain and instruct millions.

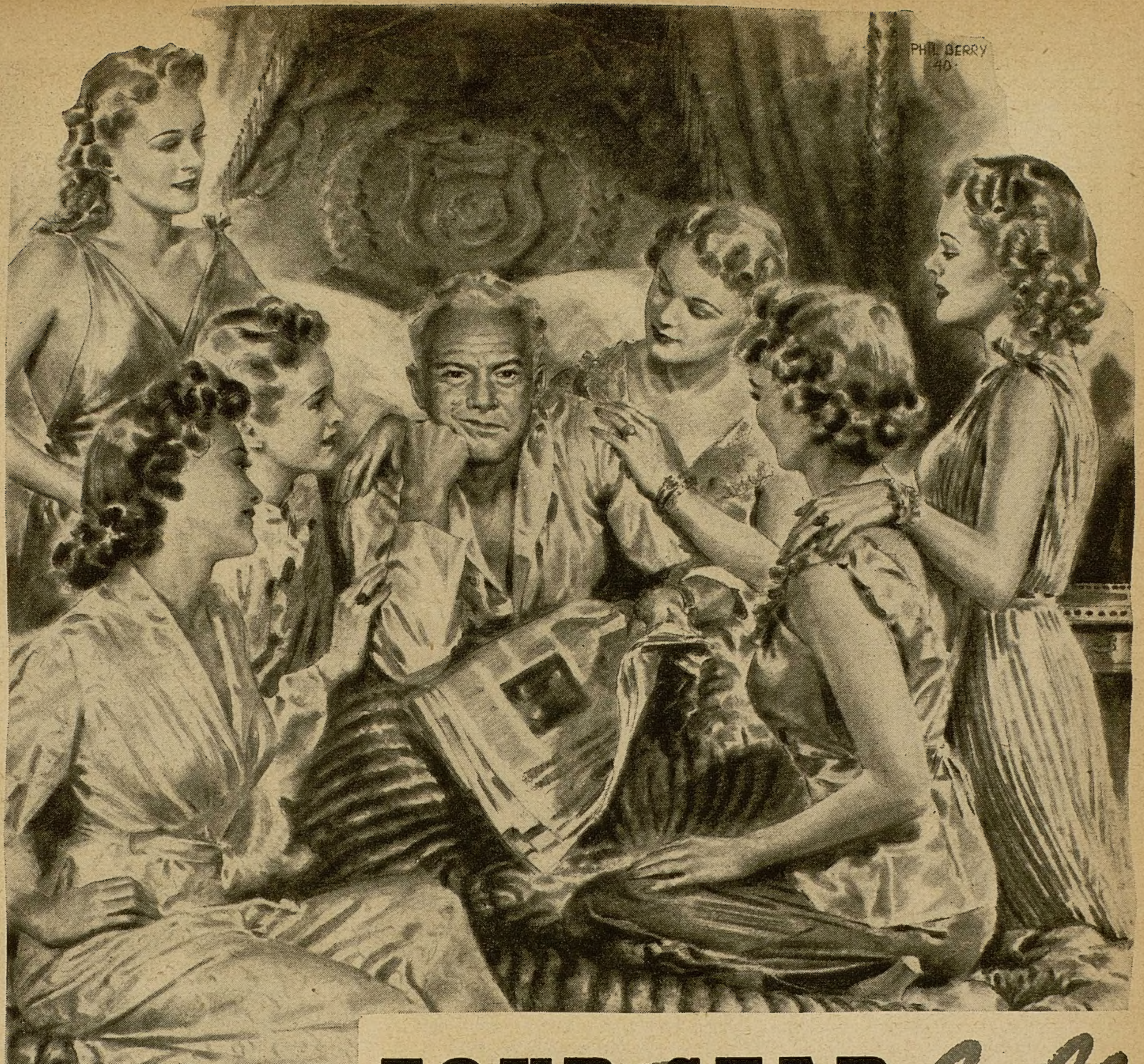
Now Showing

PUBLIC ADDRESS equipment, which widens the hearing circle at large gatherings, is another young brother of your telephone. It serves many purposes in hotels, schools, hospitals, auditoriums, stadiums, airports and amusement parks.

POLICE RADIO—pioneered by the makers of your Bell telephone—is one of the law's most powerful weapons. Today Western Electric equipment is helping to increase arrests and decrease crimes—giving added protection to 45 million people.

Western Electric

. . . made your
BELL TELEPHONE



FOUR-STAR *Screwball*

WHY I AM THAT WAY

by Tommy Manville, Jr.

As I sat up, I pondered on the dastardly item. The girls chorused, "What's the matter, Tommy dear?"

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART ONE—A LADY FLUNKS A TEST

BAH! Was my face red! I was crisped to a burn! One of those Hollywood columnists had called me "America's Number One Screwball."

I jumped out of bed and rang for one of my blonde secretaries. She rushed into my boudoir.

The illuminating and amazingly candid autobiography of America's No. 1 playboy

“Lookit here, Polly,” I thundered. “This Hollywood wise guy calls me ‘America’s Number One Screwball.’”

Polly peered at the columnist’s remark and gasped.

I was ripping mad. I reached over for my holster, strapped it around me, and then jammed my two pistols in their places. I always keep my rods handy. That’s why they call me ‘Two-Gun Tommy.’

It was 6 A. M. at Bon Repos. That’s the name of my estate on a promontory at Mamaroneck, New York. It faces Long Island Sound. Bon Repos, pardon my French, means Good Rest. I haven’t had a moment’s rest there.

Bon Repos is one of the relics I have saved out of the $30,000,000 I inherited from my father, who was the asbestos king.

I’ve had four wives who cost me close to $4,000,000.

Now I’m playing the field. I want to fall in love again. One more trip to the plate and I’m through. My fifth wife is going to stick. I have no one to whom I can leave my millions.

But I’m letting my heart run away with my story.

I WAKE up every morning at six. My newspapers are brought to me promptly.

On this particular morning when the Hollywooden head made that crack about me being a screwball, I hollered to Polly, “Wake up the rest of my harem. What’s the Manville chorus going to do, sleep all day? Let’s have a little harem-scarem.”

So Polly sounded reveille, which consisted of turning on full blast the radio at each bedside from a central switch.

Pronto! Six gorgeous starry-eyed blondes in silk pajamas were at Gran’-pappy Manville’s bedside. My girls call me Gran’-pappy because of my snow-white hair. Snow-white—and I’m only forty-five.

My bitter moods always grow mellow when my girls are close by to lend a little consolation. This form of solace costs me $1,000 a week. That’s how a millionaire can keep the blues away.

On that certain morning my secretaries and chaperons knew Gran’-pappy was in a huff.

As I sat up in my white silk pajamas in my red-canopied bed, I was propped up by scarlet pillows. My chin reposed on the palm of my hand, like Rodin’s Thinker. I pondered on the dastardly “Screwball” item.

“What’s the matter, Tommy dear?” lisped Lolita, the Castilian señorita. She looked so spick-and-Spanish.

The other girls chorused, “What’s the matter, Tommy dear?”

“Plenty!” I shrieked. “Look at this. It says, ‘Thomas F. Manville, Jr.—America’s Number One Screwball.’”

While my eyes were scanning the offending wisecrack I caught the girls snickering.

“What are you all snickering about?” I demanded. “If I had my snickersnee I’d lop off all the heads of thee!”

Then I began to see the light. It was just a gag.

I have always been broad-minded, no matter what the newspaper boys and girls say about me. Gran’pappy can take it.

I came out of my stew. What was the use of beefing?

But that gives you an idea of what life is like at Bon Repos. Never a dull moment.

“O. K.,” I said. “Skip it, girls. We’ve got to have giggles, haven’t we? Maybe a hair from the pooch that bit us last night will be a swell eye opener. Polly, order up whisky sours for the crowd—double-barreled ones.”

The girls sighed for joy.

We had breakfast in my boudoir; which, by the way, is fifty feet long and big enough.

After breakfast I sent my poopsie-doodles back to their rooms to put on some clothes, as we were going to New Rochelle shopping. Ordinarily by “shopping” the girls assume I mean for mink coats or trinkets of jewelry. But I reassured them. Gran’pappy had a gag in mind.

The girls climbed into my Rolls-Royce and we went to market. I bought a crate of scallions. Then I took them to another store and had the crate wrapped up in cellophane. Very decoratively. Then I shipped the crate to my Hollywood critic.

Oh, yes; neither did I forget to enclose a touching billet-doux. My card said, “Scallions stink—and so do you. Best regards.”

So, I’m a screwball, eh?

He never mentioned me in his column again. I guess he was afraid he’d get some more rotten onions.

Just the same, he gave me something to think about.

How can any one who has been a wizard—excuse me for flipping a bouquet in my own puss—be screw-loose? How’s about it? I was smart enough to pile up $30,000,000 from an original $12,000,000—and, mind you, at a time when others were losing their shirts.

LOOK around you. Look anywhere. The eccentric playboys of yore have either gone broke, to the hoosegow, or to the grave. But Gran’pappy keeps right on playing. I can’t go broke. If I started spending $1,000 a day right now and I lived to be eighty, I’d still be in the chips. My doctor tells me I’ve got a good chance of being around to kick the gong at eighty.

Sure—I admit it—there have been some pretty screwy doings at Bon Repos. But it’s all been for fun. Giggles, I call it. I can tell you right now Bon Repos would be like a Sunday-school outing compared to what photographers would record if they were permitted to crash some of those Newport fandangos. I’m democratic, so I get called a screwball. I can’t be aristocratic. Haw!

All I have to do is pick up a phone and my name is in headlines across the continent.

Let’s see.

I always said a girl’s best asset is a millionaire’s desire. So, one Friday night last October I was lonesome and blue in my ten-room apartment in the towers of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York. You have no idea how lonesome a millionaire can be. I have few real pals. Everybody’s trying to clip me.

I ran through my little red book and I got a palpitating notion. Her name was Elinor Troy—a tall, beautiful brunette. A show girl. Swell kid, I thought. Make a wonderful wife. I was sick and tired of being alone.

I phoned her apartment in Los Angeles. Her girl friend said she had gone to the movies. I called the movie house.

“This is Tommy Manville in Manhattan,” I told the manager. “Miss Elinor Troy is in the audience. Please page her. I want to talk to her. Very important.”

In a couple of minutes Elinor was on the wire.

“Listen, honey,” I said. “This is Tommy Manville. Gran’pappy.”

“O-o-o-oh, Tommy!” she exclaimed, surprised.

“Hop the next plane,” I told her. “We’re getting married Thursday down in Virginia.”

“But, Tommy . . .” she started to sigh.

“Never mind. Get going. Everything’s ready at the airport.”

“Tommy, this is wonderful!” she cried, and was gone.

SHE was the lone passenger on an air liner that arrived at Newark Airport the following afternoon. I was there with a bushel of orchids, and was I happy!

I paid $3,500 for her plane passage.

We posed for the photographers and announced our marriage for the following Thursday.

Then I proceeded to dress up my doll. We made a tour of fancy Fifth Avenue shops, and another five grand went for fineries. She looked like a million bucks. What a honey!

She registered at a Park Avenue hotel. She hadn’t been working of late, so I footed the prenuptial bills. After all, she was going to be Mrs. Manville the Fifth.

On Sunday afternoon I took her up to Bon Repos to give her a preview of my estate and the place that was going to be hers too. As we entered the long winding road that leads to the portals of Bon Repos, she pressed my hand and murmured, “Tommy, this is like a dream.”

A guard hopped down from a turret and opened the gates. My house has twenty-eight rooms and is modeled after a Japanese pagoda. It’s done in dark brown with bright red trimmings. A fourteen-foot wall surrounds Bon Repos.

I could see that Elinor was pop-eyed with amazement at the size of the Manville ménage, as I call it.

Tommy and some eye-filling guests at Bon Repos. Below: a blonde secretary at work.

Also on the estate I have my own movie theater with a capacity of 250. I took a girl to a movie once, and got into a brawl when some fresh hoodlum pinched her. So now I have my movies at home.

Elinor liked the idea—I mean, of movies at home.

She was a bright and vivacious girl, so naturally she wanted to know all about the huge house.

I proudly showed her. Love does something to me too.

As Elinor and I approached the massive entrance doors, a voice suddenly boomed: " Welcome to Bon Repos, Miss Troy. Welcome, Gran'-pappy. I hope your stay here will be happy and long. Welcome! "

It was my voice coming out of a concealed loud-speaker over the threshold. A little surprise I had prearranged.

Poor, dumfounded Elinor said, " At first I thought you were a ventriloquist. I recognized your voice."

As we stepped inside, Elinor was staggered by the sight. Statues, tapestries, and vases galore.

" Why, Tommy," she stammered, " I—I—I n-n-never thought such a place existed! I can hardly believe I'm not dreaming it all."

Everybody who comes to Bon Repos feels the same way. I get a kick out of watching 'em pass out.

The joint cost me $300,000. To keep one of my former wives from grabbing it away from me, I established the Franville Corporation. It owns the house. I am the sole stockholder. I pay myself $5,000 a year rent. It costs me $36,000 a year to run it.

The first thing that caught Elinor's attention was a big blue-and-green fountain in the middle of the solarium. This is a paneled room exquisitely furnished with overstuffed divans with great big pillows. There is also a bar, plus all the comforts to make the luxury of drinking at ease pleasurable. There are microphones, recording machines, radios, phonographs, pinball games, and dice for the amusement of the drunks.

Through big windows you can look out at Long Island Sound and see the yachts. The name of my yacht is No.

To one side of the sun room is the dining room where I stage my famous Sunday-night champagne suppers. The furniture here is black oak. The table is covered with Brussels lace and we dine on plates of gold and drink from golden goblets.

To the other side is the large living room. More divans. Thickly piled rugs. An enormous fireplace, and a grand piano which I sometimes play.

UPSTAIRS there are five master bedrooms. Next to my bed is the telephone exchange, with three trunks to New Rochelle and one to New York. I used to have a wire direct to the Bomb Squad in Police Headquarters, New York City, when I used to be scared of kidnapers, but that was discontinued. The Police Commissioner thought I was getting special favors.

I next showed Elinor a switch on the wall. It was painted red.

" All I have to do in an emergency," I explained, " is throw that switch and a siren sounds on the roof. You can hear it for miles on a clear day. My six guards whom I keep posted on the estate twenty-four hours a day will rush in. The Mamaroneck police will also dash here."

I didn't make mention of it, but Elinor herself noticed that all through the house there were life-size photographs, some of them in color, of my former wives, and also of other beautiful girls who had passed through the portals of Bon Repos.

" Your own photo will soon take its place at the head of the stairway," I assured her. (It's there right now.)

I showed her the storerooms where I keep my liquor. I'm stocked up on champagne even if the war lasts five years, as Chamberlain says.

She was spellbound.

" There's a radio in every room," I explained. " It's controlled from a central switch so you can't miss any part of a broadcast as you wander from one room to another."

On the roof, I told her, I keep a red beacon light. When it is turned on, it signals that Gran'pappy is on the range.

Then we started for the garage. I never saw a girl as overjoyed as Elinor. There were five cars. I told Elinor she would have her own.

" Now let's go upstairs," I said. " I've got a little surprise for you."

I had had the upstairs quarters made over into a four-room apartment. All done in very modernistic style. No detail for comfort was overlooked. Of course it wasn't as elaborate as the ménage.

" This, darling," I said, " is going to be our little love nest."

" What! " she exclaimed. " You mean we're going to live in a garage? "

" Sure. What's the matter with it? "

" I wouldn't think of it! " she said.

" That's all I wanted to know," I said.

I called my car and sent her back to her hotel.

" My lawyer will call on you in the morning and settle with you for all the inconvenience," I said.

She was gone.

I GUESS most folks think I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth and that I have been a playboy all my life—that I have never known what it is to be a horny-handed son of toil. Far from it!

My mother was Clara Coleman. Her father was a newspaper publisher of German extraction. My father's family was Scotch and French and the original name was Mandeville. My grandfather clipped it to Manville.

When I was born on April 9, 1894, my dad was a small-time manufacturer of roofing material in Milwaukee. This business was started by Grandpa Manville, who had located an asbestos mine in Quebec. Dad was getting twenty-five bucks a week when he married. So you see he had to keep his schnozzle to the grindstone to make both ends meet.

In 1902 some New York capitalists approached my father with a proposition to revive the H. W. Johns Co., once a flourishing roofing concern which was flirting with insolvency. The Wall Street big shots offered him $250 a week as a starter. My mother made him accept the offer, and he never had another moment's peace again until the day he kicked the bucket. At his peak he was worth $50,000,000.

I was eight years old when my family landed in Manhattan.

While my father and his brother, Hiram Edward Manville, were busy organizing the Johns-Manville Corporation, I began hopping from one school to another. The headmasters said I was precocious. I was in St. Paul's for two weeks, then to Bedford Academy, Columbia Institute, Cutler, and others I can't even remember.

By the time I was twelve it was apparent that the formal education of Tommy Manville, Jr., was a hopeless waste of time for everybody concerned. So my father gave me a job as office boy.

You see, I'm not one of those varsity rah-rah lads. With a hard-working pappy, I didn't need an alma mammy.

By 1907 my dad was rich—very rich. My parents busted up that year. Father undertook to raise me, while mother took over the upbringing of my sister, Lorraine. She is now Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys and flounces about in high society. To me " society " is odoriferous. It stinks.

My dad soon realized he had a big job on his hands trying to bring me up to be his pride and joy.

Few fathers who are preoccupied with the grind of making family fortunes ever comprehend the simple yearnings of youth. So I ran away. That was in 1908. I had thirty dollars in my jeans.

A year later I was traced by my father's hawkshaws to Boise, Idaho, where my mother had gone to get a divorce. She got it in 1909.

While I was out in Boise I supported myself. I was in turn a bellhop, elevator boy, a teamster, freight handler, and baker's assistant. I was fifteen then. I liked working and in that year I managed to save $300.

The cops forced me to return to my father's residence in Manhattan. For two years I was put to work in the asbestos factory at Manville, New Jersey. I worked hard and my father got the notion that I was going to amount to something, after all.

Then came the terrific turning point. On my seventeenth birthday, as I sported my first pair of long pants, T. F., as we called my father, thought he ought to show me a good time. He felt convinced that I was destined to follow in his footsteps; that I had at last become industrious, ambitious, smart.

It was on that particular night that I discovered Broadway. I never recovered from the shock. The dancing lights. Glittering cabarets. Gorgeous girls. This was going to be my lifework, I secretly resolved.

I worked fast at my new and chosen profession. By the end of May, 1911, my name was already known to all the headwaiters of the swanky lobster palaces. I had gone through the baptismal fire and was a full-fledged playboy. They called me " the Millionaire Kid " and " the Asbestos King's Heir." T. F. liked it at first and gave me abundant wampum to maintain the legend.

HIS philosophy was simply this: He didn't want to see a son of his go through all the hardships he did in a struggle for an existence. My hardest job became that of spending all the dough he gave me.

It was only natural that I should drift toward the Ziegfeld Follies of 1911. I was smitten by a blonde in the chorus. My first blonde. Her name was Florence Huber. I knew that from " out front " only. By the program. I was bowled over by her. Something just clicked in my heart.

After watching her from the front row for a week, I got up nerve. I sent her some orchids backstage, with my card and my telephone number. It worked. Then I took my first dive into the dizzy sea of romance.

After a two-weeks courtship that consumed us like wildfire I popped the question and Florence acquiesced. Love had certainly turned our heads. Florence kept cool enough to mention that perhaps my old man's wrath would fall on me. She suggested I sound him out on the marriage idea.

T. F. was apoplectic with rage. Nothing doing. He'd throw me out on my ear if I ever came home with an actress for a wife.

I thought maybe if he'd only deign to meet my beloved he might see how pretty and charming and cultured she was and that then he might relent. But the proposal that he meet her face to face only drove his blood pressure up higher.

Alas, Florence and I were a couple of lovebirds. We decided to call the old man's bluff. Maybe he'd soften up after it was over.

Meantime, we learned, he was taking precautions. He sicked his gumshoes and lawyers on us. He was determined to block our elopement.

I hit on a ruse. I got a girl to call up T. F. and tip him off that I had sneaked away to marry a girl of the stage in Paris. He was infuriated and hopped the next steamer. It was all staged perfectly.

While T. F. was on the high seas, Florence and I were married at City Hall, New York City, on June 8, 1911.

I had given my age as twenty-one on the marriage license, though I was actually seventeen. Florence was twenty. I knew my father would try to have the marriage annulled when he caught up with us.

FLORENCE and I decided to get married in every state we could, so that if T. F. tried to invalidate the marriage we would always be a state or two ahead of him. I guess we were married in a half dozen states.

When T. F. heard about the elopement, he returned immediately and called a conference of his lawyers. His first official act was to disinherit me. Then he cut off my income at the roots. Florence stuck by loyally.

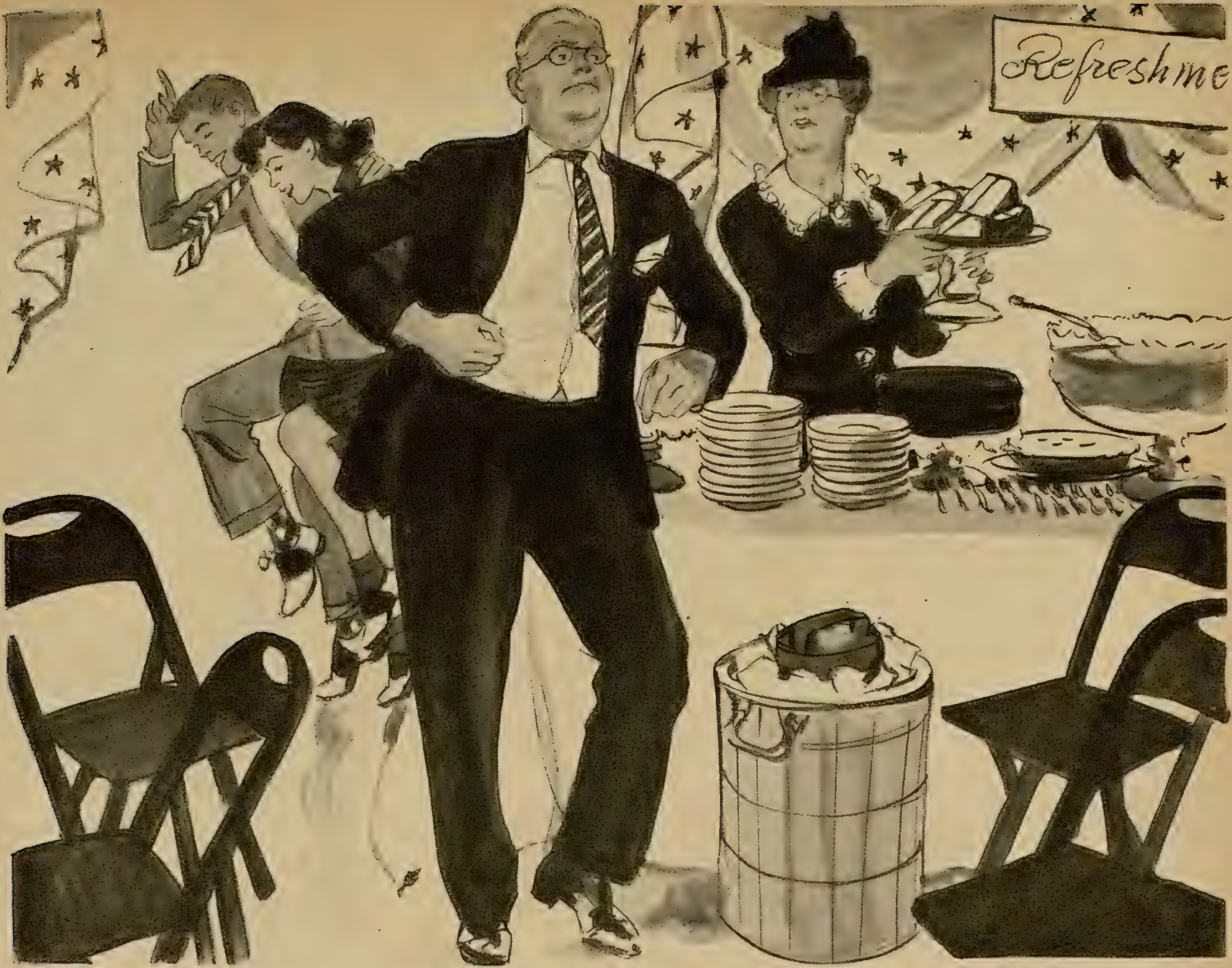
My mother helped us out for a while. She furnished an apartment for us in Pittsburgh and gave us some money. Our luck didn't last long. Florence went to work as a singer in a Pittsburgh department store.

For months I worked as a laborer in a construction gang, while Florence warbled in the department store by day, and cooked, washed, ironed, and kept house by night. The road became rocky and we parted. It wasn't until February 18, 1922, however, that Florence divorced me.

Meantime, I was back in my father's good graces.

All set for new adventures!

With money to spend once more, the Great White Way to rove along, and beautiful blondes to wine and dine, life becomes a merry whirl for America's most headlined playboy. For news of bigger and better adventures along the primrose path, read next week's Liberty!



"Ed Barnes, you're worse'n a jitterbug!"

MA BARNES: I swear you twist around crazier than those young folks dancin' in there. What ails you, anyway?

ED BARNES: *Now, ma, I'm no jitterbug. It's this shrunk-up shirt that's got me twisting and squirming.*

MA: Why on earth can't you do like Ella's husband—get yourself some Sanforized-Shrunk shirts?

ED: *But ma, these shirts had "pre-shrunk" wrote right on the collars.*

MA: Don't you ever listen to what I say? I said *Sanforized-Shrunk,* not "pre-shrunk."

ED: *Shucks—what's the difference?*

MA: Land a mercy! A body'd think you never learned to *read.* It's in all the magazines and papers now how Sanforizing takes practically every mite of shrinking out of a fabric.

ED: *Don't believe it.*

MA: Well, it's true. Sanforized-Shrunk fabrics can't shrink more'n a measly 1% by standard tests—and that means Sanforized shirts don't shrink out of size.

ED: *But don't they cost plenty?*

MA: Not a red cent more than any other kind. You can buy Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in almost every store, in about forty-leven different makes. Same thing's true of shorts and pajamas, too.

ED: *By gosh, I think I'll run out and pick up a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt now.*

MA: Either that, or run out and *stay* out.

P—sst! Mrs. Barnes—

This year, many new cottons, linens, and spun rayons have this sure shrinkage protection. Look for the words Sanforized-Shrunk on these articles:

Women's Dresses

Children's Garments

The New Flannelettes

Slip Covers, Draperies

Cotton Uniforms

Trousers, Slacks

For permanent fit...look for the words... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

CAN HITLER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IF some one were to make the statement that Hitler's final objective in the present armed struggle is the conquest of the United States of America, he would probably be laughed out of court. For the picture of the European war as presented to Americans through the press, the newsreels, and the radio shows a Germany that has her hands more than full in a life-and-death contest against the British and French empires.

Hitler's legions, it is repeated over and over again, have been immobilized by the French defenses. Through the blockade Britain is slowly choking the life out of Germany. The Allies are gradually outstripping the Reich in the production of war materials. The German people, remembering the last war and its bitter aftermath, are worrying and wondering what new disasters are in store for them in the event of a defeat. Again and again we are told that there is distress and unrest in the German cities, muttering and sabotage in the industrial plants; that the riots of Prague may any day flare up into a first-class revolution. Nothing but a crushing defeat, it is therefore concluded, can be the outcome of the conflict which Adolf Hitler so foolishly precipitated.

The only trouble with this picture is that it is based on data and interpretations of events supplied by our unanimously anti-German press. It is a mirage, the product of wishful thinking and the result of censor-ridden dispatches.

The truth is altogether different. The Reich's forces are intact. Germany's industries are roaring twenty-four hours a day in the production of war materials. Britain and France are not outstripping the Reich in the manufacture of aviation equipment and will not for years to come, unless they obtain tens of thousands—not a few hundreds — of machines from America.

Food is sufficient and will become more abundant as the harvests planted by order of Germany in Rumania, Hungary, and the conquered part of Poland are made available. Rumania has been exporting oil to the Reich, and vast armies of workers are improving transport facilities between Germany and the Ukraine and Georgia, foreshadowing an easy influx of oil and wheat within a year. Germany cannot be starved into submission as long as her back door remains open to receive the output of the granaries and oil fields of Russia and Rumania and the pork paradise of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

What is more, Germany is definitely blockading Britain. The magnetic-mine fields and the submarines are playing havoc with British shipping. There is no glossing over the fact that Britain faces a perilous situation. Nor is anything gained by minimizing German resourcefulness, fighting spirit, and military efficiency.

The German high command does not for a moment concede that the Reich is losing the war. Stories of dissension between Hitler and the Reichswehr command concerning the tactics and strategy to be employed are pure fabrication. The Paris Soir, a notoriously yellow sheet, is the chief inventor of yarns of this sort, which are spread over the earth and which grow like snowballs rolling downhill. It is true that the French Intelligence Service has a pretty accurate idea of what the Germans are planning; but those plans contemplate nothing that even faintly resembles surrender or compromise.

For one thing, it is definitely known that the German high command had no intention of beginning the struggle until the spring of 1940. Only Hitler's corrosive temper precipitated the war a half year in advance: a personal pique against Colonel Josef Beck of Poland caused the Führer to take the plunge ahead of schedule. That, unquestionably, was a tactical error. Even so, the German high command has not allowed the Polish incident to interfere with the fundamental plans of its strategy. Before the German high command wills it, nothing can compel the Reich to launch the terrific attacks in the west which the Führer and Goering have promised. The initiative is in Germany's hands, for the Allies have adopted a purely defensive position.

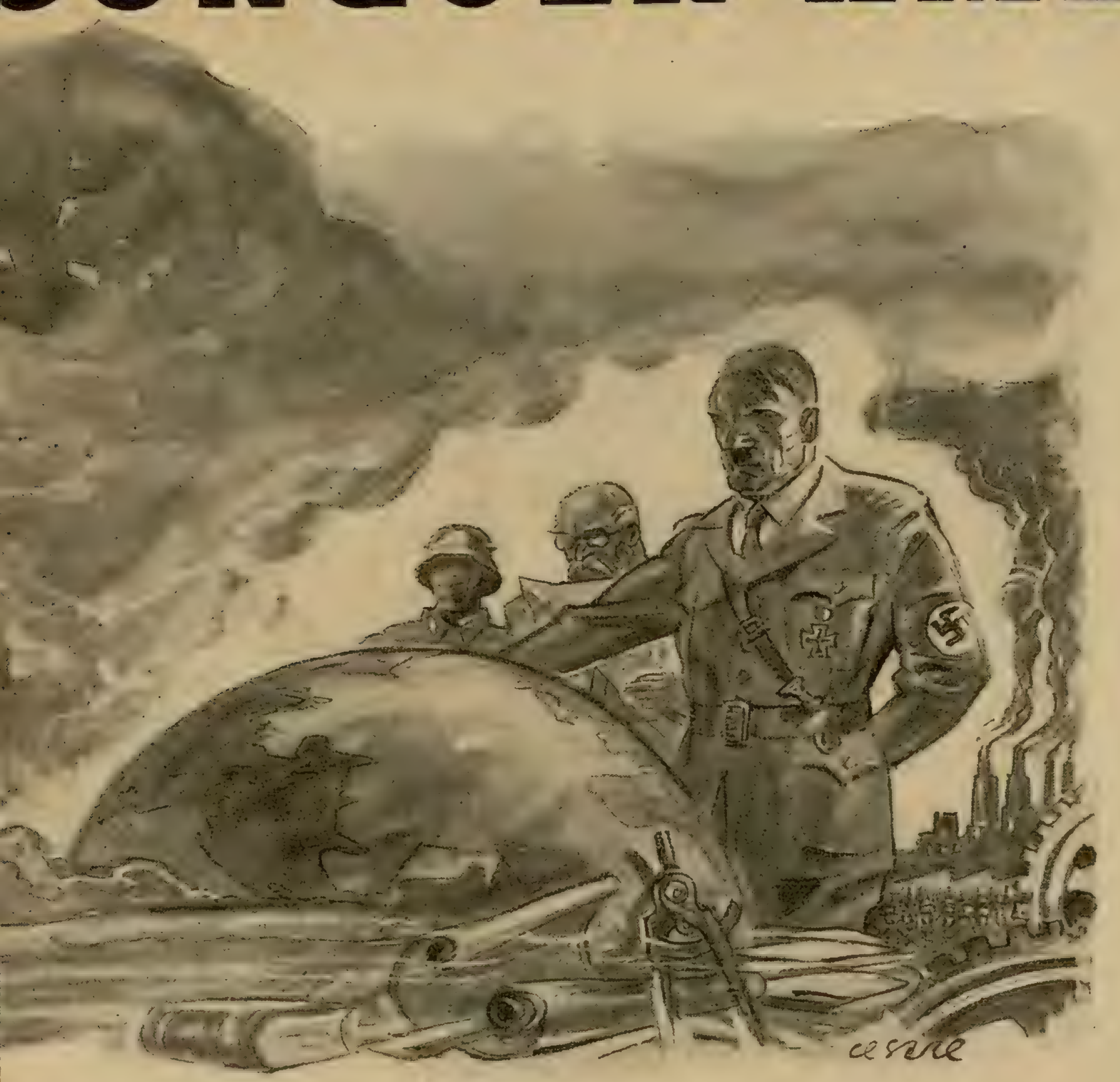
Unless Great Britain gives in and calls off the war, trusting that Hitler will yet turn east, as English statesmen for years hoped he would, the real war will start in the coming spring. And it will start with a German drive through Holland for the North Sea coast and Channel ports, simultaneously with another drive through the foothills of the Swiss Alps from Basel to Geneva and down the Rhone valley for the Mediterranean shore and the great port of Marseilles. Then, too, Mussolini will jump in—but not on the side of the Allies, as many imagine today.

Nothing has happened since September to cause the Reichswehr strategists to change their view. Before the Führer donned his field uniform he knew the strength of the Maginot Line and of the forces likely to be aligned against the Reich. That is why Nazi diplomats were ordered to cover Germany's back on the Russian side, which means that the great mistake of 1914, against which Bismarck had repeatedly warned, has been avoided. Mussolini has not broken the Axis, and he renders the Reich an immense service by taking a neutral position for the time being. The profound unpopularity in some French quarters of "this war for England's sake" and of Daladier's Draconian measures to squelch all pacifist sentiment have raised high hopes in Germany that revolutionary spasms will shake France as soon as the casualties start to pile up.

We in this country fondly imagine that by placing embargoes on war materials to belligerents, by withdrawing our shipping from danger zones and keeping to an absolute isolationist standpoint, we limit the scope of the conflagration in Europe and Asia. We do not yet see that our attitude has the very opposite effect; that in actuality it aids the realization of Germany's plan of conquest.

For instance, it seems certain at this writing that if the clamor for an embargo on all war shipments to Japan is to prevail, and if the Japanese-American commercial treaty is not renewed, Japan will be compelled more quickly to seize the Dutch East Indies. Deprived of American war stocks and shut out from the American market, Tokyo will in fact have no alternative. Responsible statesmen in Holland are convinced that Japan and Germany will synchronize an attack on the Netherlands and the

CONQUER AMERICA?



Here is one man's opinion—An eminent observer looks startlingly into the future

BY PIERRE van PAASSEN

Author of Days of Our Years

Dutch overseas possessions this spring: Germany blasting her way to the North Sea coast and the Channel ports, and Japan seizing the immensely rich Dutch colonies.

Who is to prevent such a move by Japan? Britain will be too busy in home waters. Holland has not the strength. Will America go to bat for the Dutch? Surely not, in view of the profound sentiment for non-intervention that is determining America's isolationism.

But with the oil of Borneo under her belt and the rubber and copra and tin and coffee of Sumatra, Celebes, Timor, and Lombok at her command, Japan will be quite different from the poor have-not nation we know today. She will no longer need to fear the United States. That is why Japan is hurrying to finish the war in China. Tokyo wants peace and a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets, a division of China into spheres of interest. And here Germany is again lending a helping hand.

Once the Dutch East Indies are swallowed up by Tokyo, how long will it be before the British base at Singapore is attacked and India is menaced by Russia and Japan combined for another division of the spoils? With a boundless supply of oil, how long before the Japanese navy will steam to meet Mussolini's fleet in the Red Sea and the Suez Canal?

The coming spring will tell the tale. This much can be said now: The British Empire is fighting for its life. The war in Europe is a struggle against England, says General Karl Haushofer, the man who does the thinking for Adolf Hitler and whose ideas have shaped those of the Third Reich's new diplomats and higher military officers. If one reads what Dr. Haushofer, who is the chief of the Geopolitical Institute at Munich, has to say about the outcome of this war, one learns that it is expected to end with the collapse of Anglo-Saxon world power, with Britain becoming Germany's vassal and the resources of the British Empire being placed at Germany's disposal.

The aim of the European conflict is to bring about the unification of the entire continent under German military hegemony. But therewith the struggle is not to be ended. Only after England is subjugated can the war of continents begin — Europe versus America. In that war America will be the prize, and its end, according to the German master planners, will see the establishment of the World Empire of the Germans, an era of universal peace based on Germany's unchallenged domination over the entire world—a Pax Germanica.

Unless one assumes that the strategic experts of Potsdam and their masters are Quixotic madmen, one cannot disregard the consistently recurring cry of the German military leaders: *Down with the Anglo-Saxon race in Europe and America!*

To the Nazi brain trust which operates in the Geopolitical Institute, that military-economic academy where hundreds of economists, geographers, diplomats, and strategists labor day and night under Dr. Haushofer's direction, the European conflict is merely a tune-up fight in preparation for the inevitable battle for the world championship. These geopoliticians are scheming in terms of decades and continents, their eyes fixed on Germany's ultimate war goal: a world empire of Germans commanding the economic and industrial resources of the British Empire and the North American continent. Absurd as this may sound, it is the basic chart against which the Führer measures all his actions.

In German military writings too numerous to cite, the approaching end of Anglo-Saxon world hegemony is taken for granted. The job will not be as arduous as many imagine, Dr. Haushofer promises. The Anglo-Saxons are too weak-kneed, too sentimental, too permeated with pacifism, and too utterly corrupted by democracy to endure in the struggle, he writes. They have had their day. Britain now is doomed, and hence the United States also. In the battle of wits and force, the Anglo-Saxons will be no match for such young and virile nations as Germany and Japan, which have been schooled in ascetic poverty and relentless militarism.

This German conviction is based on the enormous technical progress made in the fields of communications and armaments, a progress which has obliterated distances and thus, it is claimed, places the United States in the same position relative to Germany as England occupied in the second decade of the twentieth century, when heavier-than-air flying began its rapid advance.

The Nazi program for the taking over of the North American continent envisages the conquest of Canada as the first step. Colin Ross, German author well known in this country as a lecturer, and one of the key experts on America on Haushofer's geopolitical staff, has this to say:

"Today we must view the world from a fresh standpoint devoid of all prejudices, including prejudices regarding climate and latitude. . . . Canada is one of the very few large territories still open on this earth. Who will appropriate it? At first glance this question seems silly, for it has already been appropriated. But we must accustom ourselves to the idea that nothing is fixed in our world today. . . . It is an urgent question whether those nations which suffer from a tremendous pressure of surplus population will indefinitely tolerate a condition in which a few millions of people appropriate entire continents, laying a claim upon them merely because they were the first to go there. . . . The question today is not merely to integrate the Germany of today into a world of which the greater part still lives in accordance with entirely different, essentially conflicting modes of thought, but *to integrate this world into the new German concept of our globe.*"

HOW the military conquest of the North American continent is to be achieved is of course the guarded secret of the German General Staff. To judge from the writings of General Haushofer and Rupert von Schumacher, another of the master minds of the Geopolitical Institute, the German strategy involves the utilization of an unprecedentedly large air fleet, operating from bases in Newfoundland, the Caribbean islands, and points in South America, to terrorize the United States into submission.

There can be no question but that Germany today possesses throughout Latin America aviation bases that constitute a grave menace to the United States. An authoritative survey made by T. H. Tetens, exiled German journalist now residing in this country, who for years has made a study of the subversive Nazi penetration into Latin America, reveals that 50 per cent of the commercial aviation companies in South America are wholly German in ownership, and another 20 to 30 per cent are under German control, although the appearance of other ownership is maintained.

All the planes used by these airway companies are of a type which can be converted quickly into warplanes. The pilots employed are well trained veterans of the German air force. All these companies and their personnel, Tetens declares, are under the command of the German Air Ministry at Berlin, and thus part and parcel of Goering's air force. Colombia today constitutes the strategic center for an attack on the Panama Canal, for the domination of the Caribbean, and for the threatening of Pacific shipping traffic between North and South America. Other reliable sources state that there are 300 trained German army flyers on permanent duty in Colombia. This figure seems quite credible when one takes into account that a couple of years ago more than 1,500 German officers were acting as instructors in the Mexican army and schools, organizing the Mexican war machine.

When American military and naval experts rightly or wrongly laugh off the suggestion of a foreign attack on the grounds that the radius of bombing planes has not progressed sufficiently to endanger American industrial centers, Hitler's ghost-thinker Haushofer merely places a check mark against geopolitical documents under some such heading as *Reaction of the Unsuspecting Americans to German Plans Against America.* What the political leaders and naval and military authorities of this country do not seem to realize is that the Nazi master minds regard the bombing of American industrial centers as merely a final climax to a campaign of sabotage and undermining of authority and fomenting of unrest, to be carried out by Nazi agents under the direct orders of Hitler.

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN
whose own life story, Days of Our Years, is so widely read and discussed, was born in Holland and studied for the ministry. He fought in the Canadian army during the World War. Has done newspaper work in the U. S. and Canada, and in Europe as roving correspondent.

Nor is this terrorization within the United States to be executed in Blitzkrieg style. On the contrary, the German plan for world domination provides for a period of patient preparation, of minute preliminary actions, of perseverant mobilization of anti-democratic groups. Only recently Adolf Hitler was reported to have laughed off the possibility of America entering the war on the side of Britain and France with a remark to the effect that if America made the slightest move in that direction he would plunge her into chaos.

Hitler's confidence springs from the reports of General Haushofer's agents, who are certain that the United States can be torn asunder by a revolution whenever the German high command decides that the time has come. The present aloofness of this country toward European affairs is regarded by the Nazi leaders as in perfect accord with the picture the Geopolitical Institute has painted of the period preceding the war of the continents. Hence the more isolationist Washington's policy, the better Hitler likes it.

One of the most glaring errors in the common evaluation of Nazidom is the stressing of the point that Hitler is an impulsive, short-tempered man of quick decisions. He may be, but those who do the thinking for him are men of characteristic German thoroughness. The Germans are not going to try, naïvely, to bomb us overnight even if they get the better of England. The Reich must first establish those bases and jumping-off places for attack about which General Haushofer and his colleagues are talking—in Newfoundland and Iceland, in Mexico and Latin-American republics near the Panama Canal.

We already know enough of German tactics to realize that an early frontal attack in western Europe was never among the high command's intentions. Give Britain a few more months of respite this winter, the high command advised Adolf Hitler; perhaps she will yet come to her senses and Neville Chamberlain will return to his old policy of appeasement. Give England the chance to repair her mistake of plunging into war over Poland. It may take a few months to make the British public realize that England and France are quite impotent to prevent the Nazification and Bolshevization of Europe. Time is working for Germany and not for her foes. The French and British armies are immobilized on the western front, leaving the Reich and the Soviet Union free to carry out their expansion in the east.

But if England should insist on fighting, the Nazi high command has intended all along to crack down on her with all Germany's might in the spring of 1940. To rain down destruction on the narrow little isle from the air. To set her cities on fire. Wreck her industrial plants. Sink her food and munition supplies. Smother the millions of London and Manchester and Leeds and Birmingham under a thick blanket of poison gas. Leave not one stone standing in either England or France.

CAN it be done? The German high command believes it can if Italy and Japan will help carry out a plan of strategy in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. England's power can be broken, the Nazis are convinced; she and France can be cut off from Asia and Africa and their colonial wealth.

When that is done, the United States will be isolated in a hostile universe. Germany knows that South America is not likely to look to Washington when a victorious Berlin-Rome-Tokyo-Moscow axis is on the march. Whatever countries remain outside Germany's orbit will hasten to climb on the triumphant band wagon. America will be alone. And General Haushofer's prediction and plan that Germany will use the British navy and the French army in the conquest of America may yet become reality. What this country needs is not 10,000 airplanes but 50,000, and 500,000 pilots. Not ten new battleships but a hundred.

THE END

Have we done a job?
Say listen!

MAYBE you remember, back last fall, when folks were asking if the railroads were in shape to handle an emergency increase in traffic.

Well, here's the answer.

Between August and October we had the biggest increase in traffic ever recorded in so short a stretch of time.

Did we handle it? Snappy's the word. That increase was handled without congestion, delay or a hitch of any kind.

The fact is—when the railroads loaded the peak movement of 861,000 cars in the week ending October 21, there was still a daily average of 64,299 surplus cars in good order and ready for duty.

And remember that the railroads that did this job have been through ten years of tough sledding.

All this shows that railroad men know their business. It proves again that the railroads have the capacity and the ability to handle their job.

Above all, it spotlights the fact that the railroads deserve the square deal they ask for—a fair break in legislation and regulation—and the opportunity to earn a living.

This isn't the first peak load the railroads have been called on to handle. It won't be the last. They ought to have a fair chance to keep themselves ready for any emergency.

What's needed now is a national policy of equal treatment for all forms of transportation.

"See America" FOR $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States—east coast, west coast, border to border—go by one route, return by another—liberal stopovers—for $90 railroad fare in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth). Get the full facts from your ticket agent about the greatest travel bargain in history!

Association of AMERICAN RAILROADS Washington, D. C.

Lonesome Lady

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A tender tale of a dream that was lost and a young heart that grew in wisdom

"IF the child wants it," Aunt Em said, "let her have it. Heaven knows she doesn't have much."

Uncle Joe scowled because he was thinking about the oranges again. He said, "Seems to me we got flowers enough around the place now."

"Outlandish ones," said Aunt Em, and pressed her lips together in a tight line. That meant her thoughts had gone a long way off, gone far beyond the flicker of the flame vine and the red hibiscus blossoms, gone into the cool calm hills where a small wind stirred rows of iris and delphiniums and phlox, gone down the green valley where the little river flowed so quiet against its stones.

She looked through the flame vine's fire onto the hot flat land of Florida, and she sniffed. Just a single short sniff.

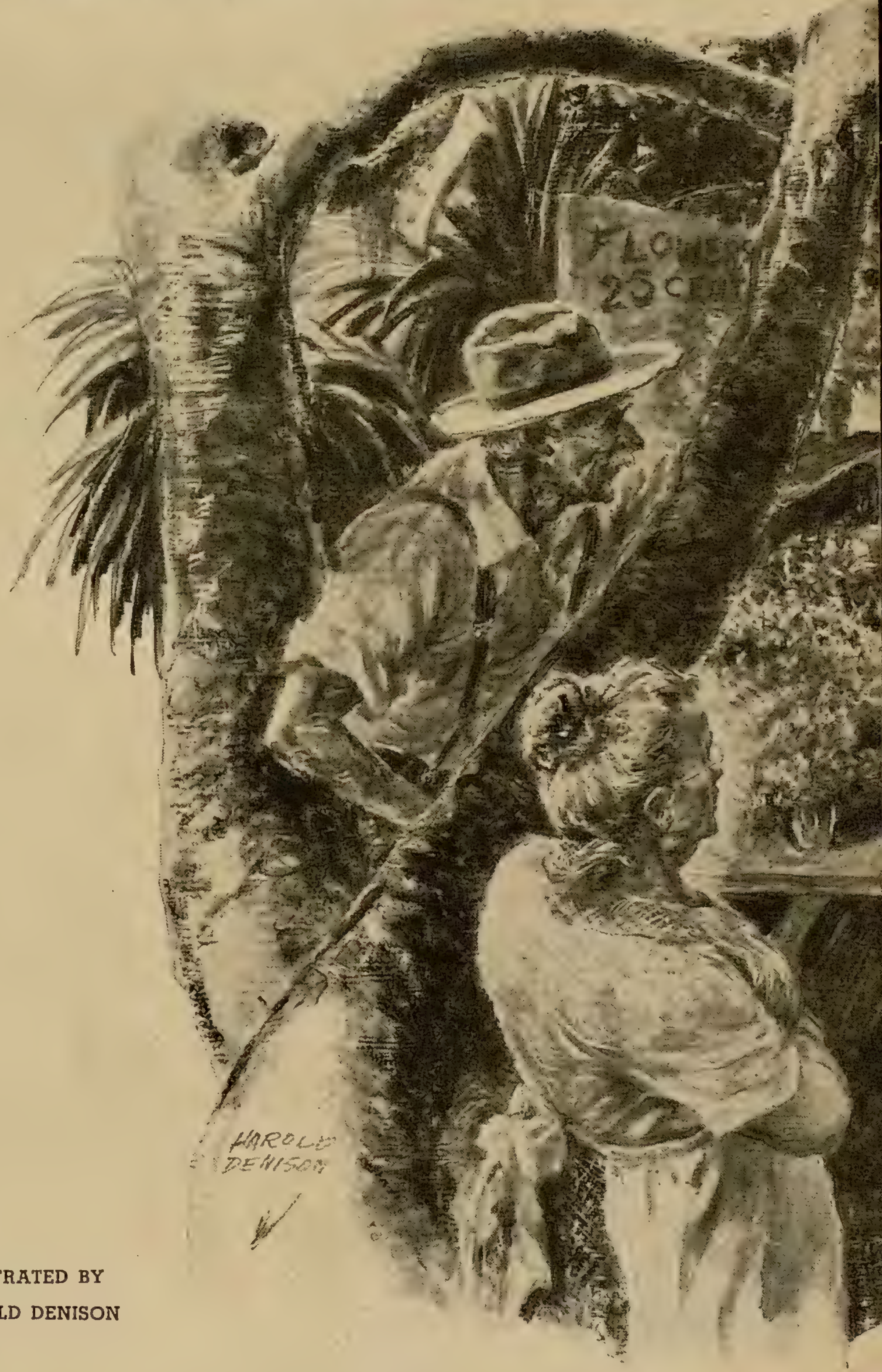
Molly knew what that meant as she stood there on one overalled leg with her brown eyes wide and innocent and her mind leaping a long way ahead as it always did. It meant that Uncle Joe had been a fool to sell the farm and come to Florida and that Aunt Em had known that all along.

Uncle Joe took a hard hitch on his suspenders. He said in his voice that was pure New Hampshire still, "All right. All right, Em. Only, I can't tend to it. That lazy Tom'll have to lay it out." He rose and said, "I got to go to St. Pete."

Aunt Em looked at him from under her spectacles. She said, "You stay away from St. Pete."

Uncle Joe went out the door, and—Molly'd never noticed it before, but she did now: Uncle Joe'd grown old all in a second. He'd always been lean and stringy and brown and a little stooped; his Adam's apple had always stood out from his neck like a boulder on some upland hill. Uncle Joe stood there against the blaze of sun, and he was old and worn and beaten. And knew it, too. It was the knowing that made him look so.

Molly turned, and Aunt Em had the same look too. Only, Aunt Em was plump, and her hair was drawn back in a stiff tight knot, and her round face was fire red, as it always was when it was hot. Aunt Em looked as if she'd lost everything — almost



ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

everything save that hard New England iron in her bones.

Aunt Em pressed her lips together again. She said, "Seems as if that dratted sun'd never stop shining," and then went on sewing quite quietly.

Molly pushed open the door, and the heat was like a giant flail. There it lay, on the hot scrubland, as far as you could see; that land that was so flat, so covered with sparse brown grass save where the palmettos showed in a solid mat of green.

She looked back at the house, and it was a low brown bungalow with a breezeway at its core and the flame vine fierce orange all along its veranda front. It was so small, so brown, it seemed like a timid animal crouching there in all the sun.

She looked at the crisp green of the grove, at the one-year trees and the two-year trees, and the fours and fives and sixes, mounting like steps there against the sky. She looked, and she knew the oranges weren't going to be so good this year.

The heat shuddered all across the grove in little waves, so plain you could sometimes see them. She walked across the yard, a tiny figure against all that space, a very frail figure in faded blue overalls. She lay down in the deep shade beneath the towering mango tree.

If you looked up through the shiny leaves to the tiny slivers of blue sky between, if you looked quite hard and long, the dream would come back, as it always did.

She stared, and the shade was deep and cool. And when her mind was quite drained and empty the dream came back.

It was always the same: Pop riding down the long road from Largo: pop come to take her home in that big shiny motorcar of his, that car that was more splendid than any she'd ever seen.

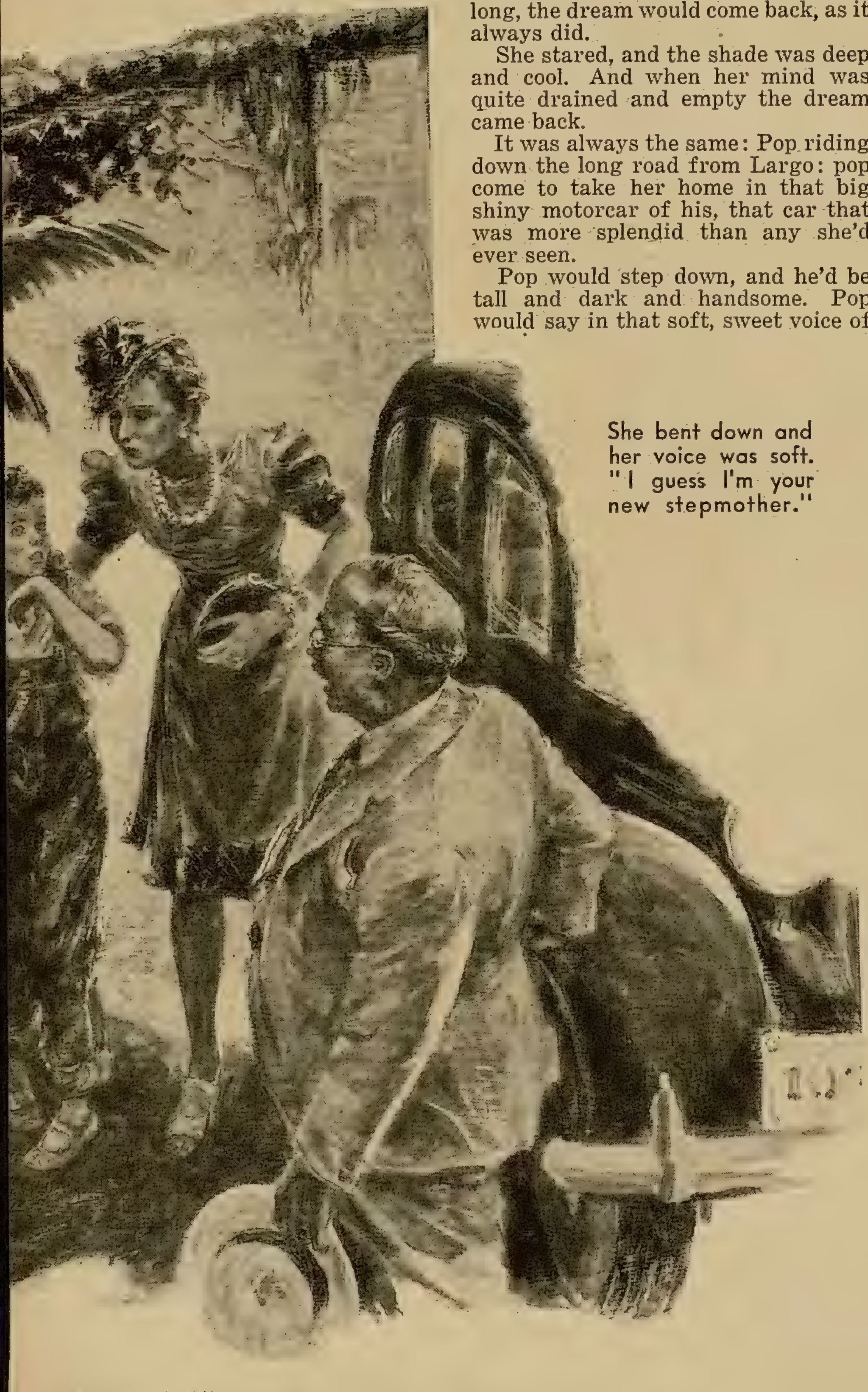
Pop would step down, and he'd be tall and dark and handsome. Pop would say in that soft, sweet voice of his, "Why, that's my little girl!" Pop would take her out of the sand and the dust and heat, out of the endless circle of plain and sky where a small girl could be so lonely and alone: pop would take her back to that cool, crisp, long-lost country where the hills humped along the sky line like a line of elephants at dusk.

Pop would buy her pretty clothes; pop would buy her snow-white breeches and black boots, and she'd have a horse to ride, as some of the tourist girls did. And she'd play tennis too, just like the tourist girls. And all life would be golden and sweet and good, just because pop had come to take her home.

Only, she couldn't see pop plainly at all. She couldn't because pop had left her with Uncle Joe and Aunt Em when mom died in some strange city soon after Molly was born. Pop had left her in the white farmhouse on the hill, and gone away to Washington State to get a job, and they hadn't heard from him in a long time now.

They hadn't heard from him since he'd sent the perfume at Christmas four years ago, and she'd thought it didn't smell very good, but of course it must have, because pop had sent it.

That had been a long time after Uncle Joe had sold the farm and come down to Florida to cure his rheumatism and make his fortune with the oranges. But she could see the farm still, long and low against the sky, with the sweet meadows sweeping down to the intervale land, and the cows all coming home along the road at dusk. She could see it every time she looked at Uncle Joe or Aunt Em, because they were always seeing it too—seeing it as something lovely and lost—no matter what they said.



She bent down and her voice was soft. "I guess I'm your new stepmother."

SHE stood up, and the lonely land lay all about her, lonely in the sunlight, lonely in the dark, because a small girl had no one to play with save Johnny Selfridge, and he lived a long way off.

She stood up, and the loneliness was all there in her thin brown face and the blunt square chin and even in the short black hair that blew in the hot dry wind.

Thomas came shuffling around the corner, and he was doing something with a rake. Thomas was lean and black and his red shirt had been faded to some strange color that was neither purple nor red but something in between. Thomas moved as if he was in tune with the wind and sun, as if he belonged to the land as the cabbage palms and the pelicans did.

Molly put her hands on her thin hips. She said, "Thomas, please, will you stop what you're doing and help me make a garden? A garden for flowers."

Thomas put his hand at the back of his head and tipped his torn hat forward. Thomas said, "Sho'. 'At'll be right pretty." Thomas stood there and his mind worked so slow you could almost hear it. Thomas said, "'At's right nice muck land out theah beyond the grove."

They went through the grove, and the land didn't look like much. But then, it never did. She knelt down and put her hands in it, and it was soft and a little wet.

Her face screwed up into intense seriousness and the chin was very square indeed now. "D'you suppose sweet peas would grow here, Thomas?" she said.

Thomas pushed his hat farther forward still. He said, "Most anythin'll grow down heah if'n you-all just stick it into the ground. Grow fas', too. Thomas'll tend to it."

She went back to the house because Thomas would and there wasn't any use to try to hurry him.

Aunt Em was standing in the yard, plump and solid, and she'd forgotten to put on her hat again.

She said, "I've got to send Joey to St. Pete, after all. You better go along. You can buy your seeds there."

She gave Molly a long, silent look, and Molly knew what that meant. For Uncle Joe's throat was likely to get dry, and when it did, that meant trouble. The last time, Uncle Joe hadn't come home for two days; and then there was the time before that, when he'd gotten into the jook joint at High Key, and that was when the rear top of the old car had been torn off somehow.

Aunt Em said, "You be back early."

She stood there, staring out into the endless heat, and Molly said in her high thin voice, "Aunt Em, you better get out of the sun."

You had to look after Aunt Em, because she'd had a heat stroke once, and she couldn't quite remember to be careful. Aunt Em almost seemed to think that when she stepped out the kitchen door she'd be in New England still.

UNCLE JOE brought the car around, and it wheezed and puffed and snorted as if its throat was dry too and only going to St. Pete would cure it. It was awfully old and a dim dried-out green where it wasn't rusty, and there was still that big hole out of the back of the top, because Uncle Joe never could quite seem to get around to mending it.

Uncle Joe said, "Come aboard, sailor," and he didn't look so old or beaten any more. He looked as if he were quivering inside with a sort of suppressed excitement—and that was bad.

Aunt Em said, "You be back before five."

They went down the drive, and the sun was scorching hot, though white clouds towered all along the Gulf. They didn't mean anything: they'd just stay there and not do anybody any good.

Molly had to hang on quite tightly because the old car jolted so. And she thought of pop's car and how different it would be when they went down the Largo road together. She wouldn't have to look after pop, because he'd be calm and sure and steady: pop would look after her instead.

Uncle Joe said, "What you goin' to plant in that garden of yours?"

She folded her hands in her lap and said, "Just sweet peas."

Uncle Joe looked at the long line of cabbage palms there by the bayou. He said, "Be sort of pretty."

Uncle Joe's flannel shirt flapped in the wind and his suspenders showed beneath his old coat; Uncle Joe's pants were quite shiny. Pop wouldn't wear clothes like that when he came. Pop would be all in white with a gleaming Panama hat on his head.

They jolted down the red brick road and slowed for the turn by the Selfridge place. The shack Mr. Selfridge had built on his land had gone a gaunt gray and it looked as if it were falling down. And all the land looked gaunt and scrubby too, with a few hens scratching dismally at the sparse grass.

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

has been a technical adviser for moving pictures, a drama and music critic. Poetry was the first phase of his writing career, then came short stories. He was born in Illinois, educated in the East, and is equally at home in Boston, New York, or Chicago.

Uncle Joe looked and said, "Shiftless!"

Mr. Selfridge was standing in the live oak's shade, and even when he stood he seemed to lean. He had a torn hat on his head, his suspenders were half undone, and his yellow mustache drooped. Mrs. Selfridge stood beside him in a dirty old calico dress that the wind blew against her bare legs.

Molly could see Johnny Selfridge sitting on the shack's steps, with the sun bright on his small freckled face and his lean bare legs. Johnny was looking down the road to Largo so intently that he didn't see or hear anything.

She said, "I guess Johnny's awfully lonesome," and Uncle Joe stepped on the brake.

Uncle Joe couldn't bear to have any one hurt or tired or lonely. Uncle Joe said, "S'pose we take Johnny along. Sort o' cheer him up."

Uncle Joe shouted, "Hi, there!" and Mr. Selfridge came up at a slow lope.

Uncle Joe said jauntily, "Hi, Selfridge! How's the grapefruit?"

Mr. Selfridge's jaws moved and his mustache was dark with tobacco stain. He said, "Just tol'able. Need some rain. Need it bad."

Uncle Joe nodded as if he were a good farmer and Mr. Selfridge a poor one. He said, "Goin' to town. Take your boy if he wants to go."

Johnny came running up, and he had a paper and pencil in his hand. Johnny's mouth was one broad grin among all the freckles. Johnny said in one gulp, "Oh, gee! You goin' to St. Pete?"

Uncle Joe said, "Hop in, bud!" He said, "'By, Selfridge," and then they were going down the road again.

Johnny wriggled in the front seat, and his bony knees were very thin indeed. Johnny pointed to the paper with pride. He said, "I got Arkansas yesterday an' Nebraska day before. I got most all of 'em now save Arizona and Washington. What you get?"

Molly said, "Only Rhode Island and Mass'chusetts and D. C."

It was a game they played all season through: collecting state license plates of the tourist cars as they went flashing by beneath the sun. Only, Johnny took it more seriously. He watched the road with a hawk's eye nearly all the time. He had nothing else to do.

Johnny leaned back and he was in heaven because he was really going somewhere.

And then they came jolting into St. Pete, where the white houses stood among the palms.

THEY came down Central Avenue, and it was quite crowded there and green branches were strung along all the sidewalks in the brilliant sun. There were people sitting on the benches, and they weren't the rich tourists at all but the other kind. They were old and worn and weathered: they all looked as if they'd waited a little too long to come South with the sun and enjoy themselves.

It always made Molly feel funny to see them, for they'd come too late—too late to do anything but sit on the sidewalk and watch the trolley cars go by.

Johnny Selfridge bounced on the seat. He said, "Gee, St. Pete's swell!"

They had to do their shopping, and it wasn't till they went into the ten-cent store that the trouble began.

Uncle Joe leaned against a counter with his lean arms full of bundles. Uncle Joe said, "My throat's mighty dry."

Molly took a firm hold of his coat, for you couldn't tell what Uncle Joe would do when he got started. She said, "It's over this way somewhere."

Then they were in front of the soda fountain and a sign said, BIG GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE, 3 CENTS!

The Adam's apple bounced in Uncle Joe's throat. Uncle Joe said, in one angry snort, "I got to see oranges an' smell oranges an' grow oranges, but, by gosh, I ain't got to drink the things!"

He said, "Where's the hardware counter? Em wants a can opener."

Molly turned to look, and it happened all in one single second. Uncle Joe simply wasn't there. He'd nipped out the back door and into the alley.

Molly went tense all over. She said—and it was an order: "You, Johnny! You go down Central and I'll go up! Hustle!"

She went up Central and the crowds were thick. The crowds were so thick they'd walk right over you if you didn't look out. And she couldn't see a single thing of Uncle Joe.

(Continued on page 20)

TODAY
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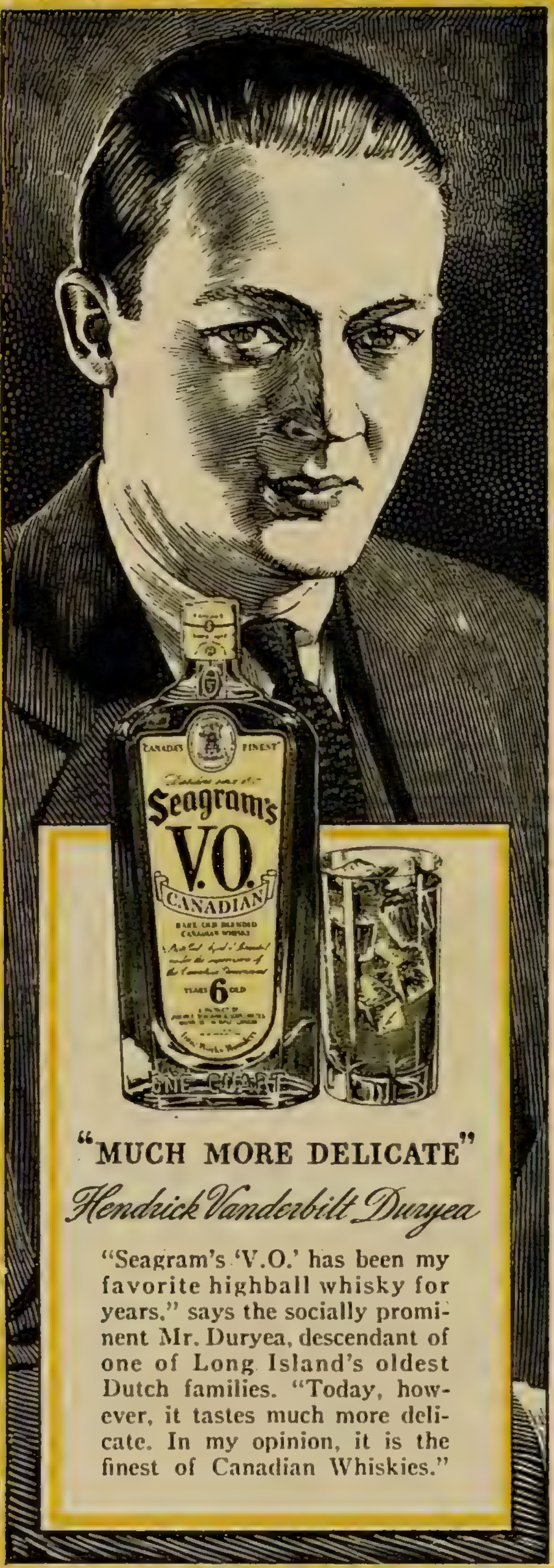
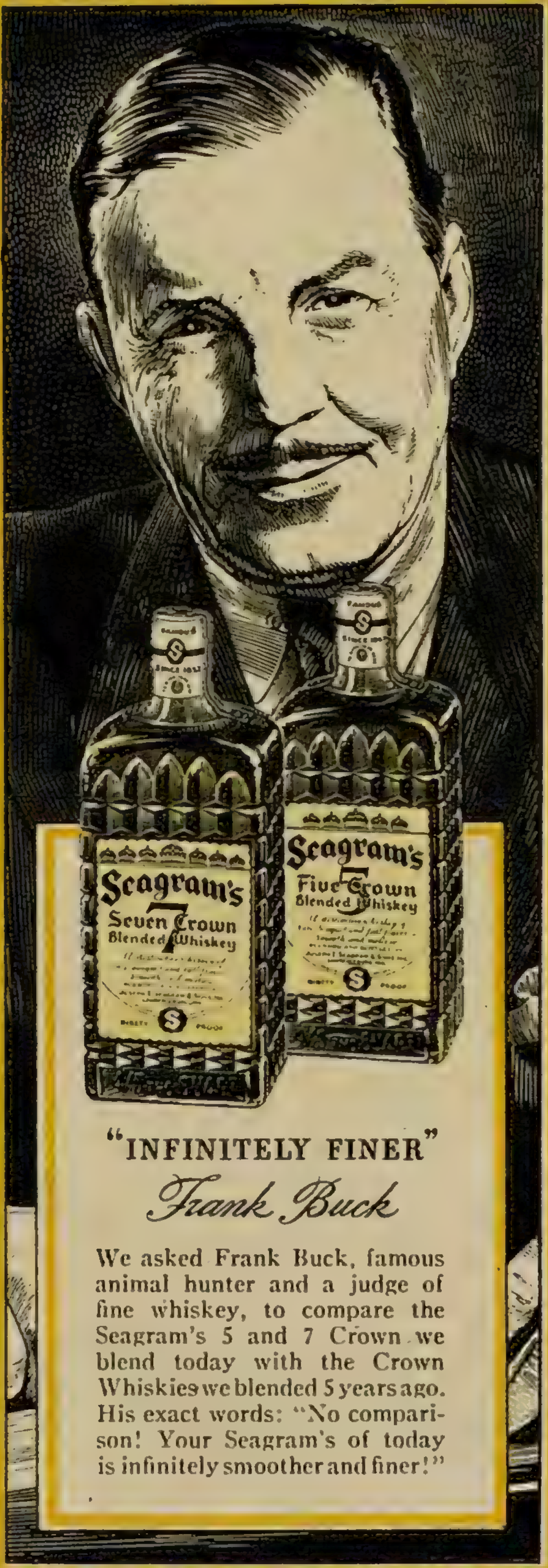


"MUCH MORE DELICATE"

Hendrick Vanderbilt Duryea

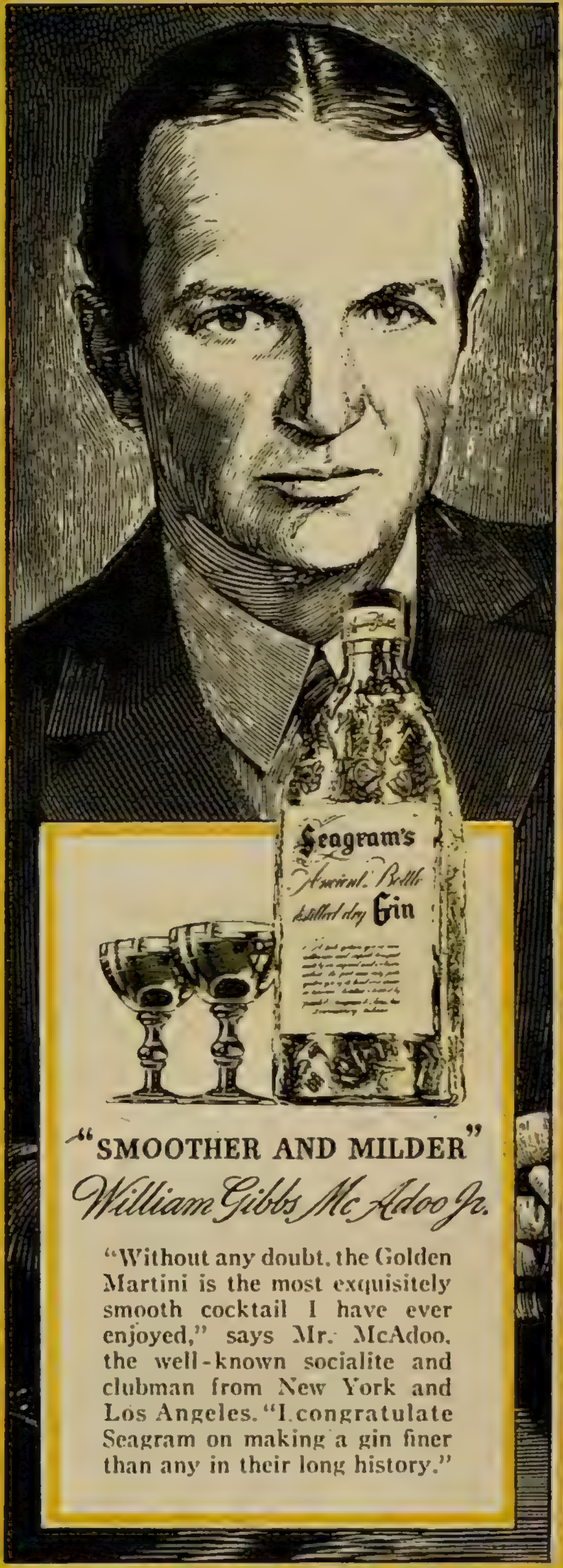
"Seagram's 'V.O.' has been my favorite highball whisky for years," says the socially prominent Mr. Duryea, descendant of one of Long Island's oldest Dutch families. "Today, however, it tastes much more delicate. In my opinion, it is the finest of Canadian Whiskies."



"INFINITELY FINER"

Frank Buck

We asked Frank Buck, famous animal hunter and a judge of fine whiskey, to compare the Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown we blend today with the Crown Whiskies we blended 5 years ago. His exact words: "No comparison! Your Seagram's of today is infinitely smoother and finer!"



"SMOOTHER AND MILDER"

William Gibbs McAdoo Jr.

"Without any doubt, the Golden Martini is the most exquisitely smooth cocktail I have ever enjoyed," says Mr. McAdoo, the well-known socialite and clubman from New York and Los Angeles. "I congratulate Seagram on making a gin finer than any in their long history."

Have you tasted Seagram's lately? These delicious "luxury liquors" are getting smoother and finer as the years roll by. We've actually invested millions of dollars in the past five years to improve continuously their taste and quality. They're smoother and finer today. They taste better than ever! Next time you're at your favorite bar or store, say Seagram's and be sure!

Since 1857

Seagram's

SMOOTHER AND FINER
AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN. Distilled from Grain. 90 Proof. Copr., 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this boot-and-saddle Romeo is trying to smoke us out. And he's certainly succeeded! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!"

"STOP!" cried the Ranger as he galloped up. "Well, doggone! I saw all that black smoke and figured I had a forest fire to handle! And here it's only a pipe needing *mild* tobacco."

"DON'T LOOK NOW, but that gal is watching what we're doing. Take this tin of Sir Walter Raleigh and fill your pipe. When it's lit, just jog by where she can sniff it. Okay?"

"OH, JOE! Can you ever forgive me! That tobacco smells scrumptious!" Sure it does. Two ounces of the best-tasting, mildest-smelling burley blend in the whole dang country!

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CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

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SMOKING TOBACCO
FOR
PIPE CIGARETTES

UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN *Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

(Continued from page 18)

She turned and shaded her eyes, and Johnny Selfridge was waving frantically a block away.

She ran, and Johnny was standing beneath a brick building that said MA JOSIE'S HOTEL on it in big black letters.

Johnny pointed across the street to where doors swung open in the shade and a hound dog slept on the sidewalk. He said, "That's where he went in. Don't s'pose there's nothin' we can do now."

Molly said, "That's what you think!" She went across the street in one wild bound. She pushed open the swinging doors.

She said in one resounding scream, "Uncle Joe!"

The bartender dropped his towel. He said, "Who's that kid belong to? Get her outa here. Go on! Scram!"

Uncle Joe came out, wiping his mouth. Uncle Joe's shoulders slumped and he looked sheepish. Uncle Joe said dimly, "You hadn't ought to've done that, Molly."

They climbed into the old car, and for a long time Uncle Joe didn't say anything. And then he did. Uncle Joe said, "Maybe it would worry Em some if you told her what happened, Molly. Maybe you hadn't ought to tell her at all."

Molly sat quite still, and Uncle Joe said, still in that wheedling tone, "Don't do to have Em worried. And a mighty little worries her. You won't let on to her, will you, Molly?"

Molly turned, and Uncle Joe was all slumped down there at the wheel. He looked a little—just a very little—like Mr. Selfridge, as if the sun and the heat and the oranges had been too much for him, as though, if he sagged only a little more, he'd just be shiftless too.

She said quite crisply, "Aunt Em'll smell it on your breath. You better buy a penny peppermint."

IT was a blazing January day when Aunt Em came out to see the garden. She looked at Molly, down on her knees and grubbing in the dirt. She looked at the garden, and it was a soft pattern of alien color against the steady sun.

It was strange to see sweet peas there, growing so tall, growing near where the oranges glistened in the grove and the dwarf pines blew in the wind beyond.

Aunt Em stooped down and sniffed. Aunt Em said—and there was a dim nostalgia in her voice for old half forgotten things: "Look nice, don't they? Look like home."

Molly twisted around, and she was burned black by the sun. She swept the hair out of her eyes and said, "I s'pose it's snowing up North."

Aunt Em looked up at the sky where the slow vultures wheeled. She said, "I'd like to see some snow."

They were all there in her voice—all the high hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, all the brown brooks flowing in the alders' shade, all the rocky high-flung pastures and the bells tinkling as the cows came home.

She said briskly, "Sure you don't want to go? Joey's going to drop me off at Largo while he goes to the packing house."

Molly shook her head.

Aunt Em said, "Sure you won't be lonesome?"

Molly stood up, and her voice was quite clear and sure. She said, "I won't be lonesome, Aunt Em. I won't be lonesome at all."

She heard the car growl down the drive, and she stooped to swiftly cut the flowers. She was nervous now, because she'd thought such a long way ahead, and everything she'd thought and hoped for lay in the balance on this day, in this swift hour.

She went into the house and combed her hair. She put on her best white frock. She took a small table out and set it on the grass beside the Largo road. She'd put the sweet peas in tall glasses, and she set those on the table, in big bunches of red and white and lavender and faint palish blue.

You could see them a long way along that straight red brick road. You simply couldn't miss them, because they didn't belong there at all, among the palms and pines and oranges and bright hibiscus.

SHE took up a book from the grass and began to read, standing there against the sun, small and slim and brown, with the wind blowing at her white dress.

For when you were homesick or sad or nervous—or even all three at once—you could always open a book; and all the people jumped right out of the pages and were real. You could see Robin Hood, running there in Lincoln green, through the flatlands where the pines were thick; you could see Long John Silver stumping down the Largo road, stumping on his wooden leg to the white Gulf beaches, for they said there'd been real pirate treasure buried there long, long ago. Only no one knew where it was. But Long John would.

This book was Vanity Fair. Jos Sedley had come home from India, and Becky and Amelia were upstairs. A little ripple of excitement went through her as she read, and she didn't hear the car till it was quite close.

The woman in the white hat leaned out and said, "How much are the flowers, little girl?"

Molly said in a gasp—for everything was happening just as she'd hoped, just as she'd planned a long time ago: "Twenty-five cents, ma'am."

The woman said, "That's half what I pay in Clearwater. I'll have three bunches, please."

It was six o'clock when Uncle Joe and Aunt Em came home, and she was sitting on the porch with Vanity Fair still on her knees and Jos and George Osborne and Becky all awhirl in her head.

Uncle Joe's face was dim and drawn and he threw his hat down on the table. He said, "It ain't right! It's sheer robbery. A man works all year, and then what does he get? Not enough to pay for even growin' the crop." He said, "Why didn't some one tell me not to go growin' oranges?"

Aunt Em sat down and she looked tired. She looked a little hopeless, too. She said, "Joey Bean, don't get so excited."

Uncle Joe said dimly, "I had to sell 'em at their price. What's a man to do?" and sat down heavily.

Molly closed the book. She said quite clearly, for Uncle Joe looked almost like Mr. Selfridge now, "I sold some sweet peas. I sold four dollars' worth."

Aunt Em looked up. "My land!" she said. "Joey! She made four dollars!"

Uncle Joe just sat there for a second. And then you could see his face change. Uncle Joe said, "That's it! By gosh, that's it, Em!"

He got up and began to stride back and forth, his hands behind him. He said, "By gosh, it's just come to me. Look, Em. Everybody raises oranges, so there's too many of them. That's why you can't get a price." He turned at the veranda's end and said, "Nearly nobody raises flowers. Nearly nobody'd bother."

Uncle Joe was expounding as he always could if some one would only give him a start. Uncle Joe pounded a fist into his open hand. Uncle Joe was alive again—more alive than he'd been for a long while now. Uncle Joe said, "There's more o' that muck land out back." He said, "Sweet peas and gladioli an' even roses." He said, "We'll build a little stand beside the road."

He swooped down on Aunt Em and said, "You know what? When we get goin', we'll build a greenhouse. There's nearly no greenhouses around here."

Aunt Em looked at Uncle Joe from under her glasses. She said, "Joey Bean, you go slow. Maybe we'll get a greenhouse sometime. Maybe we won't."

Uncle Joe said, "I can sell 'em in St. Pete," and he was excited.

Aunt Em said, "You stay out of St. Pete. We'll sell 'em right here, same as Molly does."

Aunt Em looked calm and comfortable again. "Molly's a mighty fine smart girl."

UNCLE JOE had pencil and paper out under the big oil lamp that night. Uncle Joe was figuring away like mad, and it was a pleasure to see him making quick marks, rubbing them out, wetting the pencil between his teeth.

Uncle Joe said triumphantly, "Well, there it all is. Plenty of profit in it." He rubbed his lean jaw and said, "Funny how it seemed to come to me this afternoon all in a second, wasn't it?"

Aunt Em and Molly looked at each other. For that was the way men were. They looked at each other, and far away the chime whistle began to scream.

It didn't sound as it always had, two long and two short, clear and lonely and a long way off as the evening train came through. It sounded sharp and shrill and strident—it sounded in one steady scream.

Aunt Em said, "Wonder what's wrong with the train?"

Uncle Joe shoved his hands deep in his pockets in utter satisfaction. He said, "Cow on the track, prob'ly."

The chime whistle went on screaming. It screamed for a long time and then it was still.

MOLLY went out with Uncle Joe to wait for the postman next morning. For you never could tell when pop would send a letter, even though it wasn't very likely he would.

The postman drew up and he stopped the car. He handed Uncle Joe a letter and his lips worked with excitement.

He said, "Hear what happened up near Blind Pass last night?"

He said, in a swift spatter of words, "Flier caught that old bus o' Selfridge's on the crossing. Dragged 'em a quarter mile before the engineer could stop her. Never did see such a sight."

Uncle Joe's eyebrows lifted and the postman looked at Molly and said, "Yeah. Old man Selfridge and the missus, both of 'em."

Molly's legs were shaking so it simply didn't seem as if they could hold her up. Her mind seemed frozen stiff and even her tongue seemed frozen too. Only her eyes could ask the question.

Uncle Joe put a hand on her thin shoulder. Uncle Joe said swiftly, "How about Johnny?"

The postman started his motor again. He said, "Safe to home. They took him over to Torrance's after it happened. Prob'ly put him in the Orphans' Home today."

Molly's head hurt and the postman's car was just a dancing dot down the road now, just a dancing dot she couldn't see very well in all the heat.

Uncle Joe stuffed the letter into his back pocket. He said, "Now! Now!" and put his arm around her. He said, "Easy does it," and they were walking back to the house.

Her legs let go at last and she was sitting in a chair on the veranda while Uncle Joe went to tell Aunt Em. For a second everything was a blur and then it all came into focus again: the red road, the bright blue sky, and the swaying palms and pines beneath. And her mind came into focus too. It worked so hard it seemed to beat there in her head.

Aunt Em came out with a glass of water. She said, "Drink this, dear."

Uncle Joe stood just behind her with his thumbs tucked into his suspenders, and Molly lifted her head. She said, "Johnny hadn't ought to go to the Orphans' Home. He won't like it."

Uncle Joe said, "Now! Now, Molly. They'll treat him fine there."

Aunt Em looked at her from beneath her glasses. She said, and she didn't sound very certain, "He'll get used to it, I guess."

Molly stood up. She said, and she was angry all over, "It's horrid." She said, "I won't have Johnny go! I won't have it!"

Uncle Joe was still standing there. He said, "Does seem a shame we can't do somethin'. But we just can't."

Aunt Em said softly, "You see, Molly, it's this way. We've scarcely any money. We simply can't afford another mouth to feed. And there's no place here to put Johnny."

You could see Aunt Em's face flush; you could see how ashamed she was to have to say that. And then she said, as if to soften it, "Johnny's a real nice boy. Maybe later—"

Molly swung open the screen door. She said, "I'm goin' out!"

She went stumbling down the Largo road, small in her faded old overalls, small in all that space and sun and sky. Aunt Em took off her glasses entirely to watch her.

Uncle Joe said, and his voice was a trifle husky, "She take the turn, Em?"

Aunt Em nodded. She said, "She's just like her ma. She's just like Lou." She wiped her eyes on her apron. She said briskly, "Guess we can make shift to sleep Johnny Selfridge out here on the porch."

They came trudging up the red road an hour later, Johnny Selfridge with a bundle under his arm, Molly quite straight and stiff, as if she was protecting him somehow.

Johnny stopped at the drive; he faltered; he looked as if he were going to turn and run. Molly caught him by the arm, as if she were much stronger than he. She marched him up to the screen door, and he stumbled. She said, "Here's Johnny."

Johnny Selfridge's face was dirty and there were deep streaks on it where he'd been crying. His eyes were awfully afraid.

Uncle Joe opened the door. He bent down and said softly, "Come in, son."

Johnny went up the steps as if he were in a daze. His face twisted as if he wanted to speak but couldn't. And then it all tumbled out. Johnny said, "I didn't mean to come. Molly made me. Molly said—"

He looked swiftly at both of them standing there. He said, "You don't want me," and his bundle dropped on the floor.

Aunt Em stretched out both her arms. She said, "Johnny Selfridge, you come right here!"

She sat down in the big chair and you couldn't see Johnny Selfridge's face because it was buried in her lap. You could only see his shoulders shake.

Aunt Em said sharply, "Don't you two know enough to go away?" She stroked the small dark head and said, "Johnny and I just don't want you."

IT was queer how fast flowers would grow down here beneath the blazing sun. They grew a lot in the next two weeks, and the weeds grew too. Molly was down on her knees in the dirt, digging them out, when she heard Aunt Em call.

She went toward the road, and the little stand Uncle Joe had built stood there, bright and shiny and new. Uncle Joe had worked like mad to get it done.

A small car stood beside it, and the car was dingy and covered with dust. The car seemed to have shiny ornaments all over it, and its license plates said, WASHINGTON.

There was a short stocky man standing by the car, and he had heavy horn-rimmed glasses across his fat red face. He had a scrubby little mustache and he was wearing a wrinkled white suit. He looked hot and heavy and cross.

There was a woman with him, a slim woman who seemed bright and shiny and hard with her bright red lips and her bright red nails and rouge spattered all over her face.

Aunt Em was standing there, and she said in a tired sort of way, "Molly, here's your father."

The red-faced man stared at Molly. He said sharply, "She looks like a little cracker!"

Molly stood there in her stained overalls and she simply couldn't make it real. For pop wasn't dark and handsome and splendid at all: pop was just a fat fussy little man and he looked somehow like his car: a cheap old car all covered over with shiny gadgets to make it seem better than it was.

The slim woman said, "Why, Ed! She doesn't at all." She bent down toward Molly and her voice was quite soft. She said, "I guess I'm your new stepmother."

POP put his hands in his pockets and he was showing off. Pop said in a big blustering voice, "Why all the big surprise? Didn't you get my letter saying I was coming to get the kid?"

Uncle Joe scratched his head. He said slowly, "I must have put it in my pants pocket. That was the day we had some trouble down here. I guess I clean forgot." He took out the stained envelope and looked at it.

Pop said "Huh!" as if Uncle Joe was just old and shiftless and stupid. Pop said, "Well, anyhow, we're here to take the kid. Better get her duds packed up—if she's got any."

Uncle Joe said, and there was an edge to his slow New Hampshire drawl, "Ain't you goin' a mite fast, Ed?"

Aunt Em said, and her voice wasn't slow and easy, as it always was, "Better come in an' set down while we study it out."

They went into the house, and Molly felt cold and queer. She felt as if they were talking about some one else, as if they weren't talking about her at all. She felt as if it was all a play and she was just looking on.

Aunt Em sat down. She said softly, "Molly, aren't you going to speak to your father?"

Molly had to, because she couldn't help it. A voice came from somewhere and it was hers. The voice said, weak and wavering, "Hello, pop."

Pop said, as if he didn't want to, either, "Hello, kid." He looked at the watch on his wrist and said, "Haven't much time. Got to make Tampa by night."

The slim woman leaned down again. She said, "There isn't any hurry, Ed." She said, "Can't you see she isn't used to seeing you? Can't you see she's all upset?"

She said, "You are upset, aren't you?"

Molly nodded. She said, "Yes, ma'am," for her stepmother wasn't as hard as she looked. She wasn't hard at all.

Uncle Joe took out his pipe and lit it very slowly. He said, and his voice dragged, "So you aim to take Molly away with you, Ed?"

Pop said, "What d'you suppose I came all the way down here for?"

Aunt Em said, "Molly's been with us a long time. Molly seems most like our own girl now."

Pop shifted uneasily. Pop said, and his cheeks sucked in, "I guess a man's got a right to his own daughter."

MOLLY stood there, and it wasn't like a play any more. It was all real. Pop had come to take her away. Only, it wasn't great and golden and wonderful, the way she'd dreamed it. It was just nasty. And it wasn't pop at all sitting there all sprawled out. Just some stranger. She went quite stiff with fright. For in a second they'd take her away—away from the wind and the sun, away from Aunt Em and Uncle Joe and Johnny Selfridge's freckled face. In just a second—

The slim woman stretched out her hands. She said, "Can't you see? Can't any of you see? You're going at it all the wrong way. The child's so surprised she's simply frightened to death."

She looked straight at Molly and she said very soft and very slow, "You'd better call me Sue, even if I am your stepmother." She said, "Don't you want to come up North with us? You'd have a nice time—an awfully nice time."

Molly stood up very straight. She looked as she had when she went down the Largo road to get Johnny Selfridge. She said, "No."

Pop said stiffly, "Don't be silly, Sue. Of course she wants to get out of this dump. Anybody would."

Molly looked at pop, and he was just soft and cross and fussy. He wasn't any one to be afraid of. She said, "I want to stay right here."

Pop said, "How do you know what you want? Kids never know what's best for 'em. Look here. You'll have lots of clothes. You'll have a car to ride in—"

He broke off because he simply didn't know what to say to a little girl; he didn't even know what little girls were like. And that made him all the angrier somehow. He said to Uncle Joe, and his cheeks sucked in again, "Everything's on the up and up with me now. We'll give Molly a good home." He said, as if he were angry at having to say so much, "I guess a man's got a right to take his daughter away if he wants to!"

Uncle Joe put down his pipe. He said, quite quietly, "I don't know about that." Uncle Joe got up, and he seemed bigger than the trees or the sun or the sky. He seemed the biggest thing in all the world.

Sue jumped from her chair. She caught Molly by the hand. She said, low and calm and clear, "The child doesn't have to do anything she doesn't want to." She said, "Will you stop quarreling? Molly and I are going out somewhere to have a good long talk."

They went toward the mango tree and sat down in its shade. Sue didn't have any stockings on and she'd stained her toenails bright red. She said, "You don't want to go with us, do you, Molly?"

Molly leaned back and looked up through the shiny leaves to the tiny slivers of blue sky above. And all the old dream had gone now. She guessed that was the way dreams always did. She said, "No, Sue. Please, Sue."

Sue chewed a blade of grass and she was nice and easy and comfortable to talk to. She said, "Why, Molly?"

Molly's face twisted up. She said, for Sue would understand even if she did look bright and hard, "You see, some one's sort of got to look after Aunt Em an' Uncle Joe." She said swiftly, "Some one's got to look after Johnny Selfridge, too. He hasn't much sense, either."

Sue said, "I see." She said, "Don't you ever get tired of looking after people?"

Molly shook her head. She said, "I'm sort of used to it." She said, "I guess you are too."

Sue looked surprised. She said, "How'd you know that?" She said quite swiftly, "You don't want to be scared of your father. Because Ed's scared too—'way inside. He's scared to death of the idea of having a big daughter like you. That's why he acts so. You mustn't mind."

PART NINE OF BERT GREEN'S SERIES, THE GOLD RUSHERS, HAS BEEN OMITTED FROM LIBERTY THIS WEEK. IT WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Molly nodded. For that was the way it was. Pop wouldn't have come and gotten her at all—all by himself. It was Sue who had made him. Pop would be all right, once you got used to him. But he'd take a lot of looking after.

Sue got up and said, just as if Molly was grown up, "You'll come up and visit us sometimes, won't you?" She smiled and said, "You and I really ought to get acquainted."

Molly's face puckered up again, for she was thinking. She said, "In the summertime, 'cause there isn't any business then." She put her hard hand in Sue's. She said, "That'll be sort of nice." . . .

Pop and Sue had been gone for some time now and a little cool wind blew against her as she sat there on the veranda steps.

Aunt Em and Uncle Joe were inside, and they were just as they'd always been once more. Their voices drifted out, soft and assuring.

Uncle Joe said, "That's a nice wife Ed's got."

Aunt Em said, "Even if she don't look it." She said tartly, "She'll be the makin' of Ed."

Uncle Joe shifted where he sat. He said pleadingly, "Seems if I ought to go into St. Pete."

Aunt Em said, "You stay out of St. Pete, Joey Bean!"

It was just the same as it always was, quiet and calm and safe. But a sure sense of change swept into Molly's mind. It would all change, it would all be different, and she'd be different too. And she knew, with a sudden sharp feeling, that it would never be as nice as it was now: here beside the orange flicker of the flame vine, here with the wide blue sky above, here with Aunt Em and Uncle Joe just inside, here with Johnny Selfridge coming down the Largo road with all the freckles on his face afire in the last, late sun.

Johnny Selfridge ran across the lawn. He said, in one triumphant shattering shout, "Guess what? I got Washington!"

THE END

WHAT'S BAD BREATH, DADDY?
WHERE DID YOU HEAR ABOUT BAD BREATH, SNOOKUMS?
FROM TOMMY. HE SAYS HIS DADDY IS YOUR BOSS--AND HIS DADDY SAYS YOU'D MAKE LOTS MORE MONEY IF...
IF WHAT, HONEY? WHAT DID TOMMY SAY? TELL DADDY!
TOMMY SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, DADDY. HIS DADDY SAYS SO
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
OOOOH, DADDY! ARE WE RICH NOW?
NO, HONEY, WE AREN'T RICH, BUT WE ARE RICHER--THANKS TO DADDY'S SMART LITTLE SWEETHEART!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
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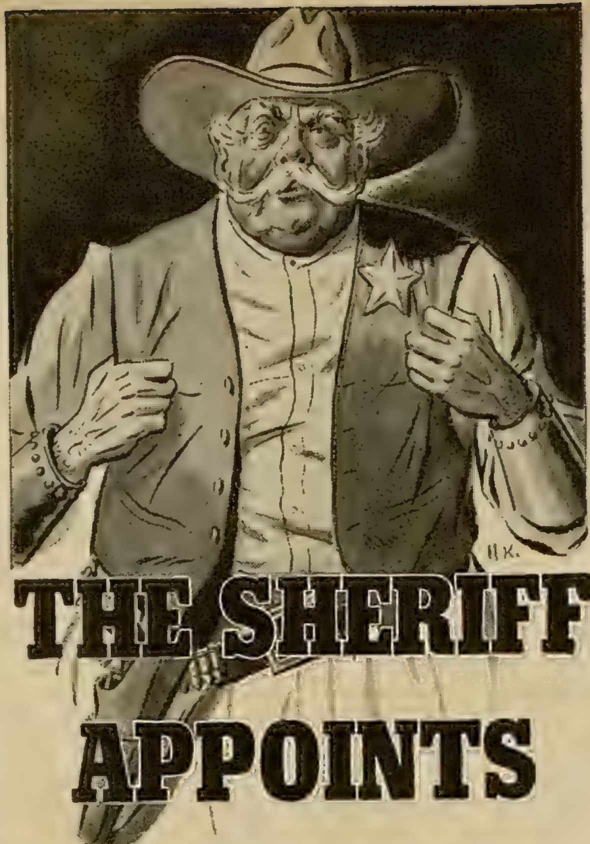


THE SHERIFF APPOINTS A DEPUTY

Liberty's Short Short

BY WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HENRY DUECKER stepped off the noon train at Los Tracos and waited a while on the station platform.

Up Maricopa Street, old Sheriff Samuel Bateman was on the courthouse steps. He turned upon Duecker a worried interest, recognizing him instantly and remembering things which other men had forgotten.

Presently Duecker stirred and moved up the street. He stopped a good ten feet away from the courthouse and said, "Howdy, Samuel."

Sheriff Bateman said, "You've been gone a long time, Henry—must be near twenty years."

Duecker lay upon him an inexpressive stare. He said, "Nineteen years five months and twelve days."

The sheriff smiled faintly. "You've got a mighty good memory, Henry."

Duecker said remotely, "Yeah—a mighty good memory," and moved on to Gateley's Saloon, never lifting his hands far above the guns hung low on his lean hips.

After a while Sheriff Bateman left the courthouse and walked up to Apache Street and along it to Strayne's Emporium. The big store was empty of customers and Tom Strayne was at his desk, working on accounts.

The sheriff said, "You've got a gun, haven't you, Tom?"

Strayne laughed; said, "I guess there's one somewhere around the house."

The sheriff unbuckled his own cartridge belt and put this and the holstered revolver on the desk.

He said, "Henry Duecker got off the noon train."

Tom Strayne slipped from his tall stool. His face paled.

"You might go down to Yuma for a few days," the sheriff suggested mildly. "While you're gone, maybe I could—"

"No," Strayne interposed. "A man don't run away from things like this." He took up the gun belt and buckled it on with clumsy fingers. "It doesn't make much difference, now that Ellen has gone. Life was good to us, Samuel. I haven't any regrets—except for Carolyn."

Sheriff Bateman said, "That's the hell of it."

"Duecker won't come in here," Strayne said. "He'll remember that I always go by the hotel and he'll wait there. I've got to straighten up my books, but I won't keep him long."

The sheriff said, "I know that," and wheeled away, going out of the Emporium and back to the courthouse.

One of his deputies was there.

The deputy said, "Henry Duecker is over at Gateley's Saloon, with his back to the wall and not saying a word to anybody. He's sitting there—waiting for somebody."

Sheriff Bateman nodded and took a chair by the window. He stared down at the streets, his mind compressing years into minutes and remembering just how Henry Duecker had looked, standing there by Petersen's store, talking to Tom Strayne, almost twenty years ago.

"I've fought droughts and blizzards and rustlers," Duecker had told Strayne, "trying to build a good spread and a comfortable home so that I could ask Ellen to be my wife. I've been away from town months at a time and you've used that advantage to steal her away from me."

"But Ellen has changed," Tom Strayne tried to tell him. "We knew that, just as soon as we saw each other."

"You changed her," Duecker retorted, "with your slick talk and good clothes and money from your store.

"I'm not going to kill you, because I love her too much to want to hurt her, any way or any time. But take good care of her, mister, and be kind to her, for if ever the day comes when her happiness don't stand between you and me, I'll be back for a settlement—whether it's next month or fifty years from now."

And now Ellen Strayne had been dead three months and Henry Duecker was back in Los Tracos for the first time in nearly twenty years.

The sheriff turned away from the window. "Henry Duecker's here to settle an old, foolish score," he told the deputy. "We can't do a thing until he makes his play—then it will be too late to save a mighty fine citizen."

A thought moving around in his mind took sudden and definite form and he got up. "I'm going out to Tom Strayne's house," he said.

An hour later he came back to the courthouse, strapped on his other gun, and sat down by the window and waited.

Presently Henry Duecker came out of Gateley's Saloon and walked down to Brandon's Hotel. The sheriff drew a deep and gusty breath.

Inside the hotel lobby, Duecker found a chair against the yonder wall and sat there, watching the door.

Old Brandon got up and lit his lamps. Sheriff Bateman saw the yellow glow of these and knew that Tom Strayne soon would be closing the Emporium.

Brandon had gone back to his desk when a young woman came in. She was a tall girl, well poised and with a warm friendliness about her. Lamplight brought out the copper glints of her hair, and the dress she wore was tight about her slim waist and lay smoothly across the soft swell of her breasts.

Henry Duecker, looking at her, stirred and his face changed so completely that every feature was somehow affected.

She walked toward the desk and her handkerchief dropped. Duecker picked it up for her, taking off his hat with a courtesy stiffened by years of disuse. The girl smiled at him and thanked him politely.

Duecker said, "You're Ellen—Ellen Strayne's daughter?"

The quality of his stare brought a quick color to her cheeks. She said, "Yes, I'm Carolyn Strayne."

"And do you have any brothers or sisters?"

She said, "No. Since mother died, I have no one except my father."

Duecker said very gently, "You're mighty like your mother," and turned abruptly away.

Sheriff Bateman saw him come out of the hotel and walk down Maricopa Street to the depot. The night train was in when he crossed the platform, and he paused there, looking at it, then back to Los Tracos, indecision that strong upon him.

The train began to move. Duecker stirred then and ran out to catch a handrail and haul himself up the coach steps.

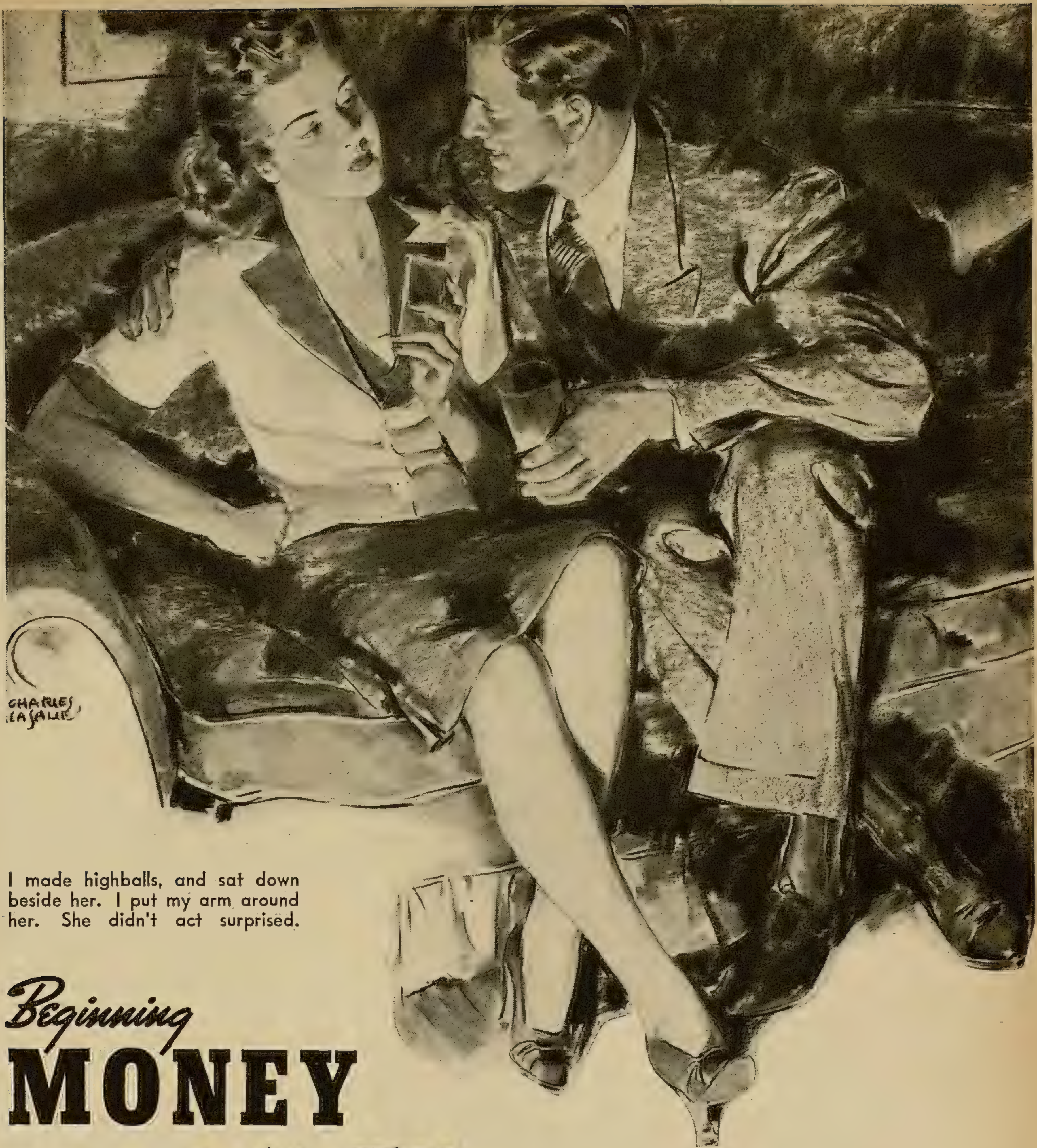
Sheriff Bateman stood at the depot edge and watched, and when he turned away, Carolyn Strayne was waiting for him.

She said, "Why did you have me put on this old dress of mother's and go to the hotel? And why did I have to wait until the train left to ask for an explanation?"

Sheriff Bateman smiled; said, "I sort of deputized you to help me sell an insurance policy, Carolyn—an old one that had lapsed and kinda needed renewing."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



I made highballs, and sat down beside her. I put my arm around her. She didn't act surprised.

Beginning
MONEY *and the Woman*

BY JAMES M. CAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART ONE—GREEN-EYED GUILE, OR INNOCENCE?

I FIRST met her when she came over to the house one night, after calling me on the telephone and asking if she could see me on a matter of business. I had no idea what she wanted, but supposed it was something about the bank. At the time, I was acting cashier at our little Anita Avenue branch, the smallest of the three we've got in Glendale, and the smallest branch we've got, for that matter.

In the home office, in Los Angeles, I rate as vice-president, but I'd been sent out there to check up on the branch. Their ratio of savings deposits to commercial deposits was over twice what we had in any other branch, and the Old Man figured it was time somebody went out there and found out what the trick was, in case they'd invented something the banking world hadn't heard of.

A brilliant new novel of tangled lives and a man's strange adventure in love

I found out what the trick was soon enough. It was her husband, a guy named Brent that rated head teller and had charge of the savings department. He'd elected himself Little White Father to all those workmen that banked in the branch, and kept after them and made them save until half of them were buying their homes and there wasn't one of them that didn't have a good pile of dough in the bank.

I tried to get out of him something about how he got those deposits every week, and whether he thought any of his methods could be used by the whole organization. But we got off on the wrong foot, because he thought I really meant to criticize, and it took me half an hour to smooth him down. He was a funny guy, so touchy you could hardly talk to him at all, and with a hymnbook-salesman look to him. I would say he was around thirty, but he looked older. He was tall and thin, and beginning to get bald, but he walked with a stoop, and his face had a gray color that you don't see on a well man.

Even when he got it through his head I wasn't sharpening an ax for him, he wasn't much help. He kept saying that savings deposits have to be worked up on a personal basis; that the man at the window has to make the depositor feel that he takes an interest in seeing the figures mount up; and more of the same. Once he got a holy look in his eye, when he said that you can't make the depositor feel that way unless you really feel that way yourself, and for a few seconds he was a little excited, but that died off. There was something about the guy that I just didn't like, and what it was I didn't know, and didn't even have enough interest to find out.

SO when his wife called up, a couple of weeks later, and asked if she could see me that night, I wasn't any sweeter about it than I had to be. In the first place it looked funny she would want to come to my house instead of the bank, and in the second place it didn't sound like good news, and in the third place, if she stayed late, it was going to cut me out of the fights down at the Legion Stadium, and I kind of look forward to them. Still, there wasn't much I could say except I would see her. So I did. Sam, my Filipino houseboy, was going out, so I fixed a highball tray myself, and figured that would shock her enough so that she would leave early.

It didn't shock her a bit. She was quite a lot younger than he was—I would say around twenty-five, with green eyes, copper-red hair, and a shape you couldn't take your eyes off of. She was about medium size, but put together so pretty she looked small. There was something about the way she looked at you that had that thing. Her teeth were big and white, and her lips were just the least little bit thick. They gave her a kind of heavy, sulky look, but one eyebrow had a kind of twitch to it, so she'd say something and no part of her face would move but that, and yet it meant more than most women could put across with everything they had.

I took her coat and followed her into the living room. She sat down in front of the fire, picked up a cigarette and tapped it on her nail, and began looking around. When her eye lit on the highball tray she was already lighting her cigarette, but she nodded with the smoke curling up in one eye. "Yes, I think I will."

I laughed and poured her a drink. It was all that had been said, and yet it got us better acquainted than an hour of talk could have done. She asked me if I wasn't the same Dave Bennett that used to play halfback for U. S. C., and when I told her I was, she figured out my age. She was one year off. She said thirty-two, and I'm thirty-three. She said she was twelve years old at the time she saw me go down for a touchdown on an intercepted pass, which put her around twenty-five, what I took her for. She sipped her drink. I put a log of wood on the fire. I kind of forgot about the Legion Stadium fights.

WHEN she'd finished her drink she put the glass down, motioned me away when I started to fix her another, and said: "Well."

"Yeah, that awful word."

"I'm afraid I have bad news. Charles is sick."

"He certainly doesn't look well."

"He needs an operation."

"What's the matter with him—if it's mentionable?"

"It's mentionable. He has a duodenal ulcer, and he's abused himself so much, or at least his stomach, with the intense way he goes about his work, that—well, I got the report today on the examination he had. It says if he's not operated on at once, he's going to be dead within a month. He's—verging on a perforation."

"And?"

"This part isn't so easy."

". . . How much?"

"Oh, it isn't a question of money. That's all taken care of. He has a policy, one of these clinical hook-ups that entitles him to everything. It's Charles."

"I don't quite follow you."

"I can't seem to get it through his head that this has to be done. I suppose I could, if I showed him what I've just got from the doctors, but I don't want to frighten him any more than I can help. But he's so wrapped up in his work, he's such a fanatic about it, that he positively refuses to leave it. He has some idea that these people, these workers, are all going to ruin if he isn't there to make them save their money. I guess it sounds silly to you. It does to me. But—he won't quit."

"You want me to talk to him?"

"Yes, but that's not quite all. I think if Charles knew that his work was being done the way he wants it done, and that his job would be there waiting for him when he came out of the hospital, that he'd submit without a great deal of fuss. This is what I've been trying to get around to. Will you let me come in and do Charles' work while he's gone?"

". . . Well—it's pretty complicated work."

"Oh, no, it's not. At least not to me. You see, I know every detail of it as well as he does. I not only know the people, from going around with him, but I used to work in the bank. That's where I met him. And—I'll do it beautifully, really. That is, if you don't object to making it a kind of family affair."

I THOUGHT it over a few minutes, or tried to. I went over in my mind the reasons against it, and didn't see any that amounted to anything. If Brent really had to go to the hospital, it would peg the job while he was gone, and I wouldn't have to have a general shake-up, with the other three in the branch moving up a notch and getting all excited about promotions that probably wouldn't last very long anyway. But I may as well tell the truth. Another thing that went through my mind was her. I liked this dame from the start and, for me anyway, she was plenty easy to look at.

"Why—I think that's all right."

"You mean I get the job?"

"Yeah—sure."

"What a relief! I hate to ask for jobs."

"How about another drink?"

"No, thanks. Well—just a little one."

I fixed her another drink, and we talked, and I told her how his work had attracted the attention of the home office, and it seemed to please her. But then all of a sudden I popped out: "Who are you, anyway?"

"Why—I thought I told you."

"Yeah, but I want to know more."

"Oh, I'm nobody at all, I'm sorry to say. Let's see. Born, Princeton, New Jersey, and not named for a while on account of an argument among relatives. Then when they saw my hair was going to be red they named me Sheila, because it had an Irish sound to it. Then, at the age of ten, taken to California. My father got appointed to the history department of U. C. L. A."

"And who is your father?"

"Henry W. Rollinson—"

"Oh, yes, I've heard of him."

"Ph. D. to you; just Hank to me. And—let's see—high school, valedictorian of the class, tagged for college, wouldn't go. Went out and got myself a job instead. In our little bank. Answered an ad in the paper. Said I was eighteen when I was only sixteen, worked there three years, got a one-dollar raise every year. Then—Charles got interested, and I married him."

"And would you kindly explain *that?*"

"It happens, doesn't it?"

"Well, it's none of my business. Skip it."

"It seems so long ago. Did I mention I was nineteen? At that age you're very susceptible to—what would you call it? Idealism?"

"Are you still?"

I didn't know I was going to say that, and my voice sounded shaky. She drained her glass and got up.

"Then, let's see. I have two children, one five, the other three, both girls, and both beautiful. And—I sing alto in the Eurydice Women's Chorus. . . . That's all, and now I have to be going."

"Where'd you put your car?"

"I don't drive. I came by bus."

"Then may I drive you home?"

"I'd certainly be grateful if you would. . . . By the way, Charles would kill me if he knew I'd come to you. About him, I mean. I'm supposed to be at a picture show. So tomorrow don't get absent-minded and give me away."

"It's between you and me."

"It sounds underhanded, but he's very peculiar."

When we got in front of her house, instead of stopping, I drove on. "I just happened to think it's awful early for a picture show to let out."

"So it is, isn't it?"

We drove up in the hills. Up to then we had been plenty gabby, but for the rest of the drive we both felt self-conscious and didn't have much to say. When I set her down on the corner, a little way from her house, she shook hands. "Thanks ever so much."

"Just sell him the idea, and the job's all set."

". . . I feel terribly guilty."

"You've got liquor on your breath."

"Just the same—"

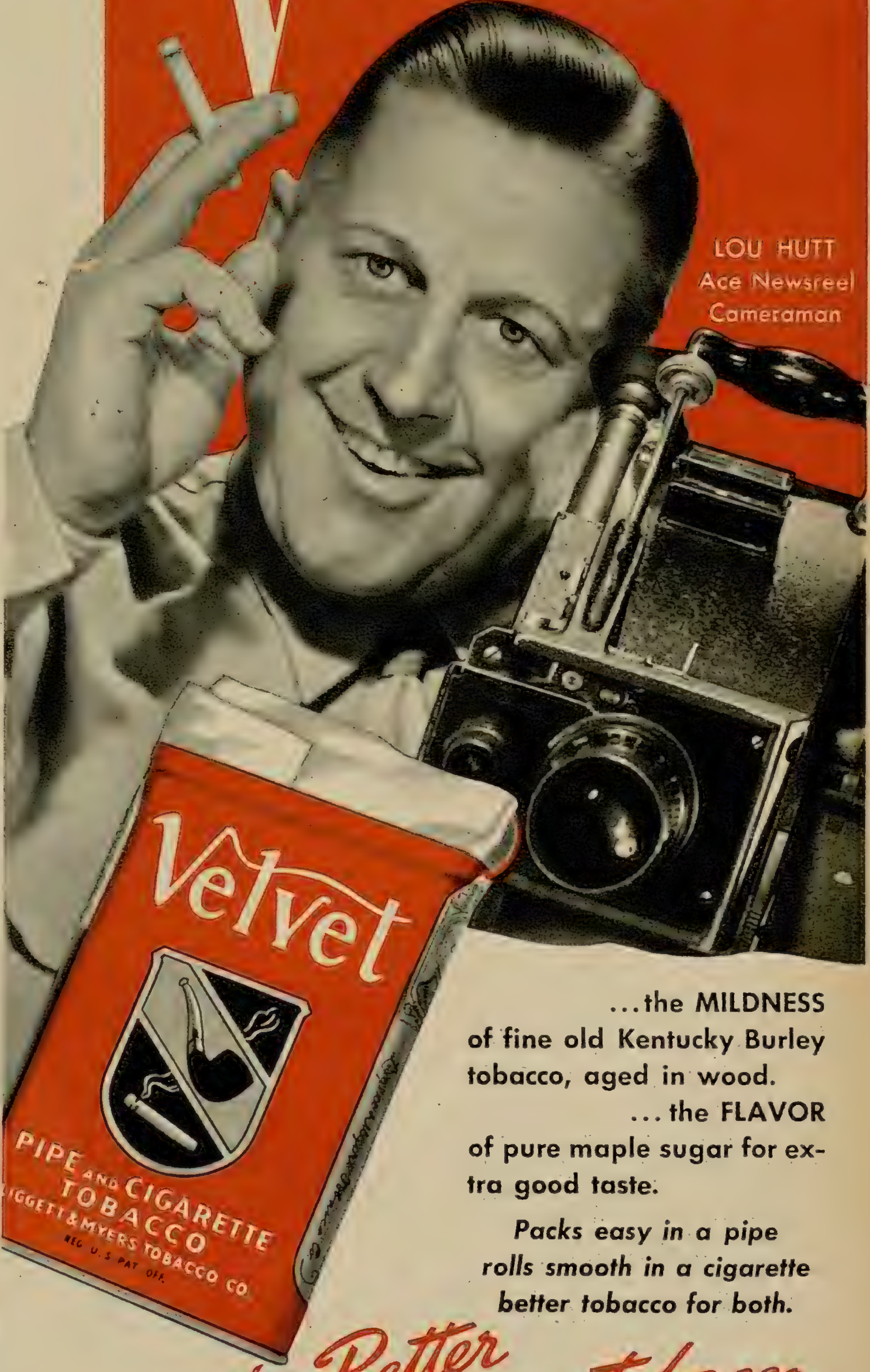
"Yes?"

"I've had a grand time."

BRENT squawked and refused to go to the hospital or do anything about his ailment at all, except to take pills for it. She called me up three or four times about it, and those calls seemed to get longer every night. But one day he toppled over at the window, and I had to send him home in a private ambulance. They hauled him off to the hospital, and she came in next day to take his place, and things went along just about the way she said they would.

The first night he was in the hospital I went down there with a basket of fruit, more as an official gift from the bank than on my own account, and she was there, and of course after we left him I offered to take her home. So I took her. It turned out she had arranged with the maid to spend her nights at the house, on account of the children, while he was in the hospital, so we took a ride. Next night I took her down, and waited for her outside, and we took another ride. After they got through taking X-rays, they operated, and it went off all right, and by that time she and I had got the habit. I found a newsreel right near the hospital, and while she was with him I'd go in there.

I didn't make any passes. She didn't tell me I was different from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other guys she'd known. We talked about her kids and the books we'd read, and sometimes she'd remember about my old football days. But mostly we'd just ride along and say nothing, and I couldn't help feeling glad when she'd say the doctors wanted Brent to stay there until he was all healed up. He could have stayed there till Christmas and I wouldn't have been sore.

THE Anita Avenue branch, I think I told you, is the smallest one we've got, just a little bank building on a corner, with an alley running alongside and a drugstore across the street. It employs six people: the cashier, the head teller, two other tellers, a girl bookkeeper, and a guard. George Mason had been cashier, but they transferred him and sent me out there, so I was acting cashier. Sheila was taking Brent's place as head teller. Snelling and Helm were the other two tellers, Miss Church was the bookkeeper, and Adler was the guard.

Miss Church went in for a lot of apple-polishing with me, or anyway what I took to be apple-polishing. They had to stagger their lunch hours, and she was always insisting that I go out for a full hour at lunch, that she could relieve at any of the windows, that there was no need to hurry back, and more of the same. But I wanted to pull my oar with the rest, so I took a half hour like the rest of them took, and relieved at whatever window needed me, and for a couple of hours I wasn't at my desk at all.

One day Sheila was out, and the others got back a little early, so I went out. They all ate in a little café down the street, so I ate there too, and when I got there Sheila was alone at a table. She didn't look up, so I took a seat a couple of tables away. Pretty soon she doused her cigarette and came over.

"You're a little stand-offish today, Mrs. Brent."

"I've been doing a little quiet listening."

"Oh—the two guys in the corner. I see them."

"Do you know who the fat one is?"

"No, I don't."

"That's Bunny Kaiser, the leading furniture man of Glendale. 'She Buys 'Er Stuff from Kaiser.'"

"Isn't he putting up a building or something? Seems to me we had a deal on to handle his bonds."

"He wouldn't sell bonds. It's his building, with his own name chiseled over the door, and he wanted to swing the whole thing himself. But he can't quite make it. The building is up to the first floor now, and he has to make a payment to the contractor. He needs a hundred thousand bucks. Suppose a bright girl got that business for you, would she get a raise?"

"And how would *she* get that business?"

"Sex appeal! Do you think I haven't got it?"

"I didn't say you haven't got it."

"You'd better not."

"Then that's settled," I chuckled. "And—?"

"When's this payment on the first floor due?"

"Tomorrow."

"All right, you land that loan, it's a two-dollar raise."

"Two fifty."

"O. K.—two fifty."

"I'll be late—at the bank, I mean."

"I'll take your window."

So I went back and took her window. About two o'clock a truck driver came in. cashed a pay check with Helm, then came over to me to make a ten-dollar deposit on savings. I took his book, entered the amount, set the bill so Sheila could put it with her cash when she came in. You understand: they all had cashboxes, and locked them when they went out, and that cash is checked once a month. But when I took out his card in our own file, the total it showed was $150 less than the amount showing in the passbook.

JAMES M. CAIN

a native of Maryland, worked on newspapers in Baltimore and in New York City; then went to California and set up shop as a novelist, playwright, and movie writer. He is indifferent to outdoor activities. His chief hobbies are food, drink, and talking about the technique of singing.

In a bank, you never let the depositor notice anything. You've got that smile on your face and everything's jake, and that's fair enough from his end of it, because the bank is responsible, and what his book shows is what he's got, so he can't lose, no matter how you play it. Just the same, under that pasted grin, my lips felt a little cold. I picked up the man's book again, like there was something else I had to do to it, and accidentally on purpose blobbed a big smear of ink over it.

"Well, that's nice, isn't it?"

"You sure decorated it."

"I tell you what. I'm a little busy just now—will you leave the book with me? Next time you come in, I'll have a new one ready for you. This one's kind of shopworn, anyway."

"Anything you say, cap."

By that time I had a receipt ready for the book, and copied the amount down in his presence and passed it out to him. He went and I set the book aside.

Three more depositors were in line behind him. The first two books corresponded with the cards, but the last one showed a difference: $200 more on his book than we had on our card. I hated to do what he had seen me do with the other guy, but I had to have that book. I started to enter the deposit, and once more a big blob of ink went on the page.

"Say, what you need is a new pen."

"What they need is a new teller. To tell you the truth, I'm a little green on this job—just filling in till Mrs. Brent gets back, and I'm hurrying it. If you'll just leave me this book, now—"

"Sure, that's all right."

I wrote the receipt and signed it, and he went, and I put that book aside. By that time I had a little breathing spell, with nobody at the window, and I checked those books against the cards. Both accounts, on our records, showed withdrawals, running from twenty-five to fifty dollars, that didn't show on the passbooks. Well, brother, it had to show on the passbooks. If a depositor wants to withdraw, he can't do it without his book, because that book's his contract, and we're bound by it, and he can't draw any dough unless we write it right down there what he took out.

I began to feel a little sick at my stomach. I began to think of the shifty way Brent had talked when he explained about working the department up on a personal basis. I began to think about how he refused to go to the hospital, when any sane man would have been begging for the chance. I began to think of that night call Sheila made on me, and all that talk about Brent's taking things so seriously, and that application she made to take over while he was gone.

All that went through my head, but I was still thumbing the cards. My head must have been swimming a little when I first checked them over, but the second time I ran my eye over those two cards, I noticed little light pencil checks beside each one of those withdrawals that didn't show on the passbooks. Maybe that was his code. He had to have a code, if he was trying to get away with anything. If a depositor didn't have his book, and asked for his balance, he had to be able to tell him. I flipped all the cards over. There were light pencil checks on at least half of them, every one against a withdrawal, none of them against a deposit. I wanted to run those checked amounts off on the adding machine, but I was afraid Miss Church would start her apple-polishing again, and offer to do it for me.

I flipped the cards over one at a time, slow, and added the amounts in my head. I've got an adding-machine mind. I was excited, but I wouldn't be far off. And those little pencil checks, by the time I had turned every card, added up to a little more than eighty-five hundred dollars.

JUST before closing time, around three o'clock, Sheila came in with the fat guy, Bunny Kaiser. I found out why sex appeal had worked where all our contact men, trying to make a deal for bonds a few months before, had flopped. It was the first time he had ever borrowed a dollar in his life, and he not only hated it; he was so ashamed of it he couldn't even look at me. Her way of making him feel better was not to argue about it at all, but to pat him on the hand, and it was pathetic the way he ate it up.

After a while she gave me the sign to beat it, so I went back and got the vault closed and chased the rest of them out. Then we fixed the thing up, I called the main office for O. K.'s, and around four thirty he left. She stuck out her hand, pretty excited, and I took it. She began trucking around the floor, snapping her fingers and singing some tune while she danced. All of a sudden she stopped and made motions like she was brushing herself off.

"Well—is there something *on* me?"

". . . No. Why?"

"You've been *looking* at me—for an *hour!*"

"I was—looking at the dress."

"Is there anything the *matter* with it?"

"It's different from what girls generally wear around a bank. It—doesn't look like an office dress."

"I made it myself."

"Then that accounts for it."

BROTHER, if you want to find out how much you think of a woman, just get the idea she's been playing you for a sucker. I was trembling when I got home, and still trembling when I went up to my room and lay down. All I could think of was the way she had taken me for a ride, or I thought she had anyway, and how I had fallen for it, and what a sap I was. My face would feel hot when I thought of those automobile rides, and how I had been too gentlemanly to start anything. Then I would think how she must be laughing at me, and dig my face into the pillow.

After a while I got to thinking about tonight. I had a date to take her to the hospital, like I had for the past week, and wondered what I was going to do about that. What I wanted to do was give her a stand-up and never set eyes on her again, but I couldn't. After what she had said at the bank about me looking at her, she might tumble I was wise if I didn't show up. I wasn't ready for that yet. Whatever I had to do, I wanted my hands free till I had time to think.

So I was waiting down the street from her house, where we'd been meeting on account of what the neighbors might think if I kept coming to the door, and in a few minutes here she came, and I gave the little tap on the horn and she got in. She didn't say anything about me looking at her, or what had been said. She kept talking about Kaiser, and how we had put over a fine deal, and how there was plenty more business of the same kind that could be had if I'd only let her go out after it. I went along with it, and for the first time since I'd known her she got just the least little bit flirty. Nothing that meant much, just some stuff about what a team we could make if we really put our minds to it. But it brought me back to what my face had been red about in the afternoon, and when she went in the hospital I was trembling again.

I didn't go to the newsreel that night. I sat in the car for the whole hour she was in there paying her visit to him. I hated that woman when she came out of the hospital, and then, while she was climbing in beside me, an idea hit me between the eyes. If that was her game, how far would she go with me? Instead of heading for the hills, or the ocean, or any of the places we'd been driving, I headed home.

WE went in, and I lit the fire without turning on the living-room light. I mumbled something about a drink, and went out in the kitchen. What I really wanted was to see if Sam was in. He wasn't, and that meant he wouldn't be in till one or two o'clock, so that was all right. I fixed the highball tray, and went in the living room with it. She had taken off her hat and was sitting in front of the fire, or to one side of it. There are two sofas in my living room, both of them half facing the fire, and she was on one of them, swinging her foot at the flames.

I made two highballs, put them on the low table between the sofas, and sat down beside her. She looked up, took her drink, and began to sip it. I made a crack about how green her eyes looked in the firelight. She said she had cat eyes, but it sounded like she wouldn't mind hearing more. I put my arm around her.

Well, a whole book could be written about how a woman blocks passes when she doesn't mean to play. If she slaps your face she's just a fool, and you might as well go home. If she hands you a lot of stuff that makes

I'd like you better as a dancer
Without those whiskers on your pan, sir.
Just try a thrifty Thin Gillette—
And see what speedy shaves you get!
Made of easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass!
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
THIN Gillette BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

you feel like a fool, she doesn't know her stuff yet, and you'd better leave her alone. But if she plays it so you're stopped, and yet nothing much has happened, and you don't feel like a fool, she knows her stuff, and she's all right, and you can stick around and take it as it comes, and you won't wake up next morning wishing that you hadn't.

That was what she did. She didn't pull away, she didn't act surprised, she didn't get off any bum gags. But she didn't come to me either, and in a minute or two she leaned forward to put down her glass, and when she leaned back she wasn't inside of my arm.

I was too sore, though, and too sure I had her sized up right for a trollop, to pay any attention to that, or even figure out what it meant. It went through my mind, just once, that whatever I had to do down at the bank, I was putting myself in an awful spot, and playing right into her hands, to start something I couldn't stop. But that only made my mouth feel dryer and hotter.

I put my arm around her again and pulled her to me. She didn't do anything about it at all, one way or the other. I put my cheek against hers. She didn't do anything about that either, but her mouth seemed kind of hard to reach. I put my hand on her cheek, and then deliberately let it slide down to her neck. She took my hand away and reached for her drink again, so when she sat back I didn't have her.

That sip took a long time, and I just sat there, looking at her. When she put the glass down I had my arm around her before she could even lean back. That one second something caught me in the throat, and for just that long I had no idea what was going on. Next thing I knew she was standing in front of the fireplace, looking down at me with a drawn face, like I had turned into a snake or something.

"Will you kindly tell me what's got into you tonight?"

"Why—nothing particular."

"Please. I want to know."

"Why, I find you exciting, that's all."

"Is it something I've done?"

"I didn't notice you doing anything."

"Something's come over you, and I don't know what. Ever since I came in the bank today, with Bunny Kaiser, you've been looking at me in a way that's cold and hard and ugly. What is it? Is it what I said at lunch, about my having sex appeal?"

"Well, you've got it. We agreed on that."

"Do you know what I think?"

"No, but I'd like to."

"I think that remark of mine, or something, has suddenly wakened you up to the fact that I'm a married woman, that I've been seeing quite a little of you, and that you think it's now up to you to be loyal to the ancient masculine tradition and try to make me."

"Anyway, I'm trying."

She reached for her drink, changed her mind, lit a cigarette instead. She stood there for a minute, looking into the fire, inhaling the smoke. Then:

". . . I don't say it couldn't be done. After all, my home life hasn't been such a waltz dream for the last year or so. It's not so pleasant to sit by your husband while he's coming out of ether, and then have him begin mumbling another woman's name instead of your own. I guess that's why I've taken rides with you every night. They've been a little breath of something pleasant. Something more than that. Something romantic, and if I pretended they haven't meant a lot to me, I wouldn't be telling the truth. They've been—little moments under the moon.

"And then today, when I landed Kaiser and was bringing him in, I was all excited about it, not so much for the business it meant to the bank, which I don't give a damn about, or the two-dollar-and-a-half raise, which I don't give a damn about either, but because it was something you and I had done together, something we'd talk about tonight, and it would be—another moment under the moon, a very bright moon. And then, before I'd been in the bank more than a minute or two, I saw that look in your eye. I'm afraid I'm only too human. But tonight you've been—perfectly horrible. . . . Could I borrow your telephone?"

I TOOK her to the extension in my bedroom. I sat down by the fire quite a while and waited. It was all swimming around in my head, and it hadn't come out at all like I expected. Down somewhere inside of me it began to gnaw at me that I had to tell her, I had to come out with the whole thing, when all of a sudden the bell rang. When I opened the door a taxi driver was standing there.

"You called for a cab?"

"No, nobody called."

He fished out a piece of paper and peered at it. Then she came downstairs. "I guess that's my cab."

"Oh, you ordered it?"

"Yes. Thanks ever so much. It's been so pleasant."

She was as cold as a dead man's foot, and she was down the walk and gone before I could think of anything to say. I watched her get in the cab, watched it drive off, then closed the door and went back in the living room. When I sat down on the sofa I could still smell her perfume, and her glass was only half empty. That catch came in my throat again, and I began to curse at myself out loud, even while I was pouring myself a drink.

Does Sheila know of her husband's crime? Is she leading Dave on so that he will help her cover up? Dramatic events, tense excitement, crowd next week's chapter of this powerful novel. Don't miss it!

Late? Give 'em this tender macaroni drenched in cheese richness!
KRAFT DINNER
ONLY Seven M COOKING TIME REQUIRED
KRAFT DINNER Requires no
KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY · MANUFACTURER
COOKING TIME only 7 minutes
NOW 25% MORE CHEESE
SIMPLER RECIPE!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I'VE been talking with Denis Conan Doyle, son of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who wrote the Sherlock Holmes stories. You may be interested in some of the things I learned. In real life, it seems, Sir Arthur *was* Sherlock!

"Although my father trained professionally to be a doctor," said young Mr. Doyle, "he often practiced the peculiar science of tracing vanished relatives. Families came to him, for privacy, instead of going to the police. He was a genius at finding missing persons by sheer deduction. A lady once asked him to locate her husband, who had disappeared from a London hotel at 11 P. M. After brief investigation my father said: 'Your husband is in Scotland. You'll hear from him within a week.' . . . He was and she did. How could father guess? A simple matter of probabilities. Around that hour the only important train out of London was the Edinburgh express. Three days later the lady received a telegram from Edinburgh, where her husband had been sent at a moment's notice on a strictly confidential mission."

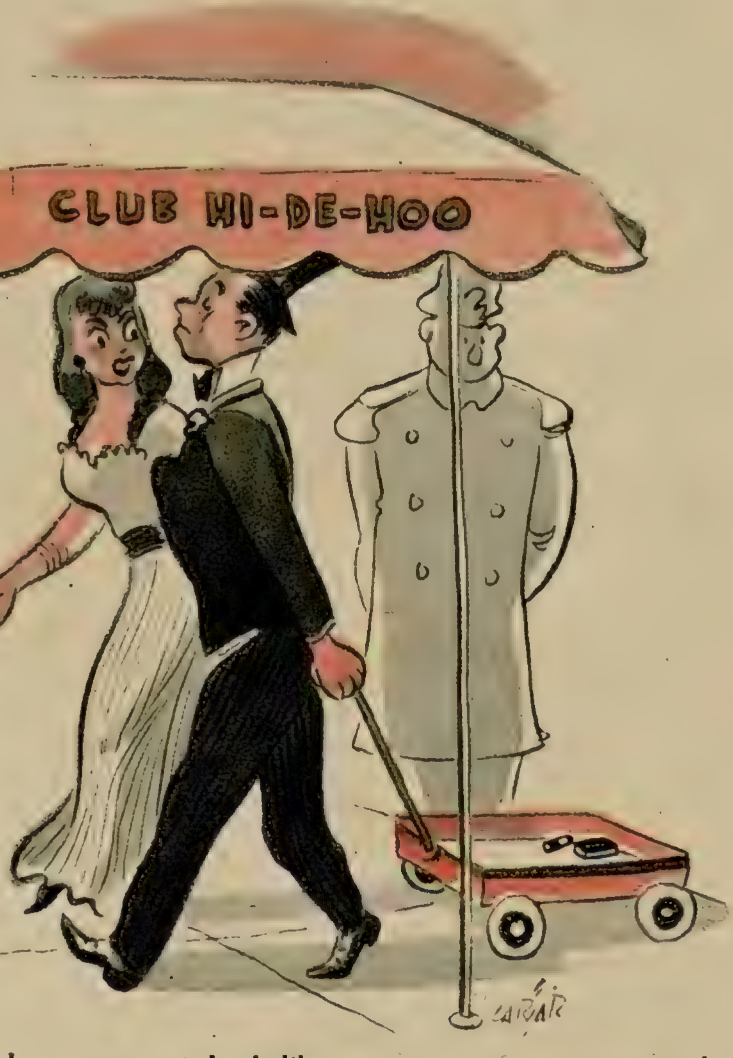
Denis Conan Doyle follows his famous father's belief in the occult and the supernatural. Says his dead father's voice implored several of his friends to make him give up auto racing. Here now as a lecturer, young Mr. Doyle is a typical English sportsman, handsome, tweedy, and charming. His brother Adrian owns a gigantic black dog named Tamerlane—exact replica of the hound of the Baskervilles—but a nice pooch in this case.

"It was always an adventure," says Denis, "to go to a pub or restaurant with father. He could tell the occupation and character of every one in the place merely by analyzing their gestures, voices, and expressions."

☆ You know how cutthroat the heirs of a rich old gentleman can be when they think they see a stranger horning in on their inheritance. This true-life story sheds a kindlier light: . . . A middle-aged widow, qualified as a trained nurse, has been taking care of an octogenarian millionaire in California. Her given name is Cynthia. Recently one of the old gent's daughters came to visit; made remarks about the intimacy between father and nurse. "Are you afraid I'm going to marry him?" asked Cynthia. . . . "Oh," rejoiced the daughter—surprising Cynthia completely—"we'd be *so* happy if you would!"

☆ In Boston a smart girl has evolved what she calls her *shopping kit*. Opening zipperwise, it is a little silk sack about four inches long, three inches wide. She puts it in her handbag when she goes shopping. Its contents include a tape measure on a spring spool; matches with which to test the quality of wool, cotton, or rayon thread; a thimble to *ring* glass and china with; a small typewritten card indexing sizes and colors that family and friends prefer in gloves, stockings, slippers, etc.; another card index of household measurements for tablecloths, sheets, curtains. . . . This smart girl says, "My bargains seldom need to go back to the store to be changed for something else."

☆ Movie fans who read serious books will enjoy Lewis Jacobs' new one, The Rise of the American Film —A Critical History. Costs $4.50, so you may prefer to get it from your library. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.)



"Just because you don't like to carry my compact and lipstick is no reason for you to be so rude about it!"

☆ Until the other night a young lady from Canada, married last year to a young man in Chicago, didn't realize how disturbing had been her sweet but persistent effort to reform his pronunciation of certain words. She had been teaching him to say chew instead of choo, Tuesday instead of Toozeday. . . . The other night she awoke to find him sitting up in bed, sound asleep, with a grimace of agonized confusion on his face, groaning, "Chewsday, Chewsday, Chewsday!"

☆ Have you heard about *Kipfels?* Filled with jam, these delicious Hungarian cream-cheese pastries are something new to introduce with coffee at afternoon or evening parties. Everybody loves them; no matter how many you make, there won't be enough. . . . Combine 1 cup butter with 1 cup cream cheese, a pinch of salt, and 1 tablespoon thick sour cream. Sift in 2 cups flour; mix and knead till quite smooth; gather up in a ball; wrap in greaseproof paper and chill at least 3 hours in refrigerator. Roll out very thin. Cut in 3-inch squares. Spread each square with 1 teaspoon raspberry or apricot jam. Roll squares from corner to corner, shaping into crescents. Lay on greased baking sheet and bake 20 minutes in brisk oven. Let cool before serving. This recipe makes about 24 kipfels.

☆ Moscow's mysterious Kremlin—secret city of czars and commissars—shares a constructive kinship with the kipfels. Kipfel pastry is held together by cheese. So is the Kremlin. Recent archaeological research has shown there was no lime available when the Kremlin was built. Italian masons in charge of the job made their mortar by mixing cottage cheese with eggs and sand.

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

$2,000

STARGAZING CONTEST

You Still Can Enter and Win!

COME on, stargazers! Only three weeks, including this one, in which to complete a winning entry in this interesting contest. And, newcomers, here's a word for you: No matter if you have neglected the game during its first seven weeks, you can begin an entry right now, with an excellent chance of capturing the lion's share of the money! First of all you will want to read the Rules carefully so that you will understand exactly how to go about winning. Then study the stars in Drawings 15 and 16 to find the names of the stellar entertainers they reveal. Rule 3 explains how. Do not submit any solutions until the end of the contest. Incomplete sets will not be considered. Now, if you are just beginning the game, here is some important information for you:

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first fourteen drawings of the series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. To be honored, all late-entry requests must be in our hands by the close of business Tuesday, February 20. Requests arriving after that date must be returned unfilled. Act now!

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.

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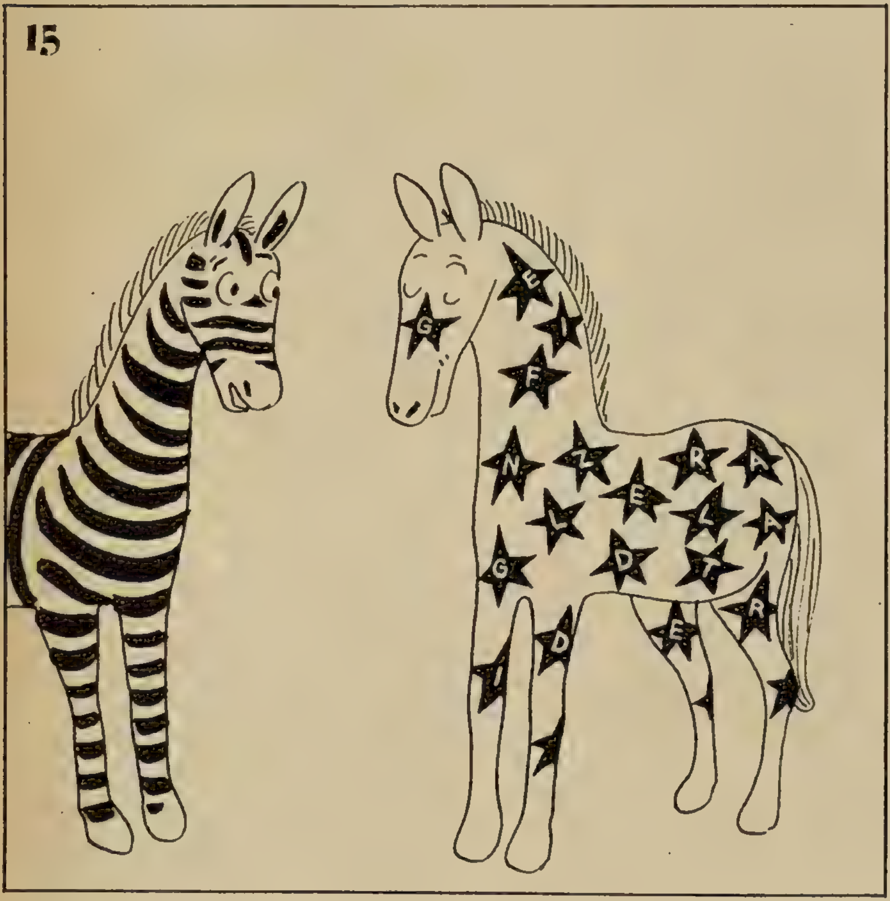

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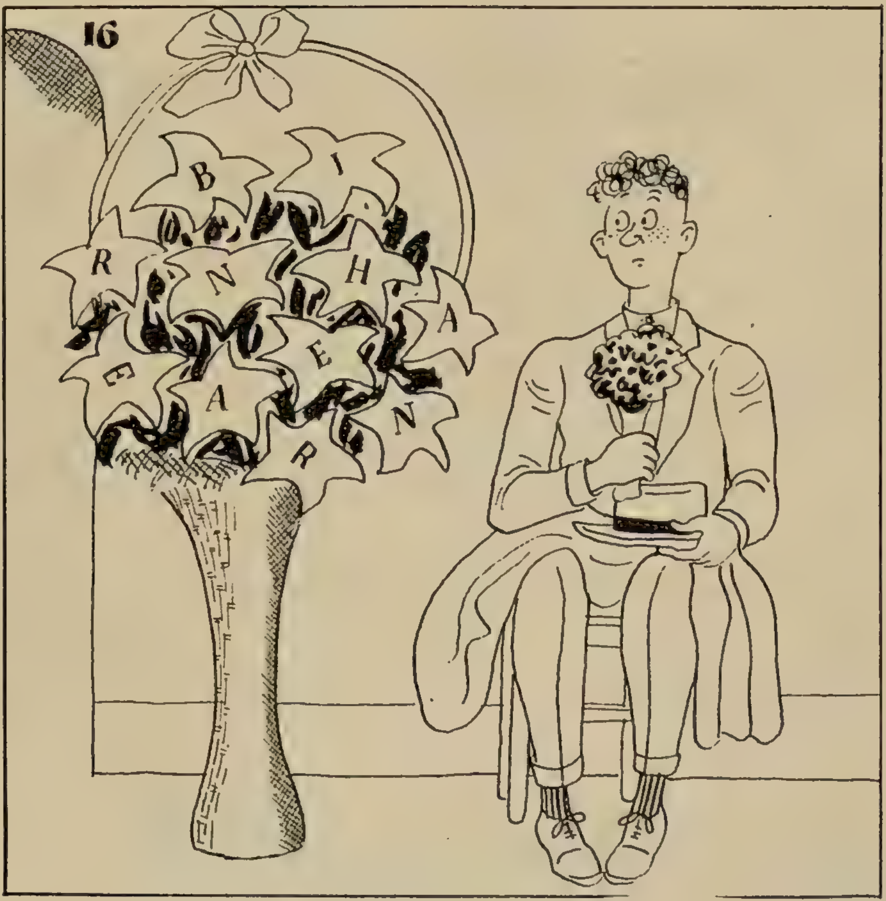

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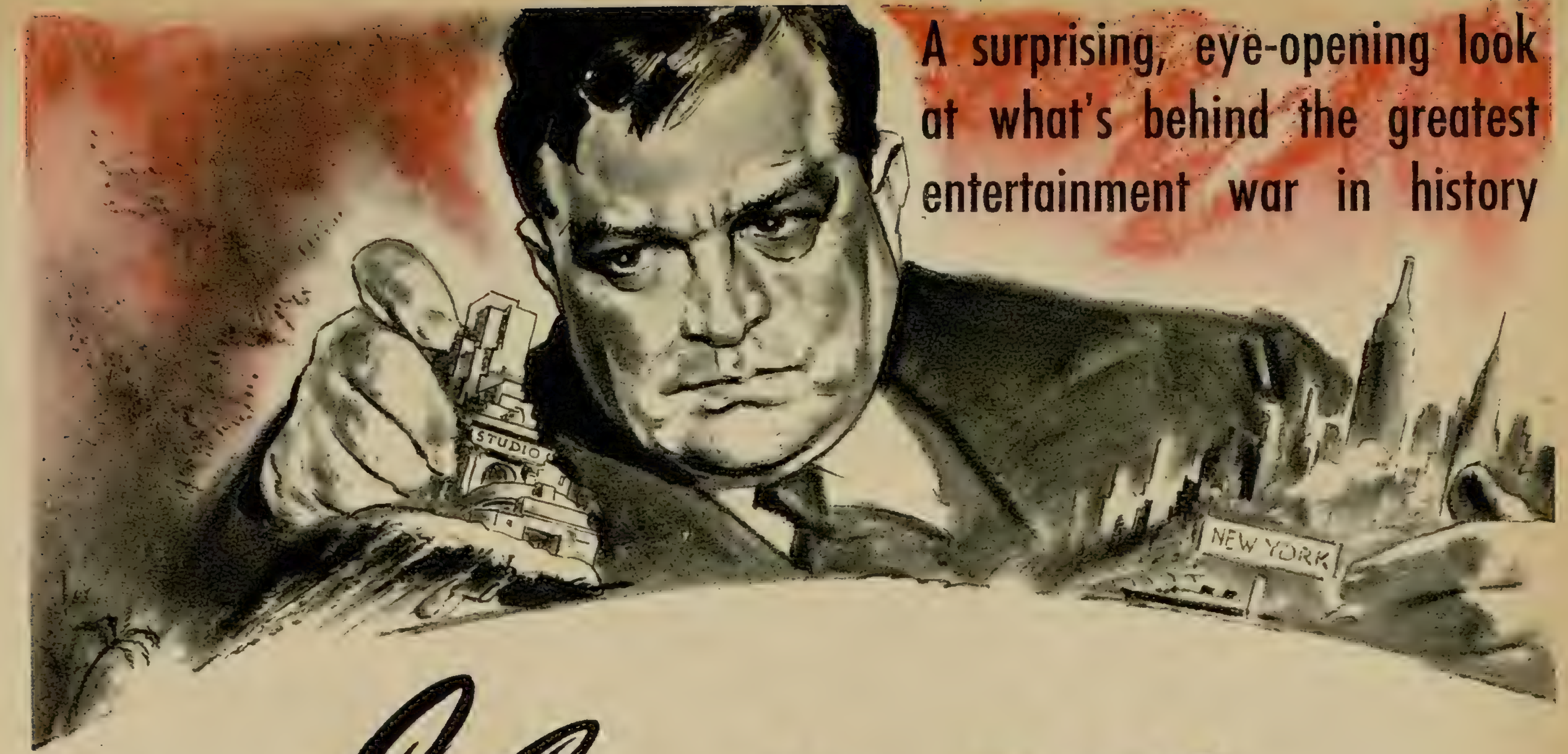


A surprising, eye-opening look at what's behind the greatest entertainment war in history

Can La Guardia move HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FAITH, we have been taught, can move mountains. But can a Little Flower move a mountain, too? Can Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York move the mountain, which is the motion-picture producing business, from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic?

Hollywood, after a brief period of hilarious wisecracking and scornful skepticism, seems reluctantly to be reaching the conclusion that perhaps he can.

For one thing, most of the motion-picture business is already in New York. True, the glittering stars, the studios are in Hollywood, but they represent only the production end of the industry. Financially, when compared with the great sales and distribution organizations and the even greater real-estate and theater holdings, Hollywood and production generally are small potatoes.

The industry carries its Hollywood investment on its books at about $100,000,000. But that sum, huge though it seems to us, is less than 4 per cent of the more than $2,500,000,000 invested in the entire industry. The bulk of the other 96 per cent is owned in New York and financed and administered from there.

The production departments used to be there too. It would be most desirable from a business standpoint if they were now, not alone because the real managers of the business, the men in the New York offices, would be able to run the production end themselves and make substantial savings thereby, but because the real powers behind those men—the bankers who finance the pictures, the industrialists who control the patents and processes by which the pictures are made, and the manufacturers who provide the film on which the pictures are printed—are, for the most part, in New York and vicinity.

When the production end of the industry moved to Hollywood—over a period of twenty years from 1913 on, because California was such an ideal all-year-round workshop—the bosses of picture-making, the heads of the big companies, with few exceptions, remained right where they were to attend to the business of selling and distributing their pictures and, most important of all, financing them. They couldn't move the big New York banks to Hollywood—and the big New York banks have always been, and still are, the real owners of the motion-picture business.

Out of this divided situation grew what is without doubt the most wasteful system ever devised for running a business, a system of duplicate executive offices, duplicate accounting, advertising, purchasing, and casting departments, with "a lot of presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and general managers sitting around magnificent offices in one part of the country, while subordinates, sometimes incompetent and often uncontrolled, do the work they should be doing three thousand miles away."

To this wasteful duplication, to the continual conflict and intrigue which it has encouraged, and to the unbridled extravagance it has permitted, are due most of the ills from which the industry suffers. To cure these ills by restoring the industry to the normal unified condition it was in before these evils came into existence—that is the job to which Mayor LaGuardia and the men behind him have addressed themselves.

And developments of which the cinema pioneers never dreamed make the successful doing of that job not only possible but probable. Artificial light and sound have driven the movie business indoors. Southern California's sunlight is of no more use to it than a London fog. Neither is California's natural scenery. Outdoor sets are built in the studios, or process shots of backgrounds are bought and the sequences are played in front under the studio Kliegs.

There is now no special reason for making movies in Hollywood today, and, as it happens, there are several very special reasons, in addition to the financial and managerial ones we have already noted, for not doing so.

California politicians, instead of being grateful, as the movie moguls feel they should be, for adding to the population of their state the strangest collection of individuals ever gathered in one place, have felt it their sacred duty to tax the movie industry almost into its celluloid grave; and California labor agitators, inspired by the imported leftist Harry Bridges and led by the convicted panderer, Willie Bioff, have combined with the pinko element in the industry itself to make the ultimate interment practically inescapable.

These continuing inroads of the ham-and-eggers on the one hand and the Bioffs on the other have brought about a crisis which not only makes LaGuardia's intervention particularly timely, but makes him the ideal man to do the intervening. Because of his official position, he may be able to offer the harassed industry leaders freedom from what they believe to be ruinous taxation, and because of his political influence in the American Labor Party, he may be able to offer them freedom—at least for a time—from the disastrous effects of labor wars.

Indeed, there are inescapable signs that the industry leaders themselves and their backers, the big New York bankers, are convinced that he not only may but can and probably will do these things—beside which the ultimate loss of a $100,000,000 investment in Hollywood would be as nothing. They are sick of paying one man in New York $200,000 to $400,000 a year to run a business, then paying another man in Hollywood $400,000 to $900,000 a year to help him do it, and then paying a flock of other men $100,000 to $300,000 a year to help the helper do his helping. They can buy top executives for $50,000 to $100,000 a year, and executives' helpers for $15,000 to $25,000, and helpers' helpers for $5,000 to $10,000 in almost every other business they put their money into; and they could buy them in the motion-picture business, if it weren't for this Hollywood hocus-pocus of the divine right of the kings who got there first.

THEY don't want to make the pictures themselves, these New York bankers. They are willing to leave the technical side to the boys and girls with oomph and what not. But they intend from now on to run the business end on a business basis, and they have picked Fiorello LaGuardia to do the job for them.

Why? Because LaGuardia has proved to them that he can do that kind of job.

Six years ago he inherited from his Hollywood-minded predecessor-once-removed, the Hon. James J. Walker, a city saddled with indebtedness. LaGuardia has not only taken New York out of the red, but he has combined his efficiency with a showmanship not so flamboyant or expensive but quite as effective as his predecessor's. In short, he has behind him a six-year record of masterful management of New York City, the Greatest Show on Earth.

And this is why he has accepted the job. First, he likes big jobs. Second, if he puts this one over, he will be performing a great service for the city of which he is the head.

New York's prosperity depends to a large extent on the transients, and of late years the attractions for these transients have been falling off. Coney Island is old stuff. Broadway has gone honky-tonk. The skyscraper edge has dulled since Flatiron Building days. Al Smith can't stand on top of the Empire State Building all the time. The town needs something new.

Hollywood in New York, with its all-star cast, would play to bigger business than a hundred Billy Rose's Aquacades, would be a better advertisement for the country's biggest city than a dozen Grover Whalen's World's Fairs. Its dollars-and-cents value to New York City would be, to borrow a Hollywood word, colossal.

LAGUARDIA'S plans, at this early stage, are necessarily vague. He has been listening to Hollywood people, but he isn't depending too much on what they tell him. His own financial man, City Comptroller McGoldrick, didn't visit Hollywood recently solely for his health!

In another typical LaGuardia move, the Mayor has secured in advance a promise from the Eastern labor unions of a five-year industrial truce. This promise, contained in a resolution passed by the parent organization, is a powerful weapon in the Mayor's hands to bring the Hollywood recalcitrants into line.

Fiorello hasn't promised labor the moon. He does not say that he can bring 100 per cent of the picture production to New York right away. He would be content to begin with 10 per cent—say two pictures a year by each of the present companies, supplemented by enough independent productions to carry the overhead of a studio which would cost between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000, or a good deal less if, as has been suggested, the World's Fair buildings are used for the Cinema City.

Ten per cent of the present Hollywood annual expenditure for production would be $25,000,000, which means a lot of jobs. Twenty per cent the second year would mean more. Labor can afford to play with its friend the Mayor. It can afford to play with the movie men, too, on a fair-and-square basis.

The Mayor is also sitting close to the heads of the big banks and telephone interests—the latter control most of the industry's patents and processes—and has access to the information they have been accumulating over a twenty-five-year stretch. And he has apparently lined up the radio people and their backers, the Rockefellers.

Radio has a big stake in the proposed move. To secure talent for their shows, sponsors, advertising agencies, talent agencies, and the big radio chains themselves have been forced to maintain duplicate organizations in New York and Hollywood, with all the resulting opportunities for conflict and waste which have nearly wrecked the movie business.

That the move eastward would result in the long-promised renaissance of the American theater, there can be no doubt. Broadway has been so hampered in gathering suitable casts of actors and actresses who are free from Hollywood commitments, that it has been practically hamstrung in its efforts to give lovers of the legitimate stage the entertainment which they should have and for which they are apparently willing to pay as never before. Stars of the legitimate theater, on the other hand—for example, Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell and the Lunts—refuse to work in Hollywood because to do so means staying too long from Broadway.

With the former stage actors and actresses returned, along with the studio stages, to New York, these difficulties would be reduced to a minimum. We would see Gable and Tracy striding the boards where they won their first successes, and possibly, Shearer, Crawford, Loy, perhaps even Garbo, appearing for the first time in the dramatic theater. Plays would be done on Broadway, as they are on Shaftsbury Avenue, London, with the identical casts which would later be seen on the screen.

AND how would this benefit moviegoers throughout the country? Two ways; chiefly:

Pictures would be better, because the good ones would be perfected by previous playing on Broadway stages by the actors who were to do them later on the studio stages, and the bad ones would be discarded if found unsuitable for the actors' talents.

And pictures would be in the neighborhood theaters anywhere from a year to two years earlier than they are now, because they could be made while the stage performance was still going on, and released immediately in cities and towns not to be visited by the acting troupe, instead of being held, as now, until the names of the plays mean nothing and, in the case of musicals, the tunes which made the success of the original production have become so stale that an entirely new score has to be written.

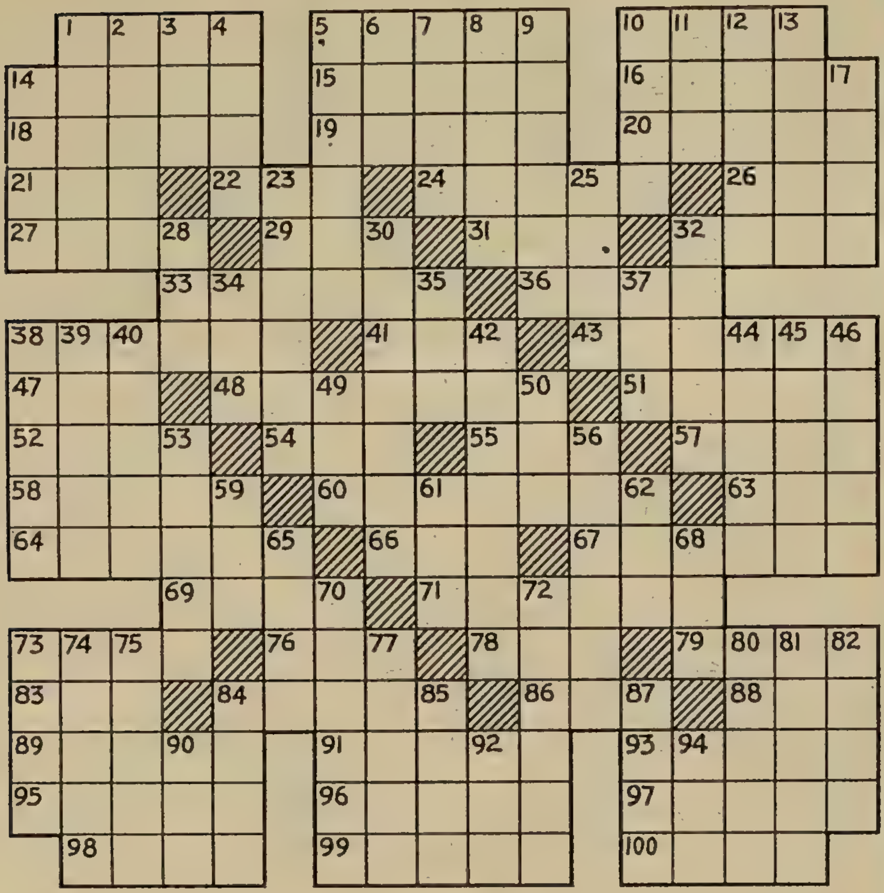
There will be many other advantages—too many to list here—which will accrue to the public as a result of this concentration of entertainment talent where it can be used interchangeably in the three great branches of show business—radio, movies, and the stage. So many and so great are these advantages that it deserves the wholehearted support of the public which it is bound to benefit—which means you and me and a few million other fellows who pay a billion and a half dollars at the movie box offices every year.

From present indications it will get that support. It looks as if the mountain is about to be moved!

THE END

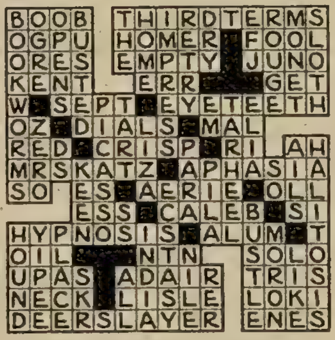
CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Young cow
5 Apart
10 Omit
14 Pertaining to the cheek
15 Makes well
16 Separate item (pl.)
18 Eat away
19 Unsuitable
20 Form of trap-shooting
21 Male child
22 Urchin
24 Language of Norway
26 To turn to the off side
27 On the sheltered side
29 Obscure
31 Color
32 Aid
33 Food retailer
36 In olden times
38 Bigger
41 Part of the body
43 Jacket
47 Anger
48 Determined
51 Skin powder
52 Sacred literature of the Hindus
54 Reposed
55 Cover
57 Plant used for food
58 Silly
60 One who flees for shelter
63 Japanese coin
64 Fondle
66 Domestic animal
67 Chamber
69 Give forth
71 Branched
73 Kitchen utensil (pl.)
76 Strike smartly
78 Title of respect



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D	E	E	R	S	L	A	Y	E	R		E	N	E	S

Last week's answer

79 Narrow ribbon
83 Mimic
84 Bone of the leg
86 Stitch
88 Procure
89 Pertaining to the kidney
91 Speedily
93 Coco plum
95 Anything unexpectedly found
96 Ashy paleness
97 Very wicked person
98 Extent
99 Plaintive poem
100 Paradise

VERTICAL

1 Joyous song
2 Unaccompanied
3 Youth
4 Part of a musical instrument
5 Quality of acid content
6 A celestial body
7 Persia
8 Station
9 Wandering animal
10 Meditate
11 Substance used on a printing press
12 Investment by an army
13 Metal
14 Plateau
17 To tread lightly
23 Worships
25 Smug person
28 Urge
30 Earned
32 Slave
34 Color
35 Remove
37 Take forcibly
38 Black and blue
39 Place of combat
40 Outworks
42 Kind of whale (pl.)
44 Obliterate
45 Harder to acquire
46 Hawaiian cord
49 Vehicle
50 Excavate
53 Mountains of Western Hemisphere
56 Measure of area
59 Tree
61 Preposition
62 Consume
65 North Atlantic island
68 Encountered
70 Mexican food
72 Extreme distress
73 Portion
74 Musical drama
75 Male singer
77 Part of the eye
80 Size of type
81 Nut
82 Boys' school in England
84 Insect
85 Rant
87 Intellectually sound
90 Hail!
92 Piece of machinery
94 Bounder

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

1 **Bill Benson roared** with glee as he chalked up a spare in his last frame at our annual bowling tournament. "Oh boy!" he exclaimed. "That gives me 212. Guess I'll win the Club Championship this year. Only a strike will save you now."

2 **And—socko!** I blasted a strike. Those ten pins went sky high and the trophy was mine! I'm happy as a lark, anyhow, and that drink with No Rough Edges sure Doubled My Enjoyment! And, after his second sip, Bill said: "Even if I did lose, this TEN HIGH 'strikes' me just right!"

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A bitter bargain . . a girl's heart trapped! Thrillingly now the story nears its climax

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

WALTER WELLS, American art collector living in Nanking with his daughter Mayo, has written some anti-Japanese articles, but he refuses to flee before the advancing Japanese army because his friend Hiromi, a high official who is in hiding in the city, has told him that he will be perfectly safe. Then Wong, a Chinese officer, brings proof that Hiromi means to betray Wells, and the American, incensed, tells where the Japanese is hiding.

Hiromi escapes from Wong, but is wounded and goes to Wells' house. Before he leaves he hints that he knows that Wells has revealed his hiding place.

Meanwhile the Japanese have taken the city and Wells and Mayo cannot escape. Johnny Morrel, a young reporter in love with Mayo, tries to save her father by leading the Japanese to believe that he, not Wells, betrayed Hiromi. He is put under arrest.

That afternoon Mayo returns home and finds her Chinese maid, Lee Yuan, bruised and battered. The Japanese have visited the house and Lee's fiancé has been killed. She takes the girl to the hospital and comes home once more, to find the house in flames. Johnny is there, and he tells her that the Japanese have released him and have imprisoned her father.

PART FIVE—THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

MAYO sat at the kitchen table. It was the house of an American missionary and Johnny must have brought her here. She sat alone, lamplight flickering, daylight cracking gray seams in the sky outside. There was coffee on the table. Cold. She remembered there had been voices, a drone of them. People coming in and going out. But they were all gone now. There was only Mayo. Stunned—dry-eyed.

Good-by to the life I loved so well . . . because nothing ever can be the same again.

She nodded her head emptily, no meaning in the gesture. She had not been able to eat. She could not sleep. She was hollow and sick—and the beating of her heart echoed too loudly. She glanced at the window. Daylight ate greedily through the crust of night. The street and the houses, the litter and the corpses, all took shape and size. A new day.

Eleven more shopping days till Christmas!

O God that is in heaven, deliver us from this evil! . . . She dropped her head into her arms. A door slammed shut. She looked slowly up and toward the door. Johnny stood there. His face was like burnt chalk. There was a smear of blood on his cheeks. His clothes were torn and dirty. He sat down opposite her and flopped his arms on the table. They stared into each other's eyes. Bleakly . . . with understanding. It was an effort to speak.

"It's no good, darling."

"What have they done with my father?"

"Nothing—yet. But they won't listen. To me or to any one." He looked away. "And I'm afraid there's very little time left. If we can't do something for him soon—"

"But there must be a way! Johnny, we've got to save him!"

His eyes came back to her; hollow eyes, desperate. "I've got a plan. It isn't good, and you won't like it. But it's all there is left."

"I'll like *anything*," she said, "if only" — she choked — "*anything*, Johnny."

"It means you'll have to go away."

"Go away?"

"To Shanghai. By plane. A British correspondent has official permission to fly out. His government wangled it. I've arranged with him to take you."

"Without you? Leaving my father here and—"

He caught her arm; her skin was white where his fingers pressed. "Mayo, I don't like it, either. But you can't be in Nanking when I do what I'm going to do to save Walter. I've got to be alone. That's imperative."

"But what *are* you going to do?"

"I thought of asking this correspondent to get help," he went on. "But Shanghai's too far; there's too much official tape to break. . . . I'm going to get to a radio and break through all their laws of censorship. I'm going to send an S O S to American warships. I'm going to tell the truth about Nanking for the first time since all this rotten mess began. I'm going to bring our government here and—"

"Oh, darling, you can't—it'd mean so much trouble! On top of the Panay incident, it might—" She gasped and did not finish.

"You mean it might bring war with—" He shook his head. "I don't think so. Japan has enough on her hands. But it'll scare them—"

"If the Japanese caught you sending out that alarm—"

"That's it; that's why you can't be here. There'd be no limit to their fury, and it's enough that I take the chance. It's—"

"No, it isn't! I'll stay. I'll—"

But his words lashed at her; he pleaded, he appealed to her logic. She could do no good by being here. She might even delay his own escape to safety, once the messages were sent out. It couldn't be done if she remained. And it was the last resort.

Didn't she see what he meant?

She nodded numbly. She knew that he was doing everything he could. The least that could be expected of her was obedient co-operation. She relied upon her faith in Johnny. What he said must be right. He got to his feet and came over and helped her up. He opened the door and they went out.

They made their way into the street . . . into Nanking. It was cold, and dirty snow lay thinly on the rooftops.

"I'll get you to the airport," Johnny was saying. "This fellow is supposed to fly alone, but he'll sneak you. In spite of the Japanese regulations and inspections, he'll get you through."

No! Mayo's heart kept crying. It isn't right. You don't want to go. The two men you love, the two human beings on this earth for whom you'd gladly give your very body and soul, will be back in Nanking. . . . Yet her tongue was silent and her mind was confused.

A ghostly smile crossed Johnny's weary face. "Everything'll turn out. Why, by Christmas we'll be in Honolulu. And we'll roast a pig and drink sparkling white *okeuelouo*. There'll be soft music and a girl in a grass skirt dancing . . ."

She was nodding eagerly. "There are things I want to see with you. Silver waves on white sand . . . tall coco palms that move when there is a breeze."

"You'll wear a *lei* around your neck," he said, and his voice raced on excitedly. "One that'll be fashioned out of the finest orchids in all Hawaii!"

"And will the Hawaiians sing?"

"They'll sing till your heart will burst from joy."

"Oh, Johnny, will it ever come true?"

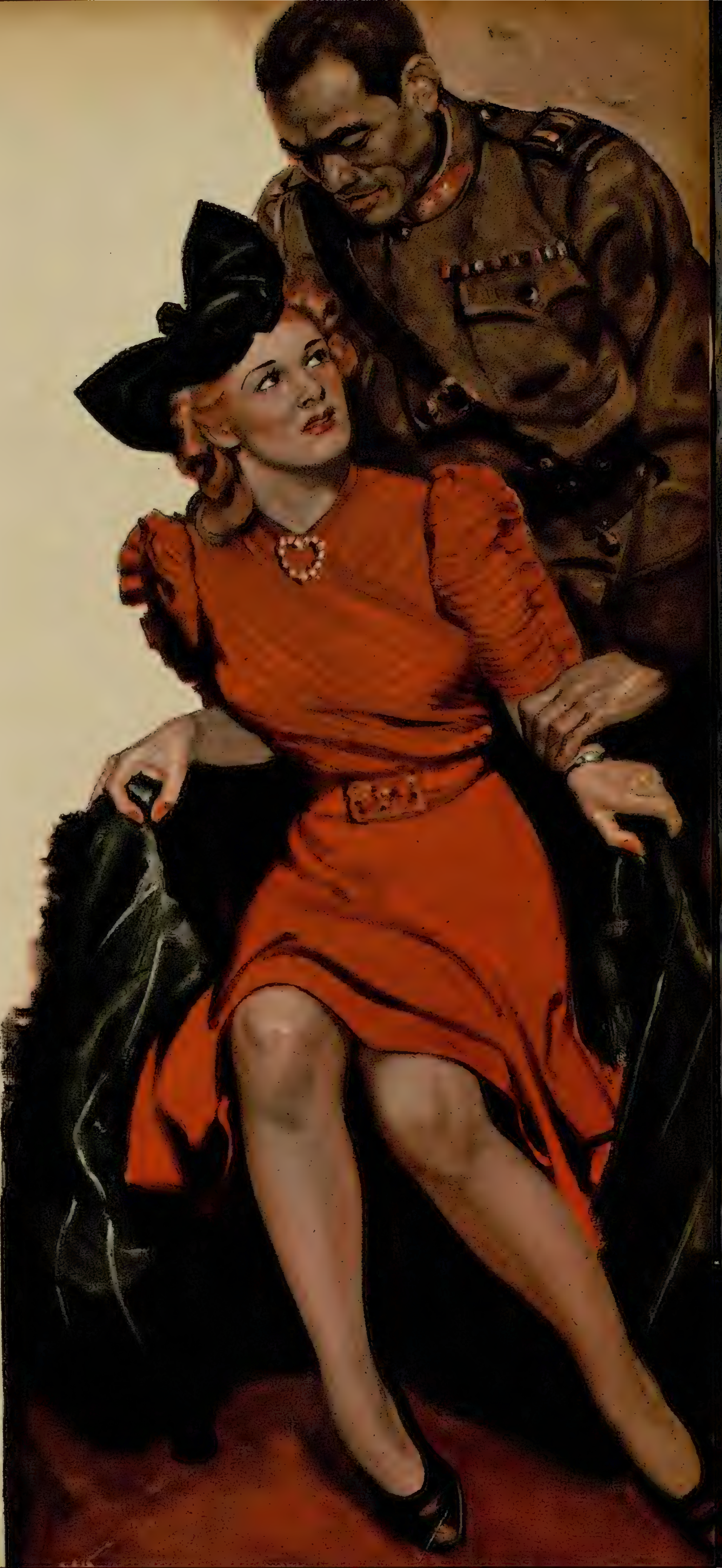
"Of course it will! It's not too much to hope. There is still gladness and beauty in the world, and it is waiting for us, Mayo!"

Suddenly they were in each other's arms; he was pressing her close to him and she was sobbing. They who had just found each other. They didn't want to say good-by. "I love you! I love you!" Mayo whispered. "All of the earth is no bigger than my love!" They clung together desperately, passionately, until the very ruins about them seemed to sing and the winter sun came up and flickered through the empty canyon of the street.

LEE YUAN awakened. With a start, she sat up. But pain shot through her body, and, gently now, she eased back down. She lay on the pillow looking up at the ceiling until the throbbing streams of pain ran back into the muscles from which they had sprung. Then she turned her head from side to side. Row upon row of little white cots. Women of her own race lying upon them. Three cots up, there was a dead woman. They had not yet discovered her. Lee Yuan's eyes went to the high wide windows. A knife was cutting away the darkness and filling up space with the sticky gray smudge of daylight.

Lee stirred. Her face was hot with fever and her mouth was parched; there was in her nostrils the odor of medicine.

Slowly, and carefully this time, she sat up. She waited until the pound-



Hiromi moved to where she sat. "There is a way." Her wet eyes came up. "You are beautiful, Mayo," he said.

ing ache of her body subsided before she moved again. She threw off the covers and put her feet on the floor. A Chinese nurse moved swiftly down the corridor. She came toward Lee, smiling. She spoke softly in Chinese:

"You must not get up." She gently laid Lee Yuan back down on the bed and lifted her feet and put the sheet over them. "You must heal," she said. She tucked in the covers. "There is no reason to get up," she went on. "There is nothing in Nanking any more." Her voice was steady but her smooth face was a mask.

"My mistress needs me," Lee Yuan implored. "Her father is in disfavor with the Japanese."

"Try and sleep," said the nurse; "it is very early."

She was gone then, hurriedly, without even noticing the dead woman.

Lee Yuan waited, and counted thirty seconds. Then she rose once more, no longer heeding the pain or going slowly to soothe it. She dressed and stood up. Her head spun; she was dizzy. She braced herself against the wall and took in breath. Then she moved through the hall to the door. She rushed down steps and into the street. But here she stopped. Her heart was beating furiously. She sagged to a sitting position, her legs folded under. But a desperate anxiety pounded through her veins and she knew that she must rise soon and move on. She knew not why. She had no friends, no parents, no lover; her whole existence was concentrated in a loyalty to Mayo. She knew, somehow, that she must find Mayo, even if only to comfort her in sorrow.

THE airfield was isolated from the confused maze of downtown Nanking, and there was little movement or incident around it. Japanese sentries stood slumped gloomily, and officers came and went. There was no activity around the tarmac or dromes, and there were no Japanese planes here at all, only a few old ships that had been confiscated from the Chinese government, and a trim little Boeing that Hal Warren, the British correspondent, had managed to charter.

Johnny had introduced Mayo to Hal Warren, and then he had waited, hoping they could take off. But there was one delay after another—mostly because there were too many Japanese close by and there was no chance to slip Mayo into the plane.

Johnny was worried about Walter. He had to do something. Time was the essence. He had told Mayo goodby a half dozen times. Only now it was final. He stood at the door of the little European-styled coffee shop.

"I'm sure you'll be safe, darling."

She nodded. "Take care of daddy." There was nothing clear in her mind. She was in the scene, but it was more as if she saw it from a distance, projected vaguely upon a blanket of sifting fog.

"I will," Johnny said. "I'll do everything a man can do."

They kissed; and then, because he knew he must go now, or never go, he broke abruptly and turned and moved off. Mayo went to a stool and sat down and put her arms on the counter. Her mind was an utter blank. She just sat there. Hal Warren sat down beside her. He was a big blond man with thick lips and a hard face. But he had a good-natured smile, and certainly he was generous, else he would not have offered to jeopardize his own safety by taking her.

"It won't be long," he said. "The Japs are sick with duty and they're bound to relax. Then I'll get you aboard."

She only nodded.

"Have some coffee," he said. "Forgive me if I am blunt, but you look ghastly, really. And I can see that you're normally a pretty wench."

"I don't want any coffee," she said. Her voice was toneless, empty.

He laughed cheerfully. "Come, lassie. There's nothing that can be so bad as that."

His voice was confident and his personality was stimulating. Slowly he was beginning to revive her. He fetched coffee, and then he made her count off how many spoons of sugar she wanted. "But I'll give you no cream," he said; "not till you're conscious."

She smiled wanly.

His eyes were bright. "That's it. The beautiful charmer. By Jove, I think you're coming around."

It was true — she was coming

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around; and she realized that everything she had said and done during the past few hours had all been reaction. Sound and movement. The effect of words upon the ears, the import of tragedy upon the heart. Only now was she beginning to feel normal. The shock that had stunned her was releasing the more vital nerves in her system. It was queerly exhilarating. She wondered what she had done, and if it had been right.

Hal Warren was talking: "Now that you've collected yourself, my dear, did you hear what I was saying? I said we're going to leave Nanking, and once we spot Shanghai—"

"Leave Nanking?"

"Certainly, cherub. You came here knowing it. The plane lies yonder."

She stirred her coffee. Leave Nanking? She remembered clearly all that Johnny had said. She knew why she was going and all there was to know about it. Yet suddenly she was terrified. *Leave Nanking?*

Hal Warren was on his feet. "Don't look now, but I think I detect a particle of Nipponese inattention. There may be a chance—"

He moved swiftly to the door and opened it. He watched for a moment; then he turned and motioned to her.

"Quickly, lassie!"

Mayo got up, trembling. The plane waited on the tarmac. There were no Japanese in sight.

IT was a narrow cobblestone street, and Johnny stood there, leaning against a poorly constructed building. There was a cigarette in his mouth—and a bitter sadness in his eyes. For the thing he loved more dearly than anything in the world was gone. By this time wings were bearing her toward Shanghai. He dropped the cigarette and rubbed his toe on it. Sluggish fever clotted his veins, and he turned, like a man grown old and weary, and went into the building and up a flight of stairs. He glanced over the banister to see whether he had been followed; then he stepped to a hall window and looked out. The street was empty. Rapidly Johnny slipped to a door, rapped three times, and turned the knob. A lock clicked from inside. The door was opened. Johnny stepped in, grabbed the door and closed it himself. He stood with his back against it, his hands behind him, turning the lock.

A young Chinese stood opposite him in the room. He wore Occidental garb; his head was shaven. His face was slimy with sweat. There were cigarette stubs on the floor. Against one wall there was an elaborate radio sending and receiving set. The room had formerly been used as an amateur short-wave station.

"Just as you said," Johnny breathed, his eyes lighted with appreciation. "Just as you told me, Charlie."

The Chinese nodded. "It's the duplicate of one an American chum of mine operated in California. He made great use of his during the earthquake there in 1933."

Johnny nodded. "You were going to U. C. L. A. then?"

"Yes," Charlie said.

Johnny was looking at the radio. "It's wonderful. I don't know how it escaped the Japanese."

"Or the bombs," said Charlie.

"Maybe this hour was its destiny," Johnny whispered. "Maybe it was waiting for this hour."

"If it had never been used until now, and was never used again afterward, its worth would far exceed its meager price," Charlie replied. His smile was humble. "We 'hams' have been known for service in an emergency."

"You're taking an awful chance, though," Johnny said, "when it doesn't concern you—or even your country. When it's only for the rescue of a friend of mine. The Japanese would kill you if—" He broke off. "If I could operate it myself, Charlie, I'd—"

THE face of the young Chinese changed. Bitterness dragged jaggedly against the lines of his mouth.

"Do not mistake. It concerns me—and my country. It concerns all of China. It will embarrass the Japanese. It may cause them trouble. It will be a blow thrust into their bellies by my own radio key! And if through me the world can know a little of what has happened here in Nanking—"

He moved to the window, turned. "I've stood here at night, and I've heard their guns and their bombs, their planes and the rattle of their swords. I have seen our great Yangtze with the light of the moon sick upon it — thousands of sampans mashed together, crawling across the surface like water beetles. Searchlights sweeping in an arc, guns cracking, women screaming. I have seen the people of my country drown like rats—the people who asked for no more than peace and security and the meager abundance of rice from their own land. I have felt my heart wrenched from my body and soaked in the boiling acid of hatred—until my body and my brain is consumed with but a single and eloquent purpose."

He sucked in his breath. "I am ready to do anything you may ask."

Johnny had scribbled some notes—messages that would bring the quickest action from the American Asiatic fleet. He brought them from his pocket now, and Charlie crossed and sat down in front of the radio. He snapped it on and his hand operated the controls. At last he touched the key, experimented against it lightly, then looked up.

"Ready?"

"Ready!"

Johnny glanced at the sheet. "Contact American ships in the Yangtze. Make it an S O S. They'll respond to that. It'll wake up every radioman from here to Honolulu. Direct the message to the commander of the Asiatic squadron. Copies to and via all commanding officers of the United States Navy in China waters . . ."

He paused. Charlie had the key wide open. He adjusted earphone, bent tensely forward. He did not look up from the radio board. Once he said: "Japanese interference . . . don't know if I can get through." But he spoke almost to himself. Desperately, feverishly, he set the key in motion again. The room echoed with its dry tapping. He waited again. The transmitters hummed. Minutes passed. Charlie was sweating. Johnny had a dry cigarette in his mouth and was trying to light it. The room churned with excitement—tenseness. It was different now. They were trying. *Trying.* The key rattled insanely. Charlie reached up, turned a knob, switched on new power. He listened, then tapped. Johnny went to the window, then came back to the board. Suddenly Charlie's body became rigid.

"We've gotten through! We've gotten through!"

Johnny was snapping out words:

"American lives and property in . . ."

There was a crash against the door behind them. Johnny whirled. Charlie heard the sound, but he bent over the machine, sending furiously.

The door splintered. Japanese tumbled in. Charlie sat motionless—all but his hand: it was on the key and his fingers were flying. A shot cracked out. Charlie's hand faltered, then opened, and dropped, hung limply. There was a bullet in his back.

Soldiers with bayonets backed Johnny to the wall and held him there. An officer stepped in, lifted Charlie's corpse and dropped it to the floor. He sat down at the radio and put on the earphones. Johnny's lips thinned. The message would be changed, corrected, even denied. The operator on the other end of the line could not know what had happened. Johnny struggled furiously, but the butt of a bayonet pressed him back.

The officer at the radio looked up. His smile was toothy.

"We will come to you presently, my friend," he said.

WHEN Mayo did not move, Hal Warren came to her, anxious and impatient. He took her by the arm.

"Lassie—this is our chance. It may not come again for hours. We've got to get you in that plane now—"

"No," she said. "I'm not going."

"You're not—"

"Not going," Mayo said steadily. "Forgive me. I do appreciate your help. Believe me, I do, but—"

"Why the change of heart?"

"It's not a change of heart," she said. "It's only that I was terribly stunned, and I wasn't quite sure of anything I did or agreed to do. I must have been a fool to say I'd leave Nanking. There is nothing for me outside. Without my father or Johnny. Don't you see? I'd only be fleeing from my—from myself."

"But what can you do? Do you think you can help by staying here?"

"Yes. If everything else should fail, I have a friend."

Hal Warren smiled. “I think you’re mad, lassie. But I admire your pluck. Godspeed and cheerio! May I kiss you good-by?”

He moved forward and kissed her gently on the cheek. He went out then, putting on his helmet.

She watched his plane until it was only a speck in the sky.

MAYO came into the quiet spacious room. The rug on the floor was thick; the lighting was subtle, indirect. The shades on the windows were tightly shuttered. Kai Hiromi sat behind a massive oak desk. He wore his uniform and he sat back in a swivel chair, pretending to read a letter. His sleek brown face was utterly devoid of expression.

Mayo stood in front of the desk, trembling.

“I have heard that Johnny Morrel is under arrest . . .”

“The charges are grave,” Hiromi said acidly. He did not look up.

“And my father?”

“Yes indeed—your father.”

Anger flared. She had meant to keep cool because she knew that rage was futile, but she could not stop the lashing of her tongue.

“You know that you can’t do this! You know that our government—”

Hiromi put down the letter. “Precisely, my dear. We aren’t doing it.”

“I don’t understand.”

“It is but an illusion of fact. Like that of this conflict. It isn’t happening. Japan has never *declared* war. . . . You are confused, of course. Subtle strategy isn’t the kind of mathematics meant for a feminine mind. But I quite agree with you. We *can’t* do what we’re going to do!”

“*What* are you going to do?” Mayo demanded.

Hiromi shrugged gently.

It was so useless to shout; she saw that she could get nowhere. Her voice softened. She humbled herself.

“I have come to ask you—as a favor—to release them.”

“Oh, I see”—his voice was tinged with sarcasm—“as a favor. May I ask in what way I am indebted to you?”

“None, Hiromi; but—”

“Do you know the momentous thing you demand? You may not believe this, but we have struggled throughout this for a peaceful occupation. We did not want to take by force, nor to write our names in blood across the face of China. But there has been resistance. Certain enemies—countless thousands of them—have set up one blockade after another—”

“Were you so naïve as to think one country could come over and take another *without* resistance?”

“But we only wanted to help the Chinese! We only wanted to—” Hiromi rose suddenly. “I will not engage in a political argument with you!”

Mayo’s voice subsided. “Nor did I come for that. All I ask is that my father and Mr. Morrel—”

“It cannot be done.”

Rage burst anew in Mayo; it spewed from her lips in a torrent of fury. She raved; she screamed. Hiromi did not speak. Mayo went on until her voice was hoarse. But when she was finished, and the echo of her anger had died from the room, she knew that nothing had been accomplished. She was defeated, sick, desperate. She groped for a chair and sat down, sobbing.

Hiromi moved to where she sat. “There is a way.”

Her wet eyes came up.

“You are very beautiful, Mayo,” he said.

She was struggling to her feet.

He touched her arm. “For weeks I have watched you. You are young, and fresh, and—”

Patriotic Cartoon Contest Closes February 21

All entries in the Patriotic Cartoon Contest sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York, must be postmarked on or before February 21. If you plan to submit a drawing in this $1,800 Cash Prize Competition, make sure that your entry is finished in time to meet this dead line.

You still have time to prepare an entry if you act without delay. If you are not familiar with the rules, Liberty will be glad to furnish them. Write to Patriotic Cartoon Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Now!

“Take your hands off me!”

“I love you,” he said.

She moved to the door; she laughed bitterly. “*You* love me—you who—”

“I would like to marry you,” he went on softly.

Her laughter was hysteria.

“And it would be arranged—Johnny Morrel and your father would escape.”

Her laughter died. She stared at him incredulously.

“They would believe they had precipitated their own escape. We would have one of our soldiers pretend to accept a bribe. They would get out of Nanking safely.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying!”

“I think I do!”

Quick breath stabbed into Mayo’s lungs. “Have you brought about all this just so that—”

“No, my dear. But I am an opportunist. I would risk the wrath of my government in permitting the Americans to escape. You are worth that to me.”

“They wouldn’t do it,” she said. “They wouldn’t go, knowing that I—”

“But they wouldn’t know. Our agents saw you go to the airport this morning. Both Mr. Morrel and your father undoubtedly believe that by now you are safe in Shanghai. They would think they were hastening to you.”

His cold logic terrified her.

“I hate you—I loathe you—”

“And yet your love for Johnny Morrel is bigger than that hatred. This is your test and your trial, Mayo. The moment has come when their destinies depend upon a decision from you.”

She closed her eyes. There was nothing she could say. She had to agree. Johnny and her father must get away safely—be free. That was all that mattered.

THE night was dark, starless; the wind was cold. But the car that moved on the road out of Nanking seemed warm and the two men riding in it were cheerful. Johnny was behind the wheel and Walter Wells was beside him.

“It seems incredible,” Walter said. “He accepted that bribe so easily.”

“Yes; and we’d tried all the others.”

“And got laughed at!”

Johnny smiled grimly. “But getting this car was the luckiest break.”

“No,” Walter corrected. “The luckiest was in being able to actually escape Nanking itself. Why, no one even tried to stop us!”

“As though,” said Johnny, “China belonged to the Chinese.”

Walter nodded. “It’s only a few miles but it seems a long way back now . . . all that misery and pain.”

“Well, it’s over for us,” Johnny said. “It’s over, and I guess this is the happiest night in our lives, Walter!”

THE room was Japanese. A few touches hastily arranged: block wood furniture, silk screens, bamboo curtains. It was insufferably hot—and incense wafted subtly. Mayo moved up and down the floor. She tried to shake off the heady pressure, the oppressing, stifling heat. She tore open the collar of her dress. Her clothes were damp with sweat and clung tightly about her body, accentuating her bust and making her hips smooth and sleek. She kept walking up and down, distracted, horror choking off her breath.

A door slid open. Hiromi stood there. He closed the door—and locked it. His face was glistening and his eyes were bright.

“They are gone, Mayo.”

She looked at him, nodding.

“They are gone—and we are alone.”

He moved quietly toward her.

Alone with an implacable foe—and Johnny and Walter miles away on the road to Shanghai! Can Mayo trick Hiromi? Can she somehow escape the terrible fate he has in store for her? Read the startling conclusion of this thrilling novel next week.

INTO THE DEPTHS

Probing humanity at its lowest ebb, Hollywood brings forth a film of power and compassion

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ OF MICE AND MEN

THE PLAYERS: Burgess Meredith, Betty Field, Lon Chaney, Jr., Charles Bickford, Roman Bohnen, Bob Steele, Noah Beery, Jr., Oscar O'Shea, Granville Bates, Leigh Whipper. Screen play by Eugene Solow, based on the stage play by John Steinbeck. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Produced by United Artists. Running time, 104 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD was afraid of John Steinbeck's stark drama of friendless, homeless migratory workers. It never would have reached the screen but for the long battle put up by Director Lewis Milestone and Scenarist Eugene Solow. These two men interested Steinbeck, along with those who owned shares in the stage play, aroused the financial aid of Hal Roach. Between them all, Of Mice and Men was made in thirty-nine days at a minimum of cost, something like $250,000, an all-time low for extravagant Hollywood.

Of Mice and Men is the story of two bindle stiffs, otherwise itinerant range hands wandering about seeking seasonal work. One is a huge hulking half-wit of herculean strength; the other, small, shrewd, alert, is his protector. Little George dreams of a place of his own, where he can live as he likes, where the moronic Lennie will be out of harm's way. But Lennie takes the restless unhappy wife of the ranch foreman in his arms and, not knowing his strength, crushes her to death. Then all dreams end, for a posse sets out hot upon the simpleton's trail.

It isn't a pretty tale, shot across as it is with pathological horror and sinister undercurrents. Here is humanity at its lowest ebb. But Director Milestone has developed a picture of sustained power, an exciting drama with intense medical glints into the dregs of the human brain. The film has power and compassion. From the novel start, when the two central figures, eluding a posse, hop a freight, to the final scene by the murky pool in the Salinas valley with an armed force closing in, Of Mice and Men has sustained grip. There are three superb performances. As George, Burgess Meredith is even better than he was in Winterset; Betty Field, heretofore a coy ingenue, lends a sexy, earthy reality to the foreman's bitter trollop bride; Lon Chaney, Jr., in his first real role, makes the lumbering Lennie vivid and unforgettable. And there is a fine bit of a crippled old ranch derelict by Roman Bohnen.

VITAL STATISTICS: When plans to make John Steinbeck's play into a movie took shape, a lot of stars wanted to do George, including Jimmy Cagney, Spencer Tracy, and John Garfield. But Buzz Meredith was selected. . . . Scenarist Eugene Solow neatly toned down lan-

Editor Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell, His Girl Friday.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This column's selection for the prize director of the year is Victor Fleming. He not only made the outstanding charmer in "The Wizard of Oz" but he also directed "Gone With The Wind". To Victor belong the spoils.

★ ★ ★ ★

The next great Technicolor achievement to ride the screen will be "Northwest Passage".

★ ★ ★ ★

Readers of Kenneth Roberts will be pleased to know that it is absolutely faithful to Book One, which is the story of Rogers' Rangers.

★ ★ ★ ★

More about "Northwest Passage" next issue.

Above photograph is that of Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell as they appear in "Broadway Melody of 1940".

★ ★ ★ ★

The fidgety feet of Fred and the electric extremities of Eleanor is our idea of a dazzling duet or a captivating combination.

★ ★ ★ ★

But one musn't forget George Murphy who is no slouch with his pedal proficiency, nor Frank Morgan's verbal versatility, not to mention Ian Hunter, Florence Rice and Lynne Carver with their clever characterizations.

★ ★ ★ ★

Norman Taurog directed. Jack Cummings produced. Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer wrote the screen play, and—

★ ★ ★ ★

Cole Porter wrote the songs. Porter hath charms.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you like to laugh, and to hear good songs, and to watch the greatest dancers of our time . . . In short . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

If you like a really well-produced musical picture, we are shouting—

★ ★ ★ ★

Broadway Melody of 1940

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

guage and profanity, kept the spirit of the play, retained the flavor and force. . . . Alexander Woollcott owned a cut of the play. . . . The winding Salinas River with its overhanging sycamores was built on two sound stages of Hal Roach's studio. The ranch scenes were done in a sun-baked valley forty miles north of Hollywood. The studio staff needed eight days to erect nine ranch buildings, bunkhouse, barns, house, and sheds. Buildings were weathered and aged. Covered some 5,000 square feet. Real water came out of the well. . . . Lon Chaney, Jr., is tired of playing bad cowhands. Grew bored with sneering and snarling, "So you won't talk, eh?" Tired, too, of "Don't shoot him now. I have a better plan." Lon, Jr., played Lennie in the Los Angeles stage production of the Steinbeck play. . . . Betty Field hails from Boston; an ancestor was Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable. . . . Roman Bohnen hails from the New York Group Theater. Other grads are John Garfield, Lee Cobb, Morris Carnovsky. Took almost two hours each day to don his make-up as oldster Candy, add the fake arm. . . . Candy's dog is barked by seventeen-year-old Rex. Never worked for more than an hour at a time.

★ ★ ★½ HIS GIRL FRIDAY

THE PLAYERS: Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, Ralph Bellamy, Gene Lockhart, Helen Mack, Porter Hall, Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards, Clarence Kolb, Roscoe Karns, Frank Jenks, Regis Toomey, Abner Biberman, Frank Orth, John Qualen, Alma Kruger, Billy Gilbert, Pat West, Edwin Maxwell. Screen play by Charles Lederer based on the drama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Howard Hawks. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 92 minutes.

REMEMBER Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's rowdy newspaper play and movie, The Front Page? Here it is again, under a new title, revised so that Hildy Johnson is now a lady, more or less. But it is still bawdy, with some salty lines that seem to have escaped Will Hays' ear. Or is Hollywood loosening up?

The 1931 Front Page revolved around the deathwatch over a condemned criminal, scheduled to die at dawn. Specifically it was the unending feud between managing editor Adolphe Menjou and ace reporter Pat O'Brien, reaching a climax when the murderer escaped and was hidden in a roll-top desk by the star newspaperman, hot after a journalistic beat. Now the reporter is a woman, the divorced wife of her managing editor, about to throw up news gathering for marriage with a comfortable, safe Albany insurance man. If you ask me, the new version is better than the old.

Even if, to you, newspaper folk seem a strange gentry—sentimental, hard-boiled, cynical—this comedy will get you. It is raucous, noisy, frequently hilarious, with Rosalind Russell giving a gorgeous performance as the sob sister, Cary Grant excellent as the editor who would sell any one down the river for a beat. And Ralph Bellamy lends real aid as the umbrella-carrying insurance salesman who represents sanity and safety—and boredom.

VITAL STATISTICS: The city room was copied from the real thing of a Los Angeles daily. Even so, ash trays somehow landed on the reporters' desks—until a press agent saw them and protested. . . . Both Ben Hecht, New York born, and Charlie MacArthur, once of Scranton, Pennsylvania, got their journalistic training in Chicago. Hecht sold his first play at eighteen, MacArthur at thirty-one. . . . Ralph Bellamy at seventeen ran away from his Chicago home to join a roving Shakespearean repertoire troupe. First a prop boy, then minor roles. First Broadway success in Coquette, with Helen Hayes. . . . Ex-war ace Howard Hawks, the director, works an airplane into all his films. It's his trade-mark. Here sob sister Russell throws a desk model plane at editor Grant during an argument—but misses. . . . One-time stage star Ernest Truex plays a reporter.

★ ★½ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON

THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Larry Adler, Tyrone Guthrie, Gus McNaughton, Edward Lexy, Maire O'Neill, David Burns, Ronald Ward, Romilly Lunge, Helen Haye, Phyllis Stanley, Basil Gill, Polly Ward, Claire Greet, Alf Goddard. Screen play by Clemence Dane. Directed by Tim Whalen. Produced by Mayflower-Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

DISTINCTLY English in flavor, this is a tale of a busker, one of those London street entertainers who perform outside theaters to amuse the waiting crowds. He befriends a pretty little street waif, trains her to dance with him, loses her when she moves on to flashing success on the stage. And little Libby is a thoughtless self-seeker who quite forgets, while Charles, nursing his sorrow, slips to the depths.

Even with Charles Laughton making the rotund busker puckish and whimsical in his heartbreak, even with Gone-with-the-Wind Vivien Leigh as the waif, this is so thickly British in flavor and background that Americans will be puzzled no end and all that sort of thing.

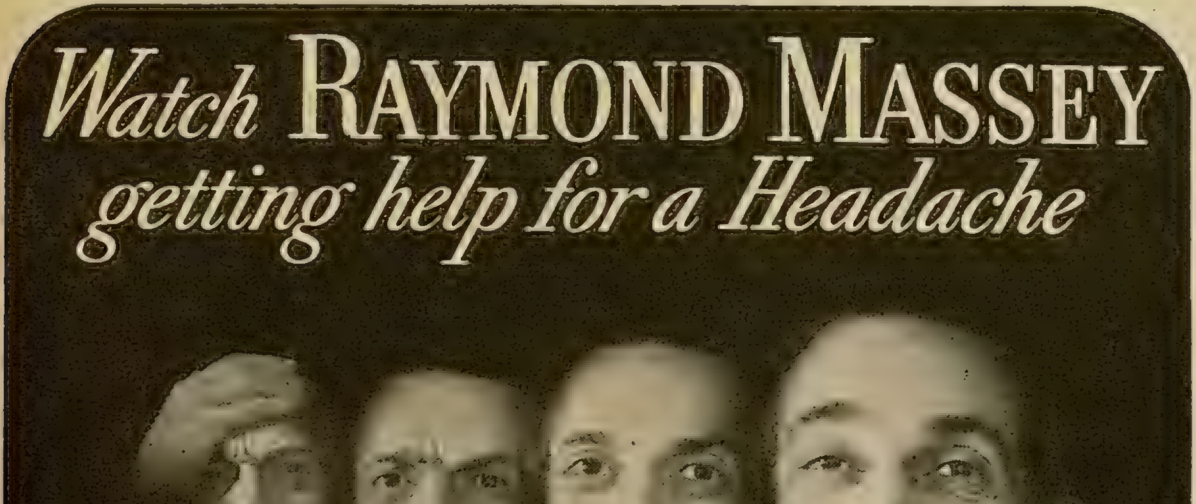
VITAL STATISTICS: This had a lot of titles. When made in pre-blackout England two years ago it was called St. Martin's Lane. Release over here was held up to take advantage of Vivien Leigh's appearance as Scarlett O'Hara in G. W. T. W. Meanwhile titles were played with. Partners of the Night it was for a time. Then London After Dark. . . . This was one of three films made by Laughton and his business partner, Erich Pommer. The Beachcomber was the first, Jamaica Inn the second. Laughton was returning to England after The Hunchback of Notre Dame to make others, Barrie's The Admirable Crichton to be the first of the new series. Elsa Lanchester (otherwise Mrs. Laughton) was to have been Tweeny the slavey. Then came the war and the plans were erased.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste.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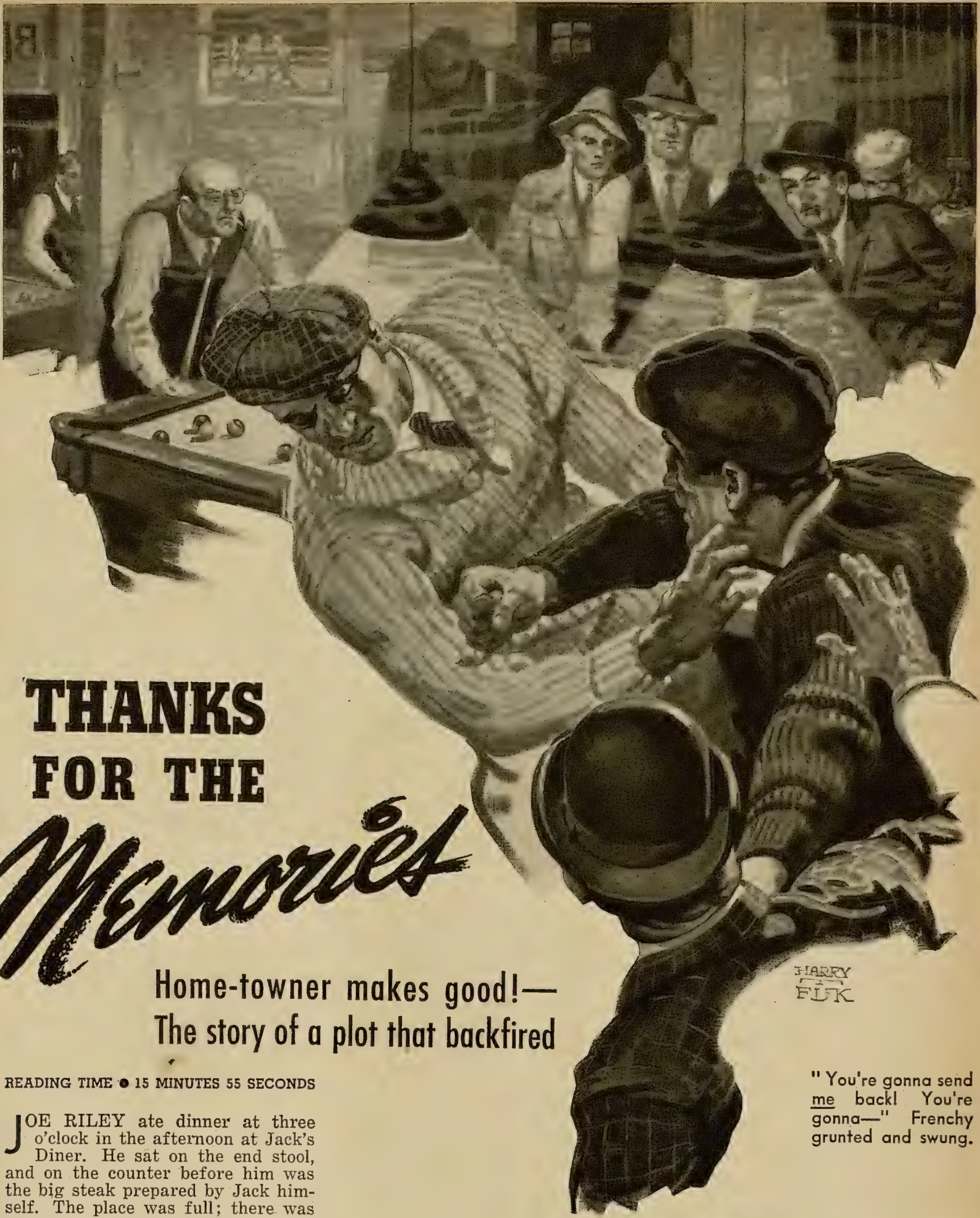

"You're gonna send me back! You're gonna—" Frenchy grunted and swung.

THANKS FOR THE Memories

Home-towner makes good!— The story of a plot that backfired

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

JOE RILEY ate dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon at Jack's Diner. He sat on the end stool, and on the counter before him was the big steak prepared by Jack himself. The place was full; there was a man on every stool and a line of them standing along the wall, all watching Joe Riley.

Jack slapped his belly and mopped up a bit of gravy with his thumb. He smiled down proudly at Riley and the steak. "That oughta give you the old wallop," he said. "Dempsey couldn't lick you tonight, with that under your belt."

Everybody laughed. Joe Riley grinned and said, "You bet!" He cut off a big hunk of steak and thrust it into his mouth. The crowd of men watched and smiled at one another.

Joe Riley was big and solid. Under his faded red sweater his shoulders were broad, his muscles hard. His hair was red and curly, but his eyes were mild and brown. He had two cabbage ears and there were curves in his nose.

Chewing the steak, conscious of

eyes that were on him, Joe Riley looked at the red-lettered card propped on the cash register:

FIGHT!
Plunkville Armory, November 15
JOE RILEY vs. FRENCHY PEPE
Plunkville Troy

And Joe Riley's jaws clamped down harder on that tender steak. There was something he liked about that bill: he liked the "Plunkville" below his name. It had been a long time since Joe Riley could claim a home town. He got a lot of satisfaction out of belonging to Plunkville.

And if it hadn't been for the tough brakeman who had booted him out of a boxcar six months before, he would never have heard of Plunkville. But now it was his home town. He had a job at the woodworks factory; the mayor called him Joe.

Tonight at the armory he would fight Frenchy Pepe. Frenchy Pepe came from Troy; in his last three bouts at the Plunkville armory he had stopped three Plunkville boys in a round or two apiece. So the citizens of Plunkville had drafted Joe Riley. They didn't know much about him; he admitted that he had done some fighting. But it was the big cabbage ears that made them sure Joe Riley was the man to surprise Frenchy Pepe.

Joe Riley was proud; he assured himself that tonight at the armory he would kick the head off this Frenchy Pepe just to show his appreciation. So this was Joe Riley's day, and he was glad. After dinner he ambled down Main Street with the crowd tagging after him. He was supposed to go back to his boardinghouse to get some sleep before the fight, but first he wanted to enjoy his day as Plunkville's first citizen.

He stopped at the Plunkville House and went in. The crowd followed him. He went in and dropped down into one of the big leather chairs in the lobby. Today he could get away with it, even in his old red sweater.

Old Puckridge, who owned the hotel, offered Joe Riley a big cigar. "Not against training rules, is it?"

"Good for the wind," said Riley. He pulled his checkered cap down over one cabbage ear and gripped the big cigar in his strong teeth. He leaned back and was glad. The citizens of Plunkville looked at him and felt confident.

Two dapper little men in derby hats, smoking cigars too, sat in one corner of the lobby. They got up and wandered over toward the crowd. They stared at Joe Riley. Joe Riley looked up and saw them; and all the gladness went out of his heart.

One of the little men nudged the other and whispered in his ear. Joe Riley pulled the checkered cap down over his face, but he knew that they had recognized him.

LATER, about six o'clock in the evening, a big car with out-of-state license plates stopped out in front of the boardinghouse where Joe Riley lived. The two little men got out and went to the door. They told the landlady that they wanted to see Joe Riley; they were old friends. The impressed landlady took them up to his room, though she told them that he was sleeping, resting till fight time.

Joe Riley wasn't sleeping. He was sitting on the bed with his shoes off and his curly red hair mussed up. His mild brown eyes were anxious; he had expected these visitors.

The two little men walked into the room, still wearing their derby hats. Each of them said, "Why, hello, Red," with pretended cordiality. And each of them put out a limp hand to shake Riley's. The fatter man, who had a slight mustache and bulging blue eyes, sat down on the bed, facing Joe Riley.

There was a spell of silence, and then Riley said: "You looking for me, Buggsy?"

"No, no," said Buggsy, and he smiled. "Me and the Shill was just coming back from a little trip to Montreal. Just happened we stopped here at the hotel for something to eat. And we seen you." He smiled again. "Pretty lucky, running into you like that, Red. Pretty lucky. How you been, anyway?"

"Fine," said Joe Riley. "I been fine."

The Shill was staring at him. The Shill's eyes were hard and black under arching black eyebrows that made him look like a comedian. He put in: "You go by the name of Riley now, hey?"

"It's my right name."

The Shill said: "You don't never come back to the big town no more, Red. People ask for you. They wonder if you are dead, or what."

RILEY looked at the floor. In the big town he was known by a different name; in the big town he had a reputation—not a good one.

He sat up straight in the bed. "Buggsy," he said deliberately, "I like it here. All the time, ever since I left the big town, I been wandering around, fighting sometimes, working sometimes, mostly on the bum. Always wandering around. I never had no place to call home." He was frowning with the effort of getting his idea across. He said again: "I like it here."

Buggsy stroked his little mustache and smirked.

"It's a lovely place," he said. "I bet the suckers here got to be seen to be appreciated."

"I bet," the Shill said disapprovingly, and tilted his derby.

"I got a job in the factory here," Joe Riley went on. "I got a girl, a nice girl; her father's a farmer. We're gonna get married." And finally, when he saw that Buggsy's expression didn't change, he reached over and touched the little man's shoulder. His mild eyes were very earnest and there was something like pleading in his voice. "I don't want nobody here to know about me, Buggsy; see? I'm a citizen here. I pay taxes. I got a job in the factory—"

Buggsy was skeptical. "A job working?"

"Sure."

"And fighting too?"

Joe Riley explained: "They wanted somebody to lick this now Frenchy Pepe; he beat all the local bums. The people here, they ast me would I fight him. I told them yes, just this once."

"Yeah," said Buggsy. He was thinking. The Shill just sat there and stared at Joe Riley. He seemed impatient. Buggsy said abruptly: "How much they pay you, there at the factory?"

"Eighteen fifty. It's enough here. You can live cheap."

"But," said Buggsy, "a man that wants to get married? To get married it takes dough." He was businesslike now. "We're gonna help you out, pal Red. We're gonna help you get that dough."

THE Shill spat on the floor; he scowled and muttered to Buggsy: "Aw, leave him be. This is penny larceny. What you wanta fool with this for?"

"A pal," said Buggsy, "in need. I think we can help pal Red get that money so's he can wed the farmer's daughter. It's like this, Red. Down at the hotel we see that you are a hero in Plunkville. We see that the suckers here figure you for a champ."

"I like it here," Joe Riley said helplessly. "I like the people here."

Buggsy shook a well manicured finger in mock playfulness. "Can't you guess, pal Red? It is this: We bet, you lose, we make. Three-way split. O. K.?"

Joe Riley got up from the bed. He was frowning, and the mildness was gone from his brown eyes.

"This ain't the big town," he said. He ran a knobby-knuckled hand up through his red hair.

"No," agreed Buggsy, and he smiled faintly; "it ain't. But you are still the old Red. This Frenchy guy will probably take you apart. But, just in case he is terrible, you ain't forgot how to hit a deck."

"No business," said Joe Riley; he tried to sound very firm. "There ain't going to be no business. I'm gonna punch the head offa this Frenchy."

Buggsy smiled a tight little smile. The Shill seemed only disgusted.

Buggsy said absently: "He wants to go straight. He wants to marry the farmer's daughter. He don't want nobody to know about his past. Just like the movies, ain't it?"

And after a moment he went on: "Like I said—people, certain people, are asking about you. They is plenty of opportunity now in the big town for a good tank man. You could bring the farmer's daughter down with you . . . for a while. She'd like the big town." His voice was soft and persuasive. "It is better than working in a factory for eighteen fifty per. Besides, if we was to talk to the farmer or somebody, maybe that babe wouldn't want to be your ever loving, after all. And probably this Frenchy will knock your head off, anyways . . ."

Joe Riley sat down on the bed. He sat there, staring at the floor, pulling at one cabbage ear.

The Shill seemed interested for the first time. "We could take these hayshakers for a grand, maybe," he suggested. "After all, we're doing you a favor, Red."

Joe Riley shrugged his shoulders. His voice was very low when he said: "O. K., O. K., O. K."

"Good," said Buggsy. "Fine and dandy." Then his brows wrinkled; he fell to thinking. "The trouble is," he mused, "we got to have ballyhoo. We got to get these farmers so they'll take their life savin's outa the moth balls and lay it on Red to smack this Frenchy down."

Joe Riley said half hopefully: "Maybe it ain't going to be worth your trouble, Buggsy. They don't bet on fights around here, you know. Maybe—"

"Ha!" said the Shill. "Show me the guy that won't bet when he's got a sure thing."

Buggsy stood up. "The trouble is," he said, "Red is too modest. He oughta tell 'em how he's really gonna punch the head off this Frenchy."

"It's too late now," the Shill said. He seemed to be losing interest again. "We shoulda got here a week ago. Something tells me this ain't gonna pan out so good."

Buggsy fondled his little mustache. "You wait," he said. "I got it now." He was smiling again. He said to Riley: "Look. You go down to the poolroom—that's where all the Plunkville sports hang out, ain't it? Well, you go down there and just hang around . . . till me and the Shill show up." He was grinning now, working it out in his head. "Then we come in and start to ride you—tell you how our boy will chill you in a round, see? We'll make out we are from Troy. We'll work it up till we got them farmers mad enough so's they'll want to bet their house and farm on their pal Red. See?"

"O. K." The Shill got up and straightened his derby. "Let's start the ball to rolling." He was impatient.

"We'll see you down there, pal Red," said Buggsy. And from the door he shook his finger with that playful gesture. "But play up, Red. Remember—play up nice."

Joe Riley sat there studying the faded red carpet. He seemed discouraged. But he looked up and nodded.

"Trust me," he said.

IT was half past seven, an hour before the armory doors would open, when Buggsy and the Shill's big car drove up before the poolroom. When they went inside they saw Joe Riley sitting on a high stool with the crowd pressed around him.

Buggsy went to the show counter and rapped a half dollar loudly on the glass. Old Pete Horton, the proprietor, broke away from the crowd to wait on him. Buggsy bought some cigars.

He said in a loud voice: "What's this I hear about this bum Riley? They claim downtown that he's took a run-out on Frenchy Pepe."

The Shill put in: "All I got to say is, he's smart. He wouldn'ta lasted out round one."

"Huh?" sputtered old Horton. "Run-out?" He jerked a thumb toward where Riley was sitting. "Our boy's right here waitin'. Don't need to worry 'bout *him*."

"Oho," said Buggsy, and he was staring at Joe Riley. "So that's him. So you're the guy Frenchy's gonna take apart? You don't look like no fighter to me."

Joe Riley licked his lips and started to say something. Somebody's shrill voice cut in: "Better be careful what you say to *him*, mister!"

"Ha!" laughed Buggsy. "What will the big sissy do? Tell his mother?" He beckoned the Shill over; he pointed at Riley. "Look what they're gonna throw in with Frenchy tonight—another one-round artist!"

Joe Riley caught Buggsy's eye; he knew it was his cue to say something. The crowd waited expectantly.

"Yeah?" he mumbled; but he couldn't say any more.

"Whattaya—bashful?" grated Buggsy. "Look," he smirked to the Shill. "The big tramp's got cold feet a'ready. Cripes—to think we come sixty miles to see this yella bum fight!"

"Yeah?" said Joe Riley again.

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"Yeah," mocked Buggsy. "Yeah. Yeah." He spat sidewise, eying the crowd. "Your one-round man is a one-word man too."

Men in the crowd were muttering, pressing forward about Buggsy and the Shill. Somebody came in the door, but nobody turned; everybody was staring at Buggsy. But Joe Riley was facing the door; he saw who came in. And his face changed. He got up from the stool; his two fists knotted and then relaxed.

HE'S gonna say 'yeah' again," sneered Buggsy. "All ready: one, two, three—*yeah!*"

Joe Riley said: "I ain't gonna say nothing now, wise guy. But when I get that yella Troy palooka in there, I'm gonna smack him right in your lap! I'm gonna kick him back to Troy so fast he won't know how he got there! I'm gonna—"

There was a sudden disturbance from the front. And a bulky figure, a big man with a red face and a very flat nose, shoved his violent way through the circle of onlookers and brought up before Joe Riley.

Somebody whispered: "*Frenchy!*"

Frenchy Pepe inflated his chest, squinted his baleful eyes, and his red face twisted in an awful scowl. He stood there glaring at Riley while the crowd gaped fearfully. And then, with a thumb applied to his nose after the fashion of pugilists, he snorted explosively, "You're gonna send *me* back! You're gonna—"

Joe Riley inhaled deeply and half raised his hands. He seemed very uncertain and even frightened. He backed away as Frenchy abandoned words for action. Frenchy grunted and swung.

Buggsy saw what was going to happen, and he put up his hand to stop Pepe. Frenchy brushed him aside with his left hand, and hurled his right in a wide arc that landed with a loud smack on the chin of Joe Riley.

Riley's head jerked sidewise with the wallop, and he staggered to the wall. Frenchy hit him again; he rammed both big fists full into Riley's jaw. Joe Riley's eyes rolled; he was suddenly slack. His hands dropped, his knees jacked, and he flopped to the floor with a thump.

Everybody stared at him as he lay there. He didn't move. Frenchy snorted again. He thrust his shoe into Riley's belly and rolled him over.

"Come on!" he taunted. "Get up and fight, tough guy! Get up, you yella tramp, you was going to do such wonders to Frenchy Pepe!"

Buggsy was goggling, stiff from the shock. But then he sprang forward, seized Riley's arm and tried to pull him up. "Get up!" he screamed. "Get up and fight, you yella bum!"

"Holler!" crowed Frenchy Pepe. "Go ahead and holler! When I hit 'em like that, they don't never get up!"

Buggsy stood up; he turned helplessly to the Shill. "Make him get up," he quavered. "Make the divin' punk get on his feet! What do you call this, anyways? What do you—"

The Shill wasn't sympathetic. He leaned against the counter with his lips twisted and he looked unpleasantly into Buggsy's dismayed face. He spread his hands in a gesture.

"There," he said. "Now go and bet on the fight! Now go and take the hayshakers for a grand, like you told me you could!"

He reached forward suddenly and grabbed Buggsy; he yanked him toward the door. "I told you! You wouldn't listen. Smart guy. Going to make easy dough!" He opened the door with one hand and yanked Buggsy with the other. "Now will you listen to me? Now will you let me get out of this hick town? Now will you forget them big ideas you're always havin'?"

The puzzled crowd in the poolroom stared after them. They saw the protesting Buggsy shoved into the car.

They saw the Shill, still talking nastily, get into the driver's seat. The big car lurched from the curb and roared toward the big town.

JOE RILEY sat up then. He pushed away those that had been trying to bring him to. He didn't seem to be out, after all. He was grinning and the look of uncertainty that had come to his face as Frenchy swung was completely gone. He was grinning, a hard and confident grin. The mild look was gone from his eyes.

He patted his jaw and moved it experimentally. He sat there on the floor, grinning up at Frenchy Pepe. There was something in that grin that erased the triumphant expression from Frenchy Pepe's face.

Joe Riley said: "Thanks, pal, for that sock in the chin. You done me a big favor then, so I won't punch your head off . . . not now."

He got to his feet then, and did a little jig step. He walked over to Frenchy Pepe and gave him a little push. Frenchy backed away; he didn't like that grin.

"And here's a tip, pal," said Joe Riley, the pride of Plunkville. "If you want to last out round one tonight, when we get in there up to the armory, don't lead with your right, like you did just now . . . because I would hate to knock out such a pal in one round. I'm gonna let you stay two!"

THE END

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More from behind the scenes in the probe of un-Americanism . . . A new, revealing series

THE *Reds* IN HOLLYWOOD

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

READING TIME 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN May, 1938, I accepted invitations from the Legion Posts of Los Angeles and San Francisco to address mass meetings sponsored by the Legion. Before I left Washington, I was advised by telephone that the Hollywood film producers were anxious to give a luncheon in my honor. As I recall it, the arrangement committee of the Legion had tentatively agreed to this luncheon, subject to my final approval. Because a refusal by me would have been interpreted as evidence of hostility to the film industry, I accepted the invitation.

The House committee's two investigators, George F. Hurley and James Steedman, boarded the train about one hundred miles from Los Angeles. They brought with them their files dealing with un-American activities in California and especially in the film industry. This gave me several hours to acquaint myself with the true situation in California. From these files I was amazed to learn the extent of subversive activities there. It was apparent to me that un-Americanism had made more progress in California and on the West Coast than in any other part of the country.

After I arrived at my hotel a representative of the film industry appeared on the scene and in rather extravagant language praised the work of the committee. He assured me that the producers were delighted to have me as their luncheon guest and wanted to extend every possible courtesy to me. In conference with the Legionnaires and others, I received additional information regarding the activities of subversive groups in California, and I got a rather clear picture of the Hollywood situation.

On the following day I went to the luncheon, which was attended by most of the large producers and some of the more prominent actors. I noticed that the left-wing actors and screen writers were conspicuously absent from the luncheon. However, prior to the luncheon, I was escorted to a conference room, where five or six of the large producers, such as Schenck and Samuel Goldwyn, were present. We had a round-table discussion which lasted about an hour. The producers were almost unanimous in the belief that the Communists did not constitute any menace to the country and that the real threat came from the Fascists and Nazis. I told them that it was this attitude on the part of some of our people and organizations which was partly responsible for the growth of Communism and Fascism in America; that many liberals and anti-Fascists looked upon Russia as a democratic country and the Communist Party as a bulwark against the spread of Fascism; that, as a matter of fact, each of these Marxian cults, Communism and Fascism, affords a pretext for the growth and the activities of the other.

I also made it plain to these producers that I was as much opposed to Nazism and Fascism as I was to Communism but that I had reliable information that a number of film actors and screen writers and a few producers either were members of the Communist Party or followed the Communist line or were used as dupes. I also told them that my investigators informed me they had witnesses who would testify that the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League was under the control of Communists, and that such evidence convinced me that Hollywood was becoming the powerhouse of Communistic activities and propaganda.

They told me that it was undoubtedly true that some of the actors and screen writers leaned very much to the left, but that there was nothing that they could do about the matter because they were under contract with these actors and writers. They assured me that they wanted to do anything they could to aid the work of our committee, and they referred to the fact that they had produced films designed to expose Nazi activities.

I tried to impress upon them the fact that they should not confine their films to exposure of Nazi and Fascist activities but should include Communist activities, and I suggested the production of a film which would truthfully portray the aims, purposes, and methods of both Communists and Fascists in the United States. They agreed to give the matter consideration and said that they would welcome any suggestions that I could make regarding the kind of patriotic pictures they should produce.

One producer said he was disappointed that the committee appeared to be anti-Roosevelt. He said that he had a very deep affection for the President, who he thought was one of the greatest men this country had ever produced. I told him that the committee was not anti-Roosevelt and that this impression was the result of Communist propaganda; that while the President was opposed to the investigation, I attributed it to a mistaken belief on his part that the committee was undertaking to discredit him and the New Deal.

" We heard our daughter was thinking of eloping."

I left this conference with a strong impression that Hollywood had been completely duped by the Communists. The reason for this was apparent to me. The Hollywood film producers are naturally and properly opposed to Nazi activities and fearful of the growth of any anti-Semitic feeling throughout the country. Being sensitive on this point, they naturally sympathize with any group or organization which professes strong opposition to Nazi or Fascist ideologies. Most of the producers are Jews who have made a remarkable success in building the film industry from an insignificant beginning to one of the greatest industries in the world. In fact, their accomplishments are almost miraculous when we consider that the American film industry surpasses that of any other country. They are therefore anxious to do everything within their power to prevent the spread of Nazism and Fascism in America.

In my judgment, every professional liberal, racketeer, and Communist group has sought, often successfully, to take advantage of this situation. I learned that the Hollywood producers have been financing an elaborate detective agency whose professed purpose is to keep the producers informed regarding Nazi activities in the United States and particularly in California. I learned that these producers were spending thousands of dollars annually for this purpose and that many informers were being supported by them. In fact, one of the sources of revenue which un-American organizations in Hollywood have had has come from the numerous Hollywood informers who joined these organizations as dues-paying members to keep the producers properly informed.

I do not mean by this to minimize the extent of Nazi and Fascist activities in California. While the great majority of the people in California are loyal and patriotic Americans, it is true that California is a fruitful field for every crackpot scheme and every un-American activity. It is also true that the Communists and the racketeers have taken advantage of the strong anti-Nazi sentiment in Hollywood to get thousands of dollars out of film producers, actors, and screen writers.

A good illustration of this is the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. Witnesses are prepared to testify that the Communist Party was active in the formation of this league and exercised an influence that was out of all proportion to its numerical strength. The great majority of the members of the league are not Communists, but many of the active workers are Communists or fellow travelers. From May 14, 1936, to August 16, 1939, this league deposited a total of $89,892.51 in its account with the Bank of America, Hollywood Main Branch. While this league has been very active in opposing Nazism, it has followed a friendly policy with reference to the Soviet Union. I shall later discuss more in detail the success with which the Communists and certain Communist-controlled organizations have had in securing financial aid from Hollywood, in disseminating Communist propaganda through the medium of films, and in recruiting members from employees of the film industry.

I saw the report prepared by the detective agency which was maintained by the producers. It dealt entirely with activities of certain Nazi and anti-Semitic groups and organizations. It purported to set forth conversations and occurrences as reported by informers within these organizations. When we undertook to get these informers to testify, we were told that most of them could not do so, because if they testified their usefulness as informers would cease.

On the day following the first luncheon given me by the Hollywood producers I was asked to attend another luncheon at the Warner Brothers studio. Some of the Legionnaires went with me, and Harry M. Warner and Jack Warner, as well as some of their assistants, were present. The Warner brothers appeared to be very anxious to co-operate through their films in exposing and combating un-American activities. Mr. Jack Warner expressed himself as being strongly opposed to Communism and to the left-wing actors and screen writers who tried to use their profession to spread their views. At this luncheon I again made it clear that in my judgment it was futile to oppose Nazism without simultaneously opposing Communism. I told the Warners that in my opinion the producers had a wonderful opportunity to produce an outstanding film depicting the methods and aims of Communist and Fascist groups in the United States. They appeared to be interested and asked me to confer with their representative regarding the details of my suggestion.

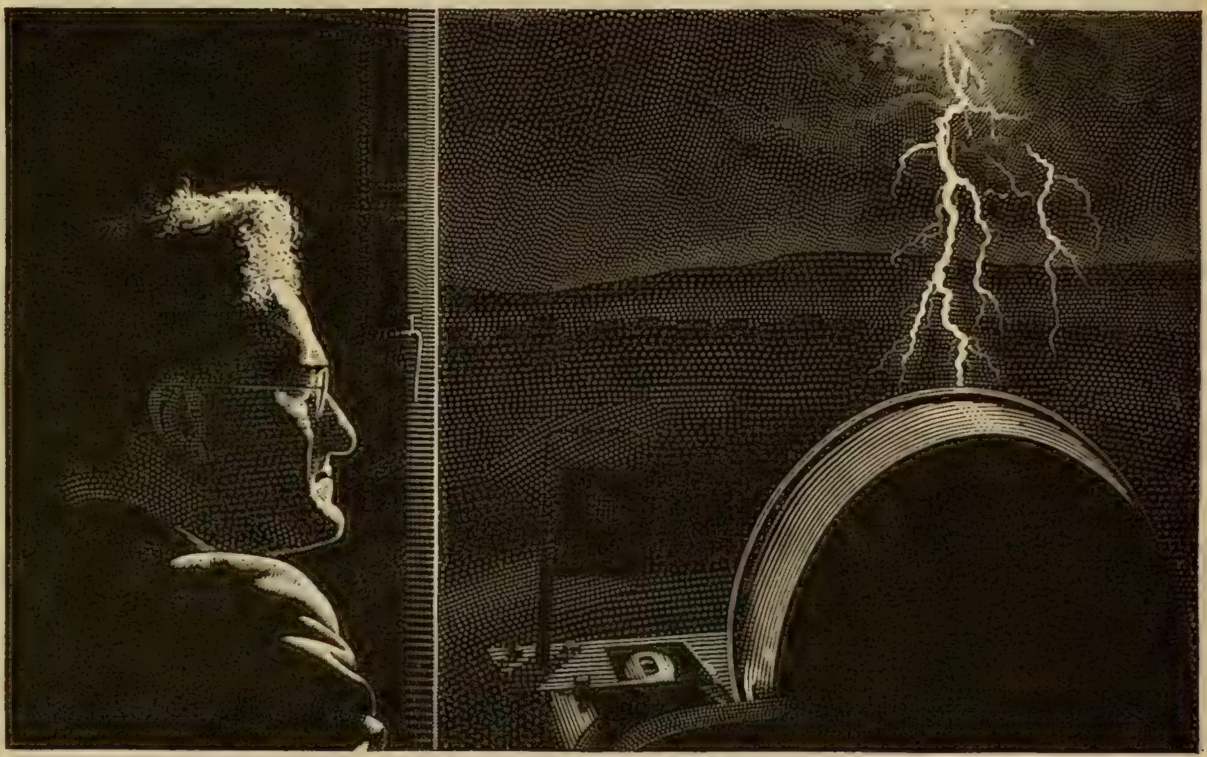
AFTER the luncheon they wanted me to witness a showing of the film entitled Confessions of a Nazi Spy. I did so. Mr. Harry Warner had seen the film several times, as he told me. However, he was the most interested spectator that I have ever seen. I was more interested in watching him than the show because his attitude demonstrated to me how deeply the Hollywood producers felt about the Nazi threat. It also explained to me how easy it was for the Communists and fellow travelers to use Hollywood to promote their program in America.

Mr. Warner was very anxious to find out whether or not I would endorse the film. This I declined to do upon the ground that my official position as chairman of the committee would make any such endorsement inappropriate. He asked me what I thought of the film. I wanted to say I thought it was a flop, but because I was a guest at the studio I merely said I thought it was interesting.

Either before or after this luncheon I had a lengthy conversation with the representative of some of the producers. I do not remember his name and did not clearly understand which producers he represented. He was a typical Hollywood press agent with a "line." He told me that Hollywood would do anything I said. He said that they could make me Vice-President of the United States. He said that I did not realize the propaganda value of films; that the producers could help or hurt public officials by favorable publicity through newsreels or by ignoring them entirely. He said that the fear of Nazism and anti-Semitism was so great in Hollywood that if I would go after all of these groups, I would endear myself to Hollywood forever and could ask for anything I wanted. I told him that I did not want anything from Hollywood or any one else; that I was not a candidate for the Vice-Presidency; that I was only concerned with the fearless discharge of my duty as chairman of the committee. I told him that I was not going to spare any effort to expose Nazi or Fascist activities and propaganda in the United States, but that I was not going to soft-pedal Communism.

He told me that the Hollywood producers would spend a million dollars to produce the kind of picture I wanted. I told him that no greater service could be performed by the Hollywood producers than the production and exhibition throughout the country of a picture which would expose Communism as well as Fascism and show no partiality. He replied that the producers would be willing to expose all un-American activities and that when I was ready to discuss in detail the kind of picture that I thought should be produced, he would appreciate it if I would telephone the Warner Brothers, and they would send a prominent screen writer to Orange to discuss the plot of the picture. I agreed to do this.

Several months later, when I re-



He Set a Trap for Lightning

STALKING thunderstorms is nothing unusual for Karl McEachron. He's done it for years—photographing lightning bolts, traveling miles to study struck trees and buildings, enticing lightning to strike his equipment so that it will write a record of its voltage and power. He even has in his laboratory a machine to imitate it—a 10-million-volt lightning generator like the one seen in action last year by two and a half million visitors to the General Electric building at the New York World's Fair.

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turned to my district, I notified Hollywood that I was ready to discuss the details of the proposed plan. A few days thereafter a screen writer and former actor, Mr. Crane Wilbur, met me in Beaumont, Texas, where we spent hours discussing the kind of picture that should be produced. I offered to supply him with accurate facts regarding all un-American activities and to do anything possible to aid in the success of this undertaking. He told me frankly that some of the actors and screen writers were either Communists or very much to the left and that he did not approve of it.

Mr. Crane Wilbur is sincerely patriotic and thoroughly American. He has directed for Warner Brothers the production of a number of patriotic films that have been shown throughout the country and furnished without charge to patriotic organizations. It should be said to the credit of Warner Brothers that they have spent a great deal of money in the production of these patriotic pictures, and that they have not received the co-operation that they had a right to expect. I am informed that some of the theaters would not exhibit these patriotic films because of a lack of interest on the part of their patrons and that in no instance have these films proved profitable. However, Warner Brothers, like other producers, have ignored or soft-pedaled Communism and portrayed Nazism as the great menace.

In this connection I should record the fact that at the first luncheon I sat next to a very famous director who was thoroughly American. He told me that he was heartily in accord with the investigation and with my views. He said that it was certainly true that Communists had infiltrated the film industry to a dangerous extent and that Hollywood should clean its house.

FROM what I saw and learned while in Los Angeles and from a mass of verbal and documentary evidence, I reached the conclusion that at least forty-two or forty-three prominent members of the Hollywood film colony either were full-fledged members of the Communist Party or active sympathizers and fellow travelers, and that Hollywood contributed large sums of money to the Communist Party. I was also convinced that Communist influence was responsible for the subtle but very effective propaganda which appeared in such films as Juarez, Blockade, and Fury. It was also clear to me that the producers were completely deceived by Communist claims that Russia was a liberal and democratic country and served as a bulwark against the spread of Fascism and anti-Semitism. I also concluded that no co-operation could be expected from the management in exposing the Communist Party in Hollywood because large sums of money are tied up in publicity build-up of some of these writers and actors who are Communist Party members.

I knew from reliable sources the names of some of the actors and screen writers who belonged to the Communist Party or followed the Communist line or contributed to Communist organizations. This information has lately been corroborated by the sworn statements of former officials of the Communist Party of Los Angeles who sat in Party meetings with these actors and screen writers and who collected dues and contributions from them.

While I had no doubt about this in my own mind, I realized the difficulty of proving it to the satisfaction of the country. In the first place, there is a natural barrier flung around Hollywood against any outsider, especially an investigator who is undertaking to expose Communist activities. In the second place, the Communist Party has taken and will take every precaution to protect its well-paying members and sympathizers in Hollywood. Finally, Hollywood has the most efficient organization of high-powered press agents in the world. I knew that the moment we began to probe this sore spot the propaganda and publicity machine would start to grind.

NOT only has Hollywood perfected the art of publicity, but through the medium of the films it wields the most potent weapon in the world. To make a failure of the exposure would strengthen the Communist cause. To make a success of it would require the most painstaking and expensive investigation. We only had two men on the coast during the last eight months. While these two investigators, George F. Hurley and James Steedman, are the most intelligent, serious, and courageous investigators I have ever seen, and while they did a magnificent job, I knew they needed more time and more help to contend successfully with Hollywood. It was evident that we had more witnesses from other sections of the country than we could hear during the remainder of our allotted time, and that it would take two or three months properly to expose subversive activities in California and the West Coast.

If the committee is continued it will have to concentrate its efforts on the West Coast. We will have to hear numerous witnesses and afford all accused individuals and organizations an opportunity to be heard. If the committee is determined to expose fearlessly and fully the truth about Communism in the Hollywood colony the country will, in my judgment, learn that the facts which I shall state in this series present a correct picture of the Hollywood situation.

How did Communist organizers bring about so grave a situation in Hollywood? What famous criminal case did they use to enroll actors and writers with "big names"—and incomes? How much money did their efforts quickly yield their Party? How was Browder welcomed in Hollywood, and what did he accomplish? Read Representative Dies' definite statements, based upon evidence as yet undivulged, in Liberty next week!

WHY HOCKEY FANS GO *Crazy*

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Bonuses for bruises, fuel for feuds . . An insider tells what's behind them

BY PAUL THOMPSON

Manager of the Chicago Black Hawks

A GOOD hockey feud is both fierce and funny. On this particular occasion the Chicago Black Hawks were determined to even a serious score with the Toronto Maple Leafs. It was the Play-off Series of 1938 and six Chicago players had been put in a hospital. The battle had moved to the Midwest, and the Chicago fans were at a red-hot peak over the impending series at the Stadium.

At seven o'clock I was walking through the front entrance, thinking of the licking Toronto had given us back in Canada. That game had finished in a free-for-all.

Thousands of people were now waiting in line. One customer grabbed me by the arm and pulled me over to one side.

"Thompson," he said, "I just want to give you a friendly tip. You haven't a thing to worry about tonight. I'm all set for the opposition."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a large monkey wrench and began swinging it around. "I practiced up all week with this," he went on, "and I've got an aim now that I figure could put the Toronto goalie and two wing men out of the game at one time."

A dozen such articles were taken by the police that night before Chicago finally won the world title. It was the most riotous night hockey has ever seen.

The hockey spectator had reached a peak then. Only ten years ago the same person was comparatively calm and frail. He swung no mallets. He held no grievances. But today he is the most furious spectator in all sport.

Hockey's quick rise from a caveman's game to a rich well organized business is a direct result of such support. The National League drew more than 2,000,000 fans last year.

Hockey is faster than ever today. There is more deception. Many of the old rawhide plays are gone and the boys are more polite. But in the stands there is more chaos than at any other time in hockey's young life, and the players feel that this is the lifeblood of the current game.

Take the game several years ago which the New York Rangers played with the New York Americans in Madison Square Garden. I was playing wing for the Rangers then, and had noticed a great deal of gambling going on beforehand. Bets were placed freely on the Americans. Something was wrong in this set-up. But Lester Patrick, wise Ranger manager, straightened us out just before we were called to the ice.

"There's a rumor that we're supposed to lose this one," he said. "We're supposed to be throwing it. Don't know how it spread. But there are fifteen thousand people here. They will know what to think if we lose."

The situation, from our side, looked bad. The game was played with fire right up to the late minutes, when the Americans ranged ahead by a single goal.

There were two minutes left when the Rangers, fighting to vindicate themselves on a badly placed rumor, tied the score. At this time an American forward got peeved at a play and suddenly heaved his stick across the ice so that four men had to do a hula dance to dodge it. Referee Odie Cleghorn rushed to the scene and waved an arm, awarding us another goal, and consequently giving the Rangers the game.

But Cleghorn had not known what he was getting himself into. The crowd became poisonous at the freak happening, and many of the disappointed ones made a rush for the official. Before the tumultuous throng could reach Cleghorn, Johnny Broderick, the famous Bronx detective, and a squad of the toughest New York bluecoats intervened. The referee was led away amid flying fists.

During the riot Broderick had kept a big paw in front of the referee's face for protective measures, and five large tomatoes, one after another, splattered off his hand. Broderick had never mingled with a hockey crowd before. His experiences had limited him to East Side racketeers, who, he later admitted, were by comparison a group of children.

Hockey belongs partly to the player, partly to the spectator. Which of the two has had more say-so in crucial matters is difficult to determine. But one very co-operatively works with the other, and in most cases the fan finishes up what the player doesn't.

Where can you find a more organized bargain?

Lester Patrick, the gray-haired pioneer, gave the game the greatest part of these fans. Hockey had been weak before he stepped in. Patrick liked, above all, speedy skaters and hard stick handlers. Today good wing men can skate thirty-five miles an hour, while top-notch stick handlers can swat a puck harder and make it go faster than Walter Johnson's proudest pitch. This should give you something of an idea.

Patrick had been among the first

to offer regular bonus clauses along with a contract. Hockey players were once getting $3,500 a year. Eventually the pay crept higher, and today the top ones are making $10,000 a year. There always were, of course, bonus rewards of one kind or another. Many players would be given medium hikes in pay, and then would be told to bring home so many bales of hay for so much added salt.

The bonus fever usually strikes all at once. There was the time the Black Hawks, in the play-offs two years ago, were facing the Montreal Canadiens. Whether the knowledge that I was within breathing distance of a good hike in pay had much effect, I am not certain. But in the eleventh minute of a thrilling overtime session, I found myself riding harder than ever toward the goal.

Louie Trudell was beside me, toting the puck. After taking a pass, I made the goal very easily, giving Chicago a 3-to-2 victory and sending us into the Stanley Cup round with Toronto, from which we emerged victorious.

On this one occasion, the spectators played little part in inspiring the timely score.

Making that one goal meant, you see, a $1,000 bonus. Few in the house knew how much a personal victory that was.

This, it so happened, was a turning point in my career. A year later Major McLaughlin shocked me when he said:

"Thompson, I'm making you an old man all of a sudden. I'm putting you on the bench to manage this club."

And thus was completed, quite abruptly, a twelve-year playing career, begun back in western Canada, when the Rangers plucked a nineteen-year-old forward from the Calgary junior team in that suburb. I was a nervy kid, not as large as others, but willing to mix with any one. And after mixing, I was indeed a funny sight.

BUT I got off pretty easy. At least, much easier than others. There was a fellow named Ching Johnson playing with me then who used up so many hospital cots that it was said he alone pulled the medical profession out of the depression in 1930.

Johnson was the toughest player who ever lived. He poured power into every play, and retired with his entire body in stitches. He collected at least two hundred of them. There was, for example, a twice-broken nose, a broken ankle, a broken shoulder, a broken wrist, countless gashes across his scalp, and twice a broken collarbone, forcing him to play in a harness.

Ching was playing one evening with his jaw busted in four places. It was hanging over on one side, so that Ching could barely open his mouth. Ching then used a sign signal to pass on instructions, and then he became the toughest sign-signaler in hockey.

Several years ago hockey players were faced with the job of convincing both fans and sports writers that the scrambles they got into were bona-fide stuff. Time and again we were accused of being pure exhibitionists.

This lack of appreciation forced a Chicago manager one evening to order his center, after he was bashed in the eye, to walk up to the press coop and display his shiner to the newspapermen and any of the doubtful customers. One by one they examined it, and finally concluded it was on the level.

The tumults raised over the circuit have put calm and cool men like Johnny Gottselig of the Black Hawks in the same dither as the rest. Gottselig, for one, likes hockey for its business aspect.

WHY hold grudges?" he tells you. "The other fellow earns a living the same as you." Several years ago Johnny was in his first real fuss with Art Sommers of the Rangers. It so happened that Sommers had tripped the wing man, and Johnny did not like this business. Before one knew what had happened, the two were clawing at each other, and another rumpus was under way. When the game ended Johnny rushed over to Sommers and grabbed his hand.

"No hard feelings, old fellow," he laughed. "It's all in a night's work. And say, why not have dinner over at the house tomorrow?" The two dined together, and the following week, in another New York-Chicago game they began the evening by taking a swing apiece at each other's head.

We call this ice hockey! We know it as the toughest game on earth. The game which, once on the brink of failure, now draws 18,000 spectators a night.

When I first broke in, Montreal was the hotbed of hockey. This city had both the players and the fans. Such stars as Clint Benedict, Reg Noble, Sprague Cleghorn, "Punch" Broadbent, and Bill Phillips all broke in around that time in Montreal. But when hockey first expanded, towns like Montreal and Ottawa discovered they could not pay as much as New York and Boston could for big-league hockey teams.

The center of interest then moved to the Atlantic seaboard.

The New York fans came at first through pure curiosity. By 1931 their curiosity soared and they knew what they wanted to see in hockey.

Hockey players, to satisfy the fans, have had to make themselves the most brutal people in sport. But often they find themselves belittled by their own supporters.

When three customers rushed onto the ice early this year in Montreal and began throwing fists at Referee Bill Stewart, one of the Montreal defense men skated over to the stands and took a front-row seat.

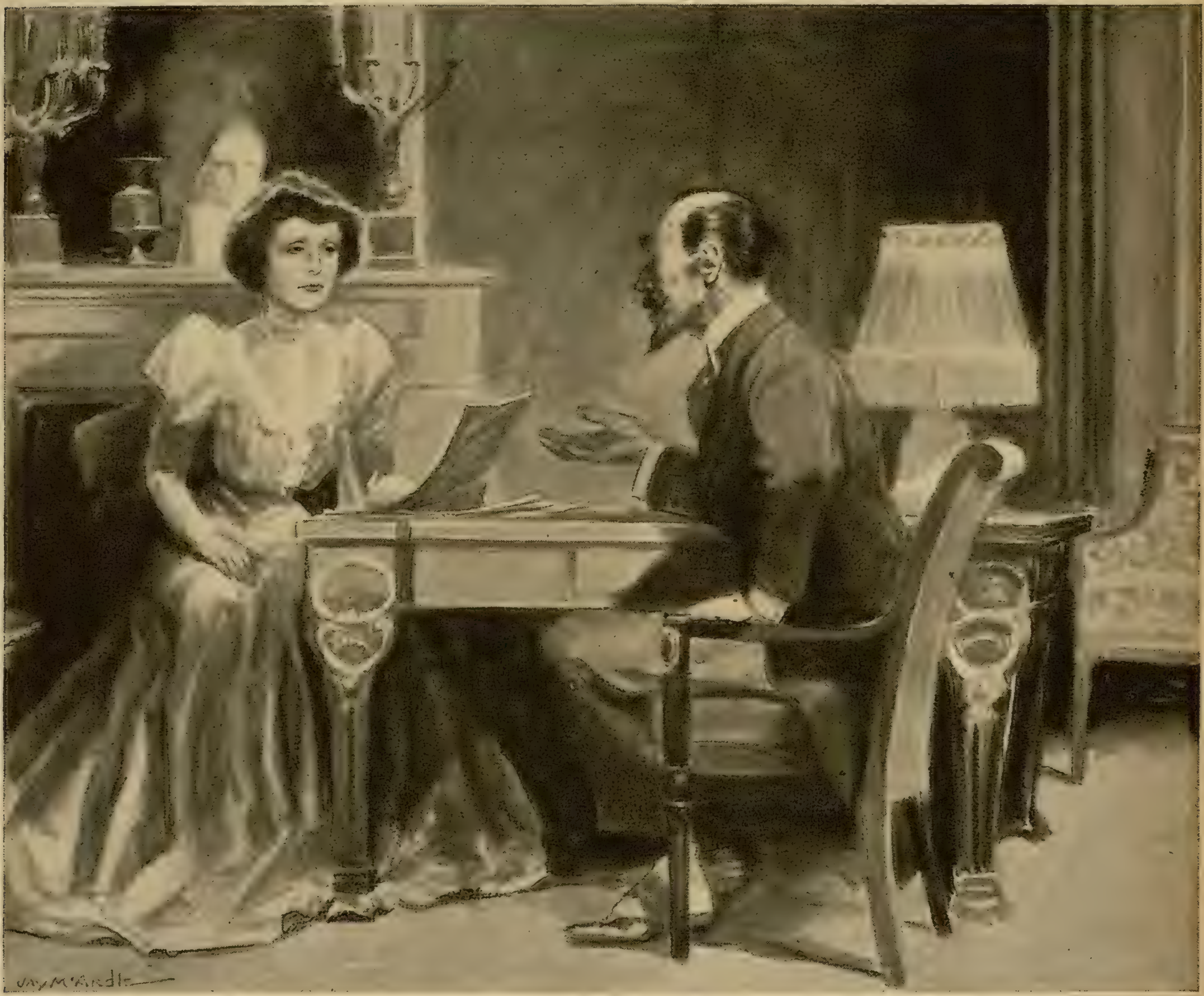
When play was to be resumed, Manager Pit LePine called to his player to get back to his position.

The player laughed. "The way things have been goin' in this league, *we're* the ones who belong in the stands!"

THE END

THE *Jews* AND THE *Freemasons*

EXPLODING THE MYTH OF A WORLD CONSPIRACY



"He told me his job was to prove to the Czar that the Jews had formed a plot to conquer the world."

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

IF a man walked into your house tomorrow morning and said, "Here's a little something that was gotten up by King Solomon in 929 B. C.," you would scarcely be human if you did not ask:

"Where did you get it?"

Apparently the contemporaries of Sergius Nilus, self-styled "discoverer" of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, were equally curious, for Nilus was at some pains to satisfy that curiosity with an explanation—in fact, with several explanations, all of them different.

In his preface to the 1905 edition Nilus announced that he had received the manuscript of the Protocols from a personal friend, unfortunately deceased, whose name he did not give. This friend, he said, had got them from a woman (also unnamed) who had stolen them from a prominent Freemason at a meeting in Paris of the Grand Lodge of the Orient. In the preface to his 1911 edition Nilus stated that his deceased friend had "received the manuscript from a lady who always lived abroad. He told me her name but I forgot it."

As new editions were printed, Nilus kept changing the story as to how he obtained the Protocols. Al-

Liberty presents the bizarre history of a classic fake—the Protocols of Zion

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and FREDERICK L. COLLINS

The Pinkertons and The World's Greatest Bank Robbery

Robert A. Pinkerton, member of the famous detective family of Civil War days.

Seventy years ago the name Pinkerton was a word to conjure with.

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The next morning the Northampton police had the world's greatest bank robbery on their hands—$1,250,000 taken and almost no clues in sight.

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True Detective
MYSTERIES

together he told four different versions, and he was about to tell a fifth in his last edition when the entire issue was confiscated by the Kerensky government in 1917.

Equally vague and variable was the Christopher Columbus of the Protocols as to just what those documents were, and when and by whom they were originally promulgated.

In his earlier editions he professed that he was revealing the secrets of the Jewish Sanhedrin. The translator's note in the 1907 edition reads:

"The expounded Protocols are signed by the representatives of Zion (do not confound them with the representatives of the Zionist movement). . . . The aforesaid political plan was conceived 929 years before the birth of Christ. It was invented by Solomon and the Judea sages . . . [who] decided to conquer the world peacefully for Zion with the cunning of the Symbolic Snake. . . ."

Nilus even traces the various steps in the "encirclement" of the "Symbolic Snake"—the periods of Solomon, Pericles, Alexander II, down to Czar Nicholas in Russia, with the final stage in Jerusalem. He ascribes to the Jews the most revolting of opinions and backs his assertions with "citations" from the Talmud, such as books Sauh 58 and Jihal 67—books which never existed, the names of which are non-Hebrew, deliberately set down to make this counterfeit look genuine.

But later Nilus discovered that the Jewish Sanhedrin had been extinct for much over a thousand years. So in his later editions he sought to identify the forged Protocols with Theodor Herzl and his fellow Zionists who met at the First Zionist Congress at Basel in 1897—the very people with whom he had said in his 1907 edition that the Elders of the Protocols must not be confused.

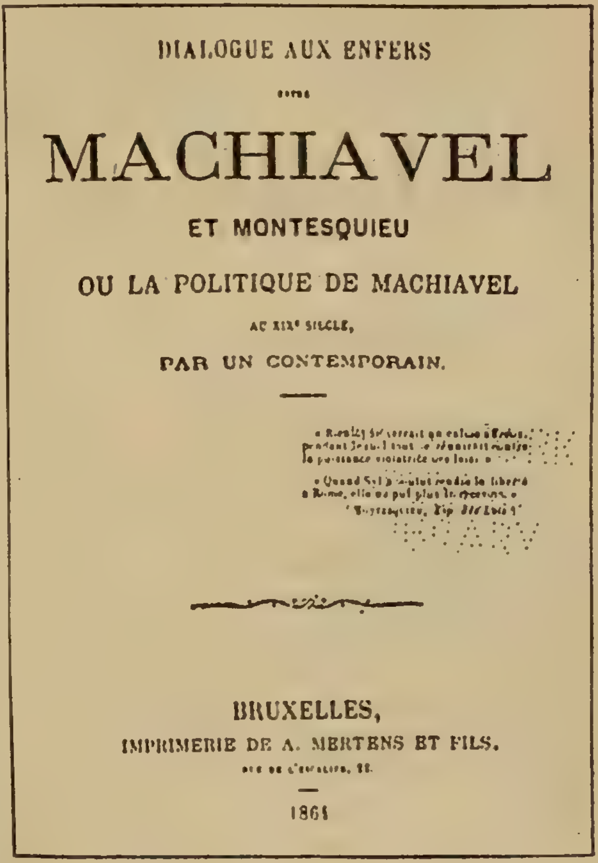
FROM 929 B. C. to 1897 A. D. is something of a jump—almost three thousand years, in fact—but Nilus took it in stride. Moreover, he was not disturbed when internal evidence in the Protocols themselves, supported by irrefutable testimony of those who had attended the 1897 Congress, showed beyond doubt that his second explanation was quite as untenable as his first; and neither were his adherents, who went right on spreading the discredited propaganda.

And with astounding success. The idea that the statesmen of the governments of the world were manipulated on strings, like puppets, by a secret conclave of Jews working in harmony with the Freemasons, seized violent hold on the imaginations of men, and acted as a sort of marijuana concoction which poisoned their minds and goaded them to violence.

The defeat of Kerensky and the triumph of the Bolsheviks obviously were seized upon by these anti-Semitic propagandists as proofs that the Protocols were genuine as to both plan and prophecy—for wasn't the Bolshevik uprising, according to these same propagandists, a strictly "Jewish revolution"?

The spread of the poison outside the boundaries was rapid. Foreign soldiers who had served with the White army became carriers of the Protocols into western Europe, especially into Germany, where they caused untold misery and harm.

It is not surprising that the Protocols received such a favorable reception in Germany. The explanation that the defeat of the German armies in 1918 was the result of a world-wide Jewish scheme was a soothing unguent to the wounded vanity of the German people. The Protocols not only salvaged the self-respect of the German masses by making the Jew a convenient scapegoat, but they gave them a key to all their woes.



DIALOGUE AUX ENFERS

MACHIAVEL

ET MONTESQUIEU

OU LA POLITIQUE DE MACHIAVEL

AU XIXe SIÈCLE,

PAR UN CONTEMPORAIN.

BRUXELLES,
IMPRIMERIE DE A. MERTENS ET FILS.

1864

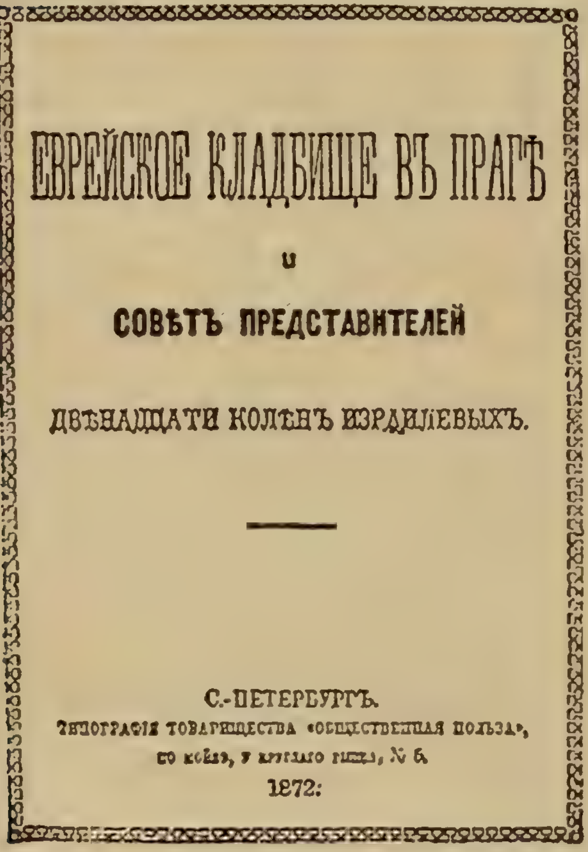
Title page of Dialogues in Hell, by Joly, published in 1864, from which the Protocols of Zion were "lifted."

That these obvious forgeries should have been given serious consideration in Allied countries is less understandable, unless we recall that growing dissatisfaction with the results of the Peace Conference had already found expression in the preposterous charge that the Peace Treaty had been drawn not by Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George but by influential Jewish advisers of the Allied chieftains. And then, as if in proof of these fantastic theories, the Protocols came along with their prattle about a Jewish world government.

In London even the staid Times—the famous Old Thunderer—demanded a public investigation of the Protocols.

"Are they authentic?" shouted the alarmed editor in May, 1920. "What malevolent society made these schemes and is now triumphing over their realization? Are they forged? From where does the weird gift of prophecy spring that partly has come true and is partly to be realized? Have we fought these years in order to dissolve and destroy the nefarious organization of the German World Empire only to discover behind it a much more dangerous conspiracy because of its secrecy? Have we escaped a German peace by straining all our national resources, only to submit to a Jewish peace?"

The editor did not have long to wait for his answer. His own correspondent in Constantinople, Philip Graves, was sitting in his office one hot afternoon that same summer when a Russian officer, who had been in the service of the late Czar's secret police and, after the collapse of the Wrangel army, had fled to Constantinople, handed him a tattered French book. The volume had no cover and no publication date; but Graves, something of a student of French literature, judged from its typography that it was of the vintage of the Second Empire. But the words that Philip Graves read from those pages, printed presumably in France in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, were the same words that Sergius Nilus had printed in Russia in the first quarter of the twentieth century.



ЕВРЕЙСКОЕ КЛАДБИЩЕ ВЪ ПРАГѢ

и

СОВѢТЪ ПРЕДСТАВИТЕЛЕЙ

ДВѢНАДЦАТИ КОЛѢНЪ ИЗРАИЛЕВЫХЪ.

С.-ПЕТЕРБУРГЪ.
Типографія Товарищества «Общественная Польза»,
1872.

Title page of Goedische's To Sedan, the novel which featured an avowedly fictional paraphrase of the Protocols.

In short, here was the book from which Sergius Nilus had "lifted" the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion!

But they were not Protocols in the earlier volume. They were—as was promptly discovered when a search of the British Museum produced another copy of this book—Dialogues in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu, or The Policy of Machiavelli in the Nineteenth Century. By a Contemporary. And the text was not a "plan" for world dominion by the Jews, or by any one else, but merely a veiled attack on Napoleon III, who, under the pretext of a broader democracy, stifled the freedom of the press and introduced false propaganda and corruption as instruments of state policy.

The first edition was published anonymously in Brussels in 1864. In a second edition the author disclosed himself as Maurice Joly, a Parisian lawyer.

Joly, like Nilus, was a briefless *avocat*, made so, he believed, by Napoleon III's despotic rule, against which the Dialogues in Hell are a political diatribe. He did not dare attack openly the dictator who rigged elections, packed parliaments, censored the press, and gloried in intrigue. He adopted the dialogue form—a series of imaginary discussions between Montesquieu, famous author of The Spirit of the Laws, and Machiavelli, even more famous Italian historian and statesman, who was introduced to prove that a ruthless dictator might find the *forms* of democracy a useful guise for his tyranny.

"For," says Machiavelli with characteristic insight, "the people will readily acquiesce in any decision which they think to have been their own. It remains only for the Prince, then, to refer each question to a popular assembly, having taken care to arrange beforehand what its decision shall be."

THE complete account of Joly's Dialogues and their frequently verbatim identity with Nilus' Protocols is too long and too textbooky a story to tell here. It was all set forth in a scholarly series of articles by Philip Graves in the London Times of August 16, 17, and 18, 1921.

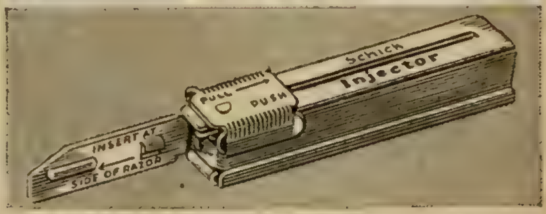
One striking detail, however, should not be omitted: although Maurice Joly had been careful to publish his political screed outside of France, he paid for the affront to his emperor by serving fifteen months in a French prison.

The more fortunate Nilus, in devising his Protocols, simply took over bodily Joly's Dialogues and made such changes and additions as suited his purposes, which, as we know, were to assist the bloody Black Hundreds in spreading their pogroms and to justify the existence of an absolutist regime in Russia.

The first object he accomplished by substituting in the Protocols the Learned Elders of Zion for Machiavelli and omitting Montesquieu; the second, by making it appear that there was not tyranny more subtle than a democracy.

The additions made by Nilus were obviously aimed to bolster the Grand Duchess' party in the Russia of 1905 by making every concession to democracy appear ridiculous and the battle for dictatorship a sacred duty. The Czar was evidently being warned against liberals like Prime Minister Witte, who was represented as a tool of the "international Jews."

PICTURE STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST UNUSUAL RAZOR BLADE!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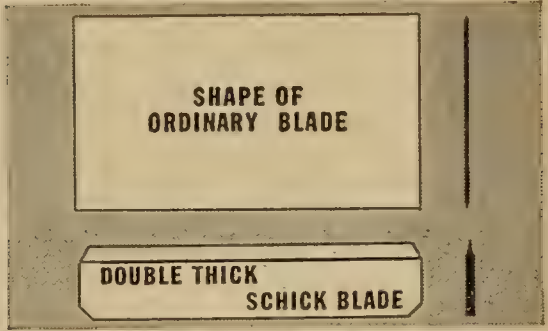
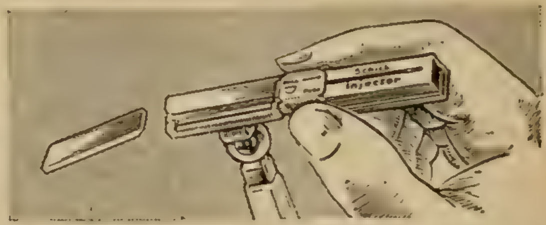
PUSH
Schick Injector
INSERT AT THIS SIDE OF RAZOR

FIRST OF ALL, Schick Injector Blades come to you sealed in this metal Injector Cartridge. Each blade is bathed in a film of oil and each keen blade edge is actually suspended in space—untouched by any wrapping or handling. Your face is entitled to the best, uniform quality blade you can buy.



NEXT Schick Injector Blades are just as long but *twice as thick* as most other blades—3 times thicker than tissue-thin ones. Extra thickness enables us to give them a real sharpening, a thorough honing and stropping for *extra* keenness and shaving life. Narrow blade width lets razor reach those hard-to-shave spots.



MOREOVER, these are the only blades in the world that are changed *automatically.* A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade and slips in a fresh one—*instantly.* You never have to unwrap, unscrew or reassemble anything to change blades with the Schick Injector Razor!

Schick Injector
20 BLADES
Schick Injector
12 BLADES

FINALLY, when you buy Schick Injector Blades you get a *whole cartridge* of blades—20 or 12 at a time. There's no running out of blades every few days when you shave with this razor!

Injector RAZOR
12

THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00

America's big shaving value, made possible by sales of more than 5,000,000 Schick Injector Razors! Trim, sturdy pigskin-grain case containing Schick Injector Razor and Cartridge of 12 Double-Thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped into bottom of every "Popularity" Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.

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One addition which Nilus, ever a romanticist, wished to make never got into print. According to Sergius Swatikov, a former Russian official, Nilus "was much struck with the opulent, auburn-haired beauty of Actress Sarah Bernhardt" and "wished to mention the portrayer of L'Aiglon and Camille in the Protocols. . . . But the Russian imperial censors deleted the reference." Bernhardt, her frustrated admirer sadistically believed, was being used by Jews" to charm Christians."

In the twenty-four Protocols that did get into print there are one hundred and seventy-six instances of unconcealed, almost verbatim plagiarisms, of which the following will serve as examples:

MAURICE JOLY'S DIALOGUES IN HELL (From the Brussels Edition, 1864)	NILUS' PROTOCOLS OF THE LEARNED ELDERS OF ZION (From the English translation)
"The evil instinct in man is more powerful than the good; man leans more toward the evil than the good; fear and power have more control over him than reason. . . . All men seek power, and there is none who would not be an oppressor if he could; all, or nearly all, are ready to sacrifice the rights of others to their own interests. . . . Political liberty is only a relative idea." (p. 8)	"Men with bad instincts are more in number than the good, and therefore the best results in governing them are attained by violence and terror, and not by academic discussions. Every man aims at power, every one would like to become a dictator, if only he could, and rare indeed are the men who would not be willing to sacrifice the welfare of all for the sake of securing their own welfare. . . . Political freedom is an idea, but not a fact." (p. 1)
"Montesquieu: 'You know only two words: Power and cunning. If you make power the principle and craft the basis of government . . .'" (p. 15)	"Our watchword is power and treachery; power is the basis, but cunning and astuteness work as instruments of power." (p. 3)
"The political has nothing in common with the moral." (p. 19)	"Has politics anything to do with morals?" (p. 19)
"You do not know the unfathomable cowardice of humanity . . . servile in the face of force, pitiless in the face of weakness, implacable before blunders, indulgent before crimes." (p. 45)	"It is the bottomless rascality of the *Goyim* peoples, who crawl on their bellies to force but are merciless toward weakness, unsparing to faults and indulgent to crimes." (p. 22)
"I would institute . . . huge financial monopolies, reservoirs of the public wealth, on which depends so closely the fate of all the private fortunes that they would be swallowed up with the credit of the state the day after any political catastrophe." (p. 75)	"We shall soon begin to establish huge monopolies, reservoirs of colossal riches upon which even large fortunes of the *Goyim* will depend to such an extent that they will go to the bottom together with the credit of the states on the day after the political smash." (p. 22)
"Machiavelli: . . . 'Who makes the sovereigns? . . . It is written *Per Me reges regnant*, which means, literally, God makes kings (Through Me kings reign).'" (p. 63)	"*Per Me regis regnant.* It is through Me that kings reign." (p. 20)
"It is useless to add that the perpetual upkeep of a large army continually exercised by foreign wars must be the indispensable complement of this system; it is necessary to arrive at the existence in the state only of proletarians, several millionaires and soldiers." (pp. 76, 77)	"The intensification of armaments, the increase of police forces —are all essential for the completion of the afore-mentioned plans. . . . There should be, . . . besides ourselves, only the masses of the proletariat, a few millionaires devoted to our interest, police and soldiers." (p. 24)
"Like the god Wishnou, my press will have one hundred arms, each hand of which will feel all shades of public opinion." (p. 141)	"Like the Hindu hidden god Wishnu, they will have one hundred hands, each of which will feel the pulsation of some intellectual tendency." (p. 43)

In short, most of the ideas in Joly's Dialogues have been copied almost word for word by Sergius Nilus, with only these differences: the nonexistent Jewish Elders are forced to pinch-hit for the corrupt government of Napoleon III, and wherever Machiavelli vents his spleen on the meanness of mankind the Elders of Jewry let it out on the goyim or gentiles.

It is doubtful if Nilus deserves the credit even for these innovations. In 1868, about four years after the appearance of Joly's Dialogues, a German writer, Hermann Goedische, wrote To Sedan, a trashy blood-and-thunder novel in which there is a chapter entitled The Jewish Cemetery in Prague and the Council of Representatives of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. This chapter tells of the adventures of Faust and a companion who, entering the Jewish Cemetery at Prague one midnight, secretly witnessed a meeting of the spokesmen for the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

An examination of this passage of the Goedische novel, reposing in the Library of Congress at Washington, shows that every material statement set forth in Joly's Dialogues has been appropriated by Goedische—who was obliged to use the British *nom de plume* of Sir John Ratcliffe because of a forgery case in which he had figured —and has been put in the mouths of the Jewish tribal heads.

All this and much more is now a matter of legal record as the result of the now celebrated case which arose in May, 1935, out of the publication by the Swiss Nazi Party of the Protocols in Berne, Switzerland.

Previously, in 1924, the pre-Hitler Supreme Court had considered the Protocols in sentencing the assassins of Foreign Minister Walter Rathenau, and the presiding justice had referred to them as "the libelous legend about the Elders of Zion" which "engendered murderous instincts in the hearts of men."

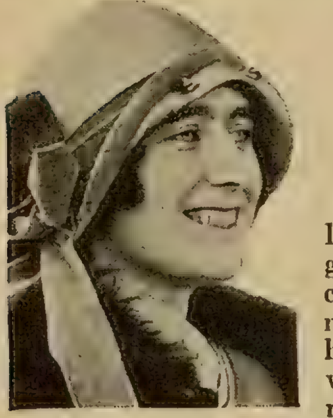
Again, in August, 1934, the Supreme Court of South Africa, through Sir Thomas Graham, in awarding damages against the leaders of the Gray Shirts, had stated: "The Protocols are an impudent forgery obviously designed for the purpose of anti-Jewish propaganda."

But it was not until they were scrutinized at length by this Swiss Judicial Canton Court at Berne that the details of the fraudulent origin of the so-called Protocols were bared.

Some interesting side lights were thrown on Nilus' character by the testimony of Russian exiles who had held high places in Leningrad under the Czarist regime. The famous publicist Vladimir Burtsev represented Nilus as a cross between a forger and a fanatic, who knew the Protocols were forged when he published them. This view was concurred in by Count du Chayla, a neighbor of Nilus, to whom the "discoverer" of the Protocols had shown an original version written in poor French.

Testimony was also offered to prove

20 QUESTIONS



1—The leading lady of 1939, her gracious smile, her charm and friendliness made her headline news for weeks. Of the many good-will missions that began with hope in a troubled year, hers was alone in being an unqualified success. When this picture was taken she was new to public life. Who is she?

2—Who became U. S. Secretary of Agriculture only twelve years after his father was appointed to the same position?

3—What are the five basic forms of the cross?

4—Who won the 1940 Orange, Sugar, and Pineapple Bowl football games?

5—The leaves of what common shrub make a good thermometer?

6—What famous painter of horses is being honored in the artists' group of the Famous Americans series of stamps?

7—Can you name two well known colleges that are not educational institutions?

8—What bird is believed to have the longest migration route, from the Arctic Circle to the Antarctic Circle, about 11,000 miles?

9—When you say "It's too cold to snow," are you making a true statement?

10—If George Washington were alive today and following the occupation to which he retired, what government department would be most useful to him in his work?

11—What kin is that child to its father who is not its own father's son?

12—What famous director directed two movies, one that recorded the activities of Mr. Deeds, the other the career of Mr. Smith?

13—In what international competition do the contestants remain seated throughout the play?

14—Ankara, Istanbul, and Helsinki, so much in the news today, are also referred to by what names?

15—Where is the largest cave ever discovered, and what is its name?

16—What element expands in both heat and cold?

17—Is the territory on which the Mannerheim fortifications are placed a peninsula or an isthmus?

18—When you get your "second wind" in running, what adjustment has taken place in your body?

19—What planets may be the morning star?

20—Who, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, declared that he was the "author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia"?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

WHEN A COLD CLOGS UP YOUR HEAD Clear Your Nose, Open Up Your Breathing Passages This EASY Way

Just Use a Few Drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. Feel it go right to work clearing the stuffiness. Notice how much easier you breathe.

This Treatment is highly successful because Va-tro-nol is *active* medication—containing several relief-giving agents plus ephedrine—expressly designed for the nasal passages, where colds cause trouble. Here's how it brings relief: (1) It actively penetrates cold-clogged nasal passages; (2) It actively helps to remove the congestion.

You'll Be Delighted with the direct relief Va-tro-nol brings. But next time, don't wait for a cold to get a head start. Use Va-tro-nol at the first sign of a cold —a sneezy, sniffly, or irritated feeling in your nose. It actually helps to *prevent* the development of many colds.

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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that the material for the Protocols was obtained by the Ochrana—the Paris branch of the Russian secret police—to influence the Czar and also to incite the Black Hundreds into riots against the Jews.

In support of this view, the revelations of Princess Catherine Radziwill, well known to Liberty readers for her interview with Stalin forecasting the Stalin-Hitler alliance, were considered by the court. Princess Radziwill had known the Paris agent of the Russian secret police, Golovinsky, very well. He had been her mother's friend and came often to visit the Princess' home during the years 1904-05. The Radziwills then lived on the Champs Elysées not far from the Bibliothèque Nationale, where Golovinsky had access to Joly's Dialogues.

In substance her account was as follows:

"Did you see any parts of the manuscript?"

"Yes."

She revealed how Golovinsky had come to her home directly from the National Library with parts of the script, which he showed to her and read to her.

"Did he tell you the purpose of his literary 'creations'?"

"Yes; he told me his job was to prove to the Czar that the Jews had formed an international plot to conquer the world, and the only course was to drive them out of Russia."

"Could you describe Golovinsky's draft?"

"Yes. As he kept reading passages to me I became familiar with the entire script. He later showed me the completed manuscript. It was identical with the Protocols of Zion, which I later saw in the various Nilus editions. It was written in French in a variety of handwritings. It was on yellowish paper; there was a big circular blue ink blot on the first page."

THIS description was confirmed by the Count du Chayla, who described the text as unidiomatic and showing every sign of having been written by a foreigner on cheap yellowish paper—and said that on the first page was a circular ink blot.

Official confirmation of this testimony was given when Lopuchin, a director of the Russian police from 1902 to 1905, certified that the Russian government was fully aware of the fact that the Protocols were an invention and a forgery.

Against all this evidence of the Protocols' palpable falsity, the Nazis called as their chief witness a hard-bitten anti-Semite from Germany, Lieutenant Colonel Fleischauer, who amazed the court by insisting that the Protocols did not originate with the Zionist Congress at Basel in 1897, as Nilus had said, but with a secret convention of the highly respected Jewish charitable organization B'nai B'rith at the same time and place. But, like Nilus, he had no proof. Joly, he declared, was a Jew—Joe Levy—which was at least a change from Moses Joel, the name usually given to the poor French advocate by Nazi propagandists to prove that he was a Jew.

The court seemed unimpressed by this exhibition of reckless anti-Semitism. After hearing over two-score witnesses it found the defendant booksellers guilty and declared the Protocols to be "forgery, plagiarism, and obscene literature."

Of course, proof that the Protocols are arrant fakes makes no more difference to Chancellor Hitler than it did to Sergius Nilus, who, according to Count du Chayla's testimony, remarked:

"What of it? Christ said wisdom came from an ass. Why can't truth come from a forgery?"

JOHNE PIEROTTI

"Hemstone, bring that woman down—your wife's jealousy has no place in the Department!"

Two decades later, Adolf Hitler, repeating this casuistic philosophy, wrote in Mein Kampf: "'They [the Protocols] are supposed to be a forgery,' moans and cries out the Frankfurter Zeitung every week—the best proof that they are genuine after all."

Still another decade has passed, and Father Coughlin, in connection with the reprinting of the discredited Protocols in Social Justice, is quoted in the public prints as "brushing aside the matter of their authenticity" and stressing as their "factuality" that "they fit in with what is going on."

Of course they "fit in." Maurice Joly, in the preface to his Dialogues, points out that his strictures, although aimed at one political system, namely, Napoleon III's, are applicable to all governments, and since they are little more than a restating in dialogue form of the political philosophy which the great Machiavelli had already developed in his famous book The Prince, M. Joly's confidence was not without foundation.

Machiavelli was not only the greatest writer of the Italian Renaissance but one of the most astute human beings who ever lived. Government was Machiavelli's specialty; he knew more about it than any other man of his time, perhaps than any other man of any time. His speeches in the Dialogues, before they were cluttered up with the absurd folderol that made them appear to have been spoken by mythical Wise Men of Zion, are keen analyses of "what is going on" and is likely always to go on in any government anywhere.

Read thus, even in the bootlegged form in which we find them in the Protocols—without, of course, the racial significance superimposed upon them — certain passages present an amazingly accurate picture of the current political and economic situation in our own United States.

On the subject of capital and labor, for example, almost everything which the Wise Men of Israel are said to have decreed has come to pass in our time. Apparently, too, those who drafted the Protocols were equally prescient as to what was to happen to the farmer. It would be equally easy to believe that the "Wise Men" foresaw the depression. Regrettably accurate in some details are the comments on abuses which have grown up in our democratic form of government.

Yet Napoleon III of France, back in 1864, saw in the same text so accurate a picture of his own despotic rule that he not only recognized it in spite of M. Joly's ingenuity in disguising it but was sufficiently incensed to throw that unhappy gentleman into prison. And fifty years later, in Russia, Kerensky saw in the same text so accurate a picture of conditions under the bygone Czarist regime that one of his first acts was to order the work suppressed.

By the same token, the Protocols describe the present Nazi regime in Germany. If there were space, it would be possible to give scores of passages from the Joly-Goedsche-Nilus opus which would qualify Hitler himself for a high seat in the councils of the Wise Men of Zion.

But what is the use? Suppose Machiavelli did foresee the revolution in Russia, the depression in America, the regimentation in Germany—suppose any author, Jew or gentile, foresaw such things. Is that any proof that he caused them?

Evangeline Adams, the astrologer, is said to have foreseen the World War. But not even the most faithful believer in the occult has suggested that she caused it. Mother Shipton, writing in the first years of the sixteenth century, said, "Carriages without horses shall go, and accidents fill the world with woe." Justly, perhaps, it can be said that the old lady foresaw the automobile; but no one has yet charged that she invented it, or that she is personally responsible for the prevalence of road hogs and hit-and-run drivers.

In short, if we did not know that the Protocols were phonies and fakes, if their falsity had not been proved in the halls of scholarship and courts of law, they would nonetheless fall under the weight of the silly theory under which they are being circulated.

Stripped of the Nilus perversions and interpolations, they are no more a "plan" for world dominion by any one than the resolutions we make on New Year's Day are an accurate design for living throughout the forthcoming year. Even with the Nilus additions, they belong, with most New Year's resolutions, in the category of wishful thinking.

To link the Machiavellian Dialogues in Hell with any plan for world dominion is as groundless as the linking of the Jews and the Masons in a conspiracy to further any such plan —and that is utterly groundless.

Small wonder that the distinguished Swiss jurist who presided over that trial in Berne brought the proceedings to an end with this exclamation of disgust:

"I hope the time will come when people everywhere will be astonished to learn that in the year 1935 it was necessary to talk for seventeen days about the possible authenticity of this incredible nonsense which is called the Protocols of the Elders of Zion!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 57

1—Queen Elizabeth of England.
2—Henry A. Wallace.
3—The T shape, the Latin cross (Christian), square Greek, X-shaped cross of St. Andrew, and the swastika.
4—Georgia Tech; Texas A. & M.; Oregon State.
5—The rhododendron.
6—Frederic Remington.
7—College of Cardinals and the Electoral College.
8—Arctic tern.
9—No; it's never too cold to snow.
10—The Department of Agriculture.
11—His daughter.
12—Frank Capra.
13—Chess tournaments.
14—Angora, Constantinople, and Helsingfors.
15—In New Mexico; Carlsbad Caverns.
16—Water.
17—An isthmus.
18—Adjustment of circulation of the blood to the intake and outgo of air in the lungs.
19—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.
20—

Th: Jefferson

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L. A. Eagles took in $200 his first week, Harry Hill says: "Paid for home with Rug-Washer. Earned $86 first day." Another letter says, "Made $70 in 13 hours." Many others make $125 to $200 per week. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new, on customer's floor. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns.

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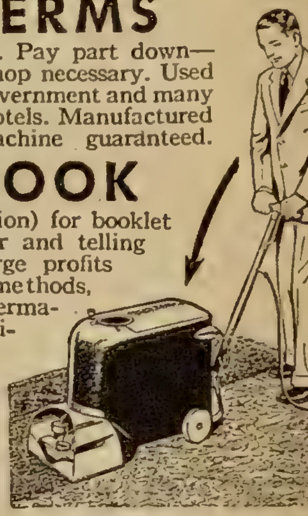

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24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64	54	2.53
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FIGHTING MAD ABOUT DEATH

New York, N. Y.—Thousands around us are dying from heart attacks, and a vast number of them are comparatively young men who just before death seemed to be in the best of health. And don't let any one tell you otherwise: they were in the best of health, just before they died. I think I know what killed most of them—fear.

Fear is started usually from an almost insignificant beginning; is nurtured by some invisible, unreal, and yet diabolical power; and then spreads until it reaches the farthermost ends of the earth, leaving in its wake multiplied thousands of dead and brokenhearted.

Fear is spread by telegraph, telephone, word of mouth, and by newspapers. Fear is mankind's greatest scourge. It fills our sickrooms and our hospitals. Some day we are going to realize that most physical or mental ills are demonstrations of fear in the body.

Some day we will understand more fully the power that fear has over us. It will be understood and accepted then, as it should be understood and accepted now, that in far too many cases of heart failure there is no diseased condition of the heart. That is why death in so many cases is such a tragedy.

The time is coming when no one will die until they have reached an advanced age and the vital organs have worn out, or when the vital organs have been destroyed by accident. There will then be very few so-called natural deaths among the young. If the vital organs become clogged through disease and the heart stops beating, they will be able to clean out those organs and then start the heart to beating again. If the heart valves leak, they will be able to stop the heart and repair the leaking valve and then start the heart going again. They will not allow the heart, in those days, to stop beating, and then stand by and do nothing.

It's the toughest break for the human race that the medical profession has not advanced far enough by this time to restore life to many of those who die suddenly, and sometimes, apparently, so needlessly.

What we need today, instead of taking death so matter of course, is to get fighting mad about it.—*Thomas H. Cunningham.*

THE BABY ST. MARTIN SAVED

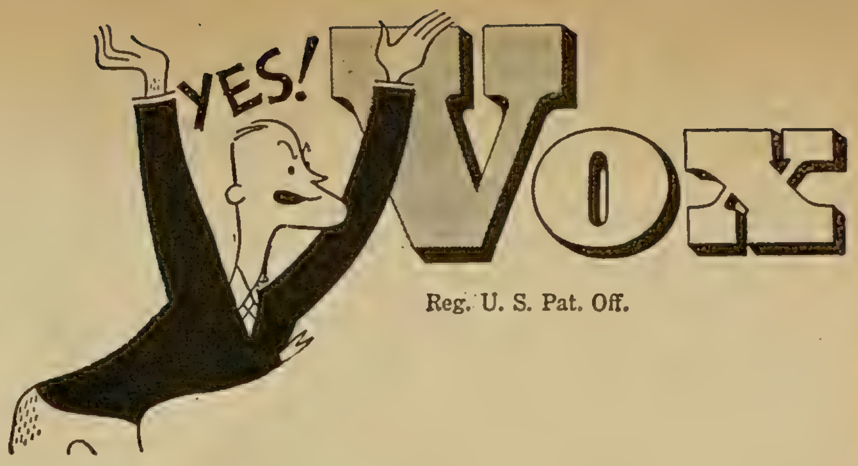
Trenton, N. J.—Mr. Edward Doherty's reference to Blessed Martin in the final installment of his autobiography Newspaperman made me think that many of your readers would be interested in the present condition of my son, whose cure he reported in an article entitled Saved by a Miracle (March 4, 1939, Liberty).

I am enclosing a picture of him taken on June 28, his first birthday. Last year he lay in a hospital crib, his small body wasting away with an incurable malady—a collapsed left lung which had forced his heart to the right side: a condition that medical records proved is 100 per cent fatal.

Mothers the world over can realize how I felt those dark months, knowing I was powerless to ease his suffering.

Then, after reading your article in Liberty on Blessed Martin, a friend of ours wrote to Edward Doherty. He, together with the Rev. Norbert Georges, O. P., director of the Blessed Martin Guild, 141 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, came to Trenton and applied the relic of Blessed Martin to my baby's frail body. From that moment my heart felt lighter, for I knew that if it was God's will Bruce would be spared. Three days later he was pronounced well by the physicians in charge, thanks to God and Blessed Martin.

Today our home is happy because we have our son—noisy and healthy. Who knows—maybe some day he'll be President. Confidentially, we know he will be.—*Frances M. Jones.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

Boulder, Colo.—Pet Peeve No. 1: For the love o' Mike, take that hideous picture of the yes man off your page!

Peeve No. 2: Please have the artist cut off at least one inch of his Hardtack pictures. Or, still better, take them off the page. They take up too much valuable space.—*Edwin Lundborg.*

"WRIT SARKASTIC"

St. Paul, Minn.—I want to thank Alan Hynd for his very thrilling serial of the adventures of Billy Bishop. I can hardly wait now until the United States enters the war, he makes it sound so glorious and exciting. That part where Billy goes out before breakfast in his pajamas and bags a half dozen German planes and a balloon was just too, too divine for words.

And, anyway, I was beginning to get tired of Dick Tracy, Buck Rogers, and the Lone Ranger. — *Roger McNeill.*

"Think Dies ought to investigate Rhode Island Reds," phones in Ted Jukes of White Plains, New York. "One of 'em laid a double-yolked egg yesterday on a picture of Stalin in my newspaper."

ELIJAH SAITH—

Springhill, La.—I am the voice of Elijah. It would be a great thing for Fulton Oursler if on the judgment day he could say: "Lord, I gave Your servant space to speak."

And I want to tell the truth as to why Washington thinks Germany can't win (December 16 Liberty).

Germany can't win because money is god, and England is a servant of that god, and Washington is the servant of the servant of that same god.

Well, hear me now, all ye that took a bath in the blood of our youth in 1917. If money is god you won in 1917 and will win again, for you told the same story then: But God will require at your hands all the blood you shed for profit and the god you serve.

Can you read this simple parable?

Said the Old White Wolf to the Young Red Fox, "Help, help! Help me beat off these hound dogs that I set on you." But the Young Red Fox said, "Now, don't get all hot and bust your umbrella, for one of the hound dogs you set on me was my pup. Will mother feed her pup? And how!"—*O. H. Folsom.*

CREEPING IN CLODHOPPERS

Magee, Miss.—Hi, Lib! Just a line to say I Spy! is one peach of a story, but take a look at the illustration of the girl who *crept* downstairs (December 30 issue). Now,

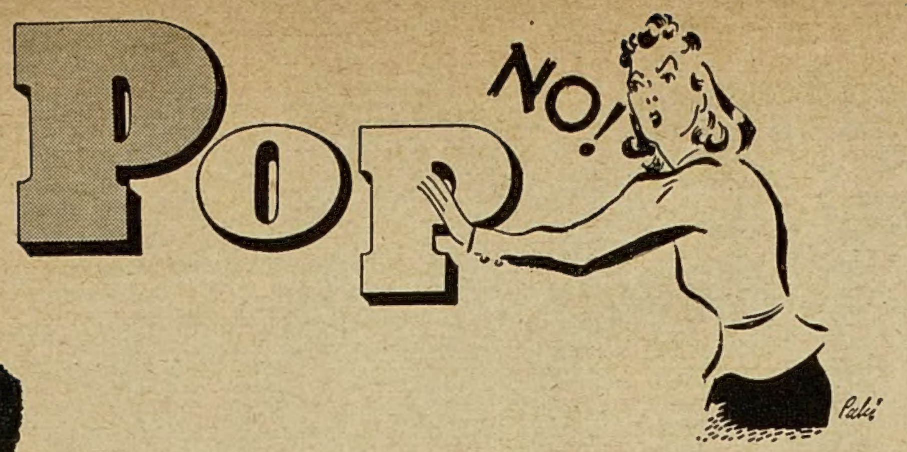
just between you and me, Mr. Vox Pop Editor, did you ever try creeping in those clodhoppers? Or maybe Charles Bryson has concealed rubber pads on them, eh?

Anyway, hurrah for Liberty and Ted Shane!—*Doris Wilson.*

"FOUND A LITTLE MISTAKE"

Calumet City, Ill.—Charles Olson (January 6 Vox Pop) sure has got a lot of wisdom. He found a little mistake and then proceeded to be foolish. The sergeant in the Marine Corps picture was not carrying a sword, Mr. Olson; he was wearing it.

And, furthermore, they do



wear and carry them on the drill field in the rank of drill sergeant in the recruit camps or, as we call them, boot camps.

Hurrah for a nickel magazine that makes a little mistake but sure hits the mark on the big things!—*Al Kratz.*

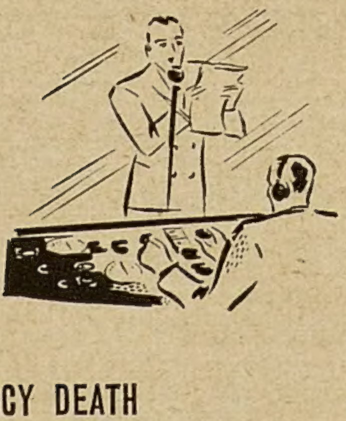
◖ "Every depression and all unemployment is caused by excessive thrift," asserts John W. Clapp of Saugus, Massachusetts.

HOW COME, MR. SPER?

Joplin, Mo.—Why is it that on most All-America teams picked this year Paul Christman of Missouri U. was picked for either the number one or number two team? Yet Mr. Sper and his pals can only rate Paul twenty-third on his list! (January 6 Liberty.) The fellows here in the office wonder if Mr. Sper ever saw a football game.—*Bob Clay.*

Davenport, Ia.—Why Kenny Washington was omitted from any All-America will always be one of the mysteries of life to me.—*Charles Toney.*

Clinton, Ia.—I still believe that Nile Kinnick should be on your All-America *first* team.—*L. F. Mason.*



MERCY DEATH

New York, N. Y.—The Euthanasia Society of America wishes to congratulate you on the splendid story Mercy Death (December 23 Liberty). It is in line with the fine policy of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, who advocated bringing the problem of syphilis before the public.—*Ann L. Mitchell, Secretary.*

LAURELS TO COPY WRITER

Connersville, Ind.—If I were delegated to select something evidently related to literature in September 9 Liberty, I would nominate page 59—"Wanted: Pioneers without rifles"—and in so nominating I would make no apologies to G. B. Shaw, the so-called "wit and one half" of the world.

The copy writer of the before-mentioned advertisement is entitled to a day off with more than pay. He should be awarded a *reading nation's* gratitude and a happy excursion into the tomorrows of advertisement.—*D. E. Trusler.*

BACK UP THE SLOGAN!

Carrollton, Ky.—We are all set to emblazon the slogan Balance the Budget everywhere, as suggested by Mr. Macfadden (January 6 Liberty), and are just waiting for one little thing to happen first. That is, for him to write another editorial as soon as possible telling us just how and where to begin cutting expenses and how we are to back up our slogan.

I am sure the government will be glad to hear from him; so we are going to keep a lookout for that editorial. Let's have it at once, Mr. Mac.—*J. F. Garvey, M. D.*

SOAPBOX DERBY THANKS

Detroit, Mich.—We wish to express our appreciation for the excellent treatment given to the Soapbox Derby program in Keeping Boys Out of Crime (December 23 Liberty).

We believe that this timely and enlightening article will have a far-reaching effect and in addition will focus much attention on the Derby program, which we have designed as our contribution to the youth of America. We feel that such efforts, under proper supervision, can do much to encourage and guide our boys to meet the problems confronting them in the future.

Our thanks to Liberty for its support of the Derby program.—*J. P. Gormley.*

THE OTHER FELLOW'S DIAL

Williamsport, Pa.—Mr. Heaton suggests that Mr. Bogard "change the dial" on his radio to save his ears from swing (December 30 Vox Pop). Yes, Mr. Heaton. But what about the Mr. Bogards who don't even own a radio and a dial? What can you suggest about "changing" a neighbor's dial and the swing that pours through open windows in summer and thin walls and floors throughout the year?

Some of us would like to "change the dial" after six or eight hours of this—"change" it into a thousand pieces!

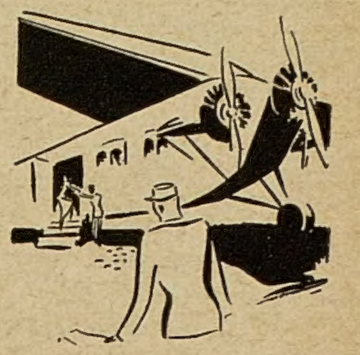
Let them have swing if they like it—but keep it to themselves.—*Carmen E. Shrey.*

◖ "Power must pay for having been philanthropic enough to educate the masses," declares Fay Lark of Binghamton, New York.

13 PLANES IN SQUADRON?

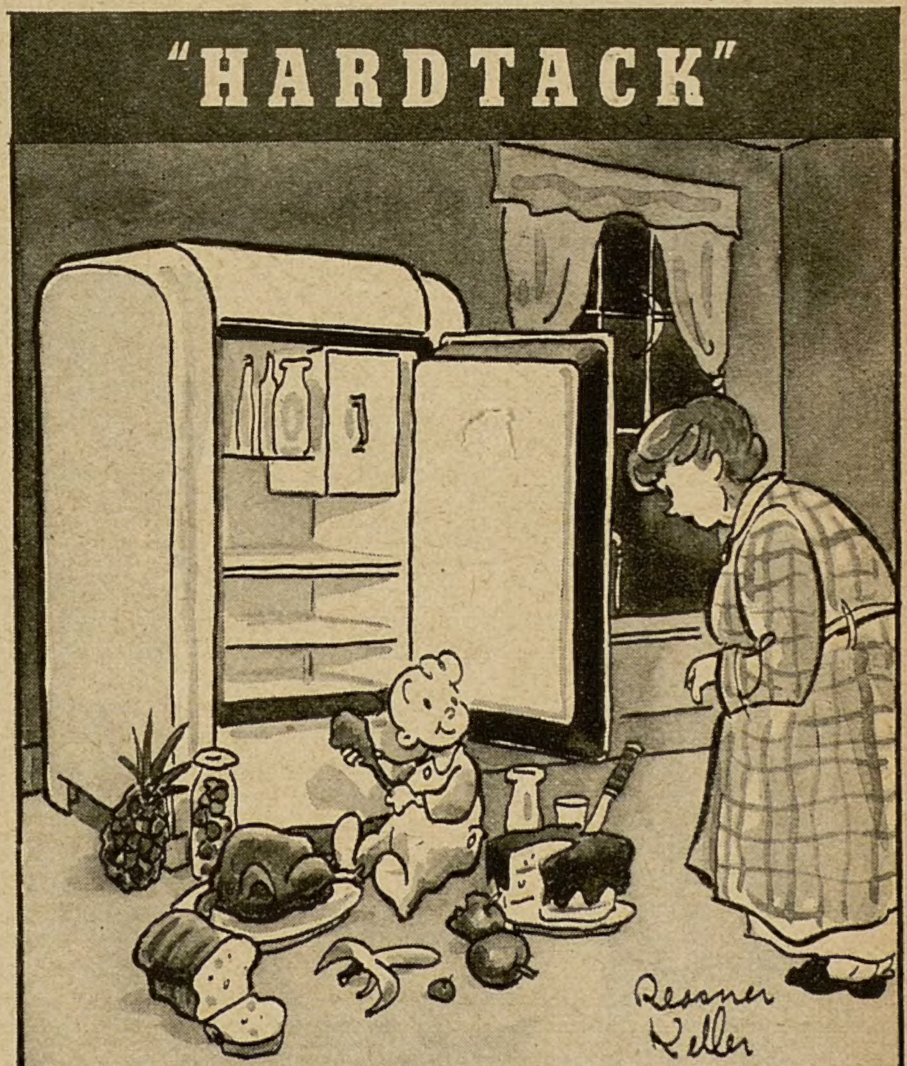
Glendale, Calif.—Question No. 18 in December 16 Twenty Questions asks: "How many planes are there in a squadron of full strength?" The answer given is "Thirteen planes."

What kind of a squadron might that be? In nine years of association with the Army Air Corps I have never heard of a squadron of thirteen airplanes. I trust that I am not displaying my ignorance.—*A. R. Strunk.*



TENDERLY AND FOREVER

Houston, Tex.—Just a line to let you know how much one girl appreciated Nan O'Reilly's short story Tenderly and Forever (December 2, 1939 Liberty). I am just the age of Judith and, believe me, it made me stop and think. In my opinion, Liberty could stand a few more stories of this type.—*Satisfied Reader.*



"I thought I heard some one in the kitchen, mom, and when I got down I got an appetite."

Why Browder Sued Liberty

FULTON OURSLER

Photo by Marjorie Collins
of Black Star

COMRADE X, that anonymous Communist whose series of articles appeared in Liberty July 15—August 5, 1939, returns to our pages next week to explain a riddle. Why was Liberty sued by the Communist Party, by William Z. Foster, and by Earl Browder? Other publications have dealt much more harshly with the Communist activities in the United States than Comrade X did in his exposures, yet Browder and Foster ignored them with disdain. Moreover, before the articles by Comrade X were published in Liberty, we sent the complete manuscripts to Mr. Browder. This step was taken in line with Liberty's invariable policy of fair play. The Communist leader was given an opportunity to read the manuscripts in advance of publication, so that, should he wish to do so, he might make any statement that he desired and Liberty would publish it.

MR. BROWDER DECLINED to make any statement. Yet, when the articles appeared, he and his associates brought suit against Liberty, Mr. Macfadden, and against myself for $2,000,000. Why was this done? Since he could not have expected to collect the $2,000,000, what was his real reason? Comrade X, author of the disputed series of articles, the Communist who is charged with being only a phantom, a ghost that never really existed, but who nevertheless is thoroughly actual and alive, comes forward now with his explanation of this unprecedented step in the history of Communism. You will be interested to read his careful and surprising analysis of this procedure in an article next week called Why Browder Sued Liberty.

THE GIRL WHOSE HEART belongs to Daddy, luscious and lovely Mary Martin, enters our pages next week with an article which she calls Fame Is a Song. Maria Leonard, Dean of Women at the University of Illinois, in another article speaks up for the sororities. She writes in answer to the anonymous piece we published a few weeks ago, which caused great perturbation in academic circles. You remember Is It as Bad as This? Now you will want to read Maria Leonard's It's NOT as Bad as This! which, without hysterics, gives the other side. Stephen T. Early, secretary to President Roosevelt, has an article on Washington correspondents, really provocative in its quiet mood of disclosure. You will be especially interested to learn that the Supreme Court of the United States has a press bureau, how it operates and why. Martin Dies has another article—about Communism in Hollywood. J. Edgar Hoover talks about boys, the Scout movement, and crime. F. R. Bechdolt has a sports piece, and—oh, yes!—there will be a number of thrilling short stories, including A Blonde on Ice, by Clark Bodey, and Father Darcy and the Beloved Blackguard, by Matt Taylor, and, of course, sumptuous helpings of the current serials.

HERE IS A LETTER which has just come from a lady plagiarist:

"Dear Editors:

"In regards to my story I sent in to you, Mr. ——, head of police here, was down this morning informing me that you had put this matter in the hands of police that this story was printed before. I can't express how sorry I am about this. I did not know that it was strictly against the law to copy stories from another magazine and send them in. And my letter, that I wrote you regarding the story, it was all falsehood. I hope that you will forgive me this time. I promise you never to do this again; if I had known the seriousness of this I never would have done anything like this."

THE OSTBY FAMILY LIVES in a small home on the Canadian prairies. They are father, mother, and three children. Delores (it *is* Delores, and not Dolores) is twelve, her sister Delrose is eleven, and her brother Donnie is seven. The family is engaged in a struggle with the soil, a struggle that never ceases except in times of drought or when the locusts come—then there is no use struggling and the little family must stand back and wait for rain to come or the locusts to fly away. Then they can take up their struggle for life all over again. Every day Delores and Delrose ride to school and back, a distance of twenty-two miles. They get their Sunday-school lessons by correspondence. Yet they have won some triumphs in their little lives, and Delores recently wrote to her aunt, telling her all about them. Here is her letter:

"Dear Aunty Gladys:

"How are you and Uncle? I hope you are feeling fine. We are going to have a sort of picnic, although it is sort of late for picnics. But we are taking a lunch and going out to the Coulee. Mom has a turkey killed and roasted for sandwiches. Daddy has been trapping skunks. He caught six yesterday, and got $5.00 for them, but half of it goes to his partner, as they are trapping together.

"We are going to get our school fair money Monday. First prize is 50¢, second prize is 30¢, and 20¢ for third prize.

"Delrose got first prize for a sheaf of wheat from our own field. It was sure nice wheat; it stood about three feet high, and we tied green ribbons on it. Then Delrose got first prize on a bag made from gunny sack. It was brown trimmed with green and black handles. It was lined with green. The green was woven into the gunny-sack threads.

"I got first prize on a composition named 'Primitive Home.' I got first prize on a tam and scarf. They were blue with red darn stitched in. Then I got first prize on a sheaf of oats that I got out of our patch of oats. It was tied with two green ribbons.

"Delrose got a second prize on our carrots, pulled from our garden. Delrose got second prize on a cat made from an old stocking. Delrose and I got a third prize for a hemmed towel, on which I did half and she did half. Delrose got a third prize for a composition on 'Primitive Home.'

"We should get $3.50. That will be enough for our snow pants we want to get. With love,

Delores."

I think that Delores' letter is important because it shows the resourcefulness of two little girls who live very much to themselves. Their example might be helpful to those who, because they face a barrage of advantages, lack any resourcefulness whatsoever and live futile lives. Out of very little, Delores and Delrose have managed to make a great deal. Hope they have a good time with their snow pants!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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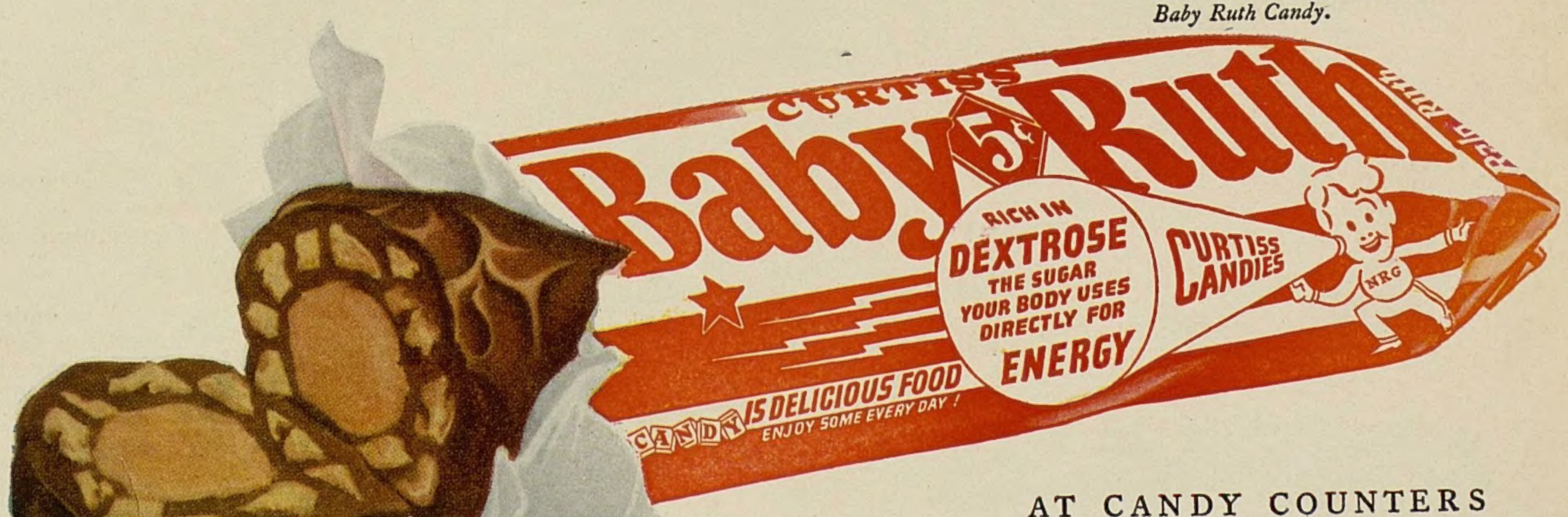
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